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ENGLISH 1

TYPES OF NEWS WRITING

BY

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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PREFACE

THIS book has been prepared with the purpose of furnishing students of journalism and young reporters with a large collection of typical news stories. For college classes it may be used as a textbook. For newspaper workers it is offered as a handbook to which they may turn, in a particular case, to find out what news to get, where to get it, and how to present it effectively. Every young writer on a newspaper is called upon to do kinds of reporting in which he lacks experience. If, with the aid of an index, he can turn readily to several instances where more experienced writers have solved problems like his own, he will undertake his new task with a clearer idea of what to do and how to do it.

For systematic instruction in news writing it is desirable that students have in convenient form representative stories for study and analysis. Newspapers, it might be thought, would furnish this material, but experience has shown that it is often difficult to find, in current issues of newspapers, examples of the particular kind of story under consideration, and it is likewise difficult to supply every student in a large class with a copy of the issue that happens to contain the desired example.

The selection of specimens for this book has been determined largely by two considerations: first, that the news which the story contains should be typical, rather than extraordinary or "freakish"; and second, that the story should present the news effectively. It has been assumed that the student must first learn to handle average news well in order to grapple successfully with extraordinary happenings. A considerable part of the book deals with more or less routine news, because it is with this type that a large portion of the reporter's work is concerned.

Since newspapers are read rapidly, it has been taken for granted that a story is most effective when its structure and style enable the reader to get the news with the least effort and the greatest interest. Many pieces of news can best be treated in a simple, concise style, with the essential facts well massed in a summary lead. Such straightforward presentation does not mean that the style must be bald and unoriginal. The examples illustrative of this purely informative type of news story are generally marked by a simplicity and directness of expression that are characteristic of good journalistic style.

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Informative news stories in which the so-called "human interest" element has been developed have also been included in considerable number, not only because they are perennially popular, but because some news may be presented very effectively by bringing out its human interest phases. As a type distinct from these stories with news of some value are those entertaining and appealing stories, containing little or no real news, that are generally known as "feature" or "human interest" stories. Both of these types illustrate the application to news writing of recognized methods of fiction. The use of these methods is entirely commendable. The danger for the reporter lies in failure to discriminate between fiction and its methods. To use the devices of fiction in order to portray faithfully actual events is one thing; to substitute fictitious details in order to heighten the effect is quite another. No stories have been included in this book that are unquestionably fictitious. Some that may have imaginary details have been given to furnish material for discussion.

The examples presented here are not put forward as models for the student to imitate in every respect. Few news stories are perfect in structure and style. The conditions under which they are written and edited make careful revision almost impossible. For the purpose of analysis, work that is not so well done as it might have been is valuable as showing the student what to avoid in his own writing.

The stories have been grouped in chapters partly on the basis of subject matter and partly on that of the methods used. This arrangement has been adopted not as a complete classification of news, but rather as a convenient grouping for purposes of study. In each chapter has been included a brief discussion of the chief points to be considered in analyzing and in writing the type of story in that division. None of the points has been treated at length owing to lack of space and to the fact that most of them have been taken up in detail by the author in another textbook, "Newspaper Writing and Editing."

Attention has been called in each chapter to the underlying purpose that should determine the selection and the presentation of the kind of news included in that group. This has been done in the belief that the reporter should consider carefully the probable effect on the reader of every story that he writes. Since "the food of opinion is the news of the day," the kind of food that he serves and the manner in which he serves it is a matter of consequence, not only to him and his newspaper but to society as a whole. Not until a reporter realizes the influence that his news stories may have on the ideas and ideals of thousands of readers, does he appreciate fully the significance of his

work. The possibilities of what has been termed "constructive journalism" have been dwelt upon at some length because it is evident that well-edited papers are undertaking more and more to present the news so that it will have a wholesome effect on their readers.

The selections in this book have been taken from daily newspapers in all parts of the country and may be said to illustrate current practice. The name of the paper has been attached to each example, not only in acknowledgment of the credit due, but in an effort to lead the student to consider the story from the point of view of the policy of the paper and of the character of the readers to whom it appeals. The student should compare all of the stories taken from each paper and should, if possible, examine the current issues.

Although it has not seemed desirable to print the examples in so small type as that commonly used in newspapers, the column width has been retained in order to reproduce, as far as possible, the effect of the original form. Headlines have not been given because they are not an integral part of the story. In a few instances stories have been condensed when it was possible to do so without destroying the effect. For obvious reasons names and addresses have frequently been changed, and errors that escaped notice have been corrected in a number of the stories.

The author is deeply indebted to Alice Haskell Bleyer for invaluable suggestions and criticism in connection with every detail of this book.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON,
January 20, 1916.

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TYPES OF NEWS WRITING

CHAPTER I

NEWS WRITING

Contents of newspapers. The average daily newspaper includes a larger amount and variety of reading matter than most readers realize. In one issue of a large daily paper, which contains from 60,000 to 80,000 words exclusive of advertising, are usually to be found examples of practically every type of literary composition. The contents range from news of accidents and crime to humorous and serious verse, from market reports to a short story or a chapter of a novel, from dramatic and musical criticism to cooking recipes and cosmetic formulas, from argumentative editorials to reports of boxing matches and baseball games. Vivid description, spirited narrative, critical appreciation, logical argument, lucid explanation, moving pathos, vigorous appeals, wit and humor — all are often exemplified in a single issue of a well-edited newspaper. Scarcely any other form of publication has regularly so great a variety of writing as the daily newspaper. Thus, although a newspaper is ordinarily thought of solely as a medium for the publication of current news and editorials, the average daily paper supplies its readers with much entertaining reading matter as well as considerable advice and useful information.

Classification of contents. Diversified as are the contents of a typical daily paper, they may be grouped in seven classes: (1) news stories; (2) special feature articles; (3) editorials; (4) dramatic, musical, and literary criticism; (5) practical advice and useful information; (6) humorous matter; (7) fiction. Of these seven classes, the first four — news stories, special feature articles, editorials, and dramatic, musical, and literary criticism — are generally considered to be the distinctly journalistic types of writing.

News stories present (1) timely events of interest and significance to readers, and (2) timely incidents of little or no news value that are made entertaining by the manner in which they are presented. The first is the common type of news story; the second is usually called the "human interest" or "feature" story. Although it is sometimes said that anything that has ever

happened is news if it has not been generally known, it is evident that events that have occurred in the past are not worth publishing as news unless they have a timely interest and significance. A distinction is generally made between "spot news," which is news of events when they occur, and "detail" or "situation" material that is presented some time later in the form of special correspondence or of special feature articles.

Special feature articles are detailed presentations of (1) matters of recent news that are of sufficient interest to warrant elaboration, (2) timely topics not directly connected with the news of the day, (3) subjects of interest that are neither timely nor connected with current events. They are informative in character and are generally of some length. They are usually published in magazine sections of Saturday or Sunday editions, but in some papers they appear daily.

Editorials have as their purpose the interpretation of news and of current issues and the discussion of matters of general interest, particularly with a view to convincing readers of the truth or the falsity of some proposition and of persuading them to act in accordance with the convictions thus created. In this way they differ from both news stories and special feature articles.

Dramatic, musical, and literary criticism consists of reviewing and passing judgment on current dramatic performances, concerts, and books. To the extent that some reviews of plays and concerts merely give informative news concerning the event, they are like news stories, but in so far as they are critical, they are more like editorials. Book reviews, likewise, may simply give information regarding the contents of a book, or they may undertake to evaluate it by pointing out its merits and defects.

Practical advice and useful information in special fields, humorous matter, and fiction, as given in the daily newspaper, do not differ materially from similar matter published in other forms and cannot be considered distinctly journalistic types of writing.

How news is gathered. Since the day's news is the essential part of the daily newspaper, the gathering, writing, and editing of news is naturally the chief concern of journalism. From the point of view of newspaper organization for handling news, it is divided into two general classes: (1) local news, and (2) telegraph news. Local news, which is that of the city where the paper is published as well as of its immediate vicinity, is gathered (1) by reporters working under the direction of the city editor of the paper, and (2) by reporters working under the direction of the head of a local news association or bureau, the news service of which the paper uses to supplement its own news gathering. Telegraph news includes all news not local, which comes to the

paper by telegraph, long-distance telephone, cable, or mail, whether sent by its own correspondents or by a news association such as the Associated Press or the United Press. The reporters and correspondents of the press associations work under practically the same conditions as the newspaper's own correspondents, but they are responsible to the division head of the press association, whereas the newspaper's correspondents are under the direction of the telegraph editor or of the state editor of the paper. The work of news gathering is not essentially different, whether done by a reporter or by a correspondent in the employ of a newspaper or of a news-gathering association.

How news is written. After the reporter has obtained the news, he returns to the office and writes his story as rapidly as possible, in accordance with any instructions that the city editor may give him. If it is inexpedient for him to return to the office, he writes his story quickly at some convenient place and sends it to the office by messenger or by telephone. Under some circumstances, particularly when lack of time prevents his writing the story and sending it in, he telephones the facts to a rewrite man in the office, who writes the story from the data thus secured. The reporter for a local news association prepares his stories, as directed by the news editor of the association, under practically the same conditions as the newspaper reporter.

The correspondent, after writing his story, mails it, files it at the telegraph office, or telephones it to the newspaper office. He, too, may telephone the bare facts to have them written in news-story form by a rewrite man in the newspaper office. The correspondent of a general news-gathering agency handles his news in the same way except that he sends it by mail, telegraph, or telephone to the district office of the association or agency that he represents. At this district office it is edited and sent out to those papers in various parts of the country that use the association's service.

As news stories, whether local or telegraph, are edited before they are printed, practically all stories as they appear in the newspaper are the work not only of the reporter or correspondent who gathered the news, but of one or more editors and copy-readers. Well-written stories of reporters and correspondents usually undergo little change when edited. A poorly written story, on the other hand, may be made over into a very effective one by a rewrite man, an editor, or a copy-reader.

Conditions affecting news writing. The structure and the style of news stories are determined (1) by the conditions under which they are written, (2) by the character of the readers, (3) by the conditions under which newspapers are read, (4) by the typographical form of newspapers, and (5) by the popular taste.

Newspaper writing must be done rapidly under considerable pressure and generally without opportunity for careful revision. Although this haste does not excuse incorrect and slovenly English, it does result in looser, less finished writing than might be produced under more favorable circumstances. In rapid writing, and particularly in handling similar material from day to day, the writer, unless he is on his guard, is likely to fall into the habit of using stock phrases, trite and colorless.

The large amount of available news that must be crowded daily into limited space makes it essential to present the news in compact form and concise style. "Boil it down" and "Cut it to the bone" are constant admonitions in every newspaper office. Conciseness is a necessary quality of newspaper style.

The average newspaper, in order to succeed, must appeal to all classes of readers in the community. It must present its contents in a way that will attract and interest the so-called masses as well as the business and the professional classes. The style of writing is generally adapted to readers of limited education no less than to the well educated. Comparative simplicity of expression, accordingly, is the rule in newspaper writing.

Newspapers are read rapidly by practically all classes of readers. They must, therefore, be written in a style that makes rapid reading easy. Important details are placed at the beginning of paragraphs and sentences, where they will catch the eye at once. The emphasis thus given by the initial position is one of the distinctive characteristics of newspaper writing. To the most important details made prominent in this way are added the less significant but necessary particulars, one by one, in natural order. This arrangement results in a loose rather than a periodic sentence structure and eliminates the possibility of a climactic effect in the paragraphs or in the whole story.

The shortness of the line in the narrow column affects newspaper style because it necessitates a proportionate shortening of the paragraph. Paragraphs that appear long seem heavy and uninviting, especially to the rapid reader. Since but six words on an average can be crowded into a line in newspapers, as compared to ten or twelve in a line in most books, newspaper paragraphs can be only half as long as those in ordinary prose without loss of effectiveness.

The popular demand for novelty and variety prevents any form of newspaper writing from becoming fixed, and results from time to time in the development of new forms and new styles of news writing. To make some news stories entertaining rather than purely informative, a number of newspapers

abandon the conventional summary beginning, or lead, and use unconventional ones like the beginnings of short stories. They likewise give prominence to trivial happenings worked up into so-called "human interest" or "feature" stories, because in that form they make entertaining reading.

Characteristics of news writing. As a result of these various conditions and influences news writing has come to have certain well marked characteristics. It must be (1) concise, (2) clear, (3) comparatively simple, (4) easily read, and (5) attractive to all classes.

Conciseness requires that needless words be omitted, that only such details be given as are necessary for effective presentation of the subject, and that the length of the story be proportionate to the importance of the material. In order to be concise, however, news writing does not have to be bald and unattractive.

Clearness is secured in journalistic style by comparative simplicity of diction, of sentence construction, and of paragraph structure. Learned diction, elaborate figures of speech, and involved sentences have no place in news writing intended to appeal to all classes of readers.

To be attractive to the average rapid reader newspaper style must be easy to read. It is made easy, as has been pointed out, by placing the important points in conspicuous positions at the beginnings of sentences and paragraphs. To satisfy the popular taste newspaper writing must also be interesting in form and in style. It sometimes adopts the more or less striking devices of fiction in order to add to its effectiveness. Furthermore, attractiveness is secured by such typographical means as the use of a frame, or "box," and bold-face type, for facts of especial importance.

CHAPTER II

THE STUDY OF NEWS STORIES

Value of study. Every good news story may be regarded as a solution of a difficult problem in gathering, selecting, and weaving together a number of details. The steps in the solution may be as carefully followed as the steps in solving a problem in algebra or in performing an experiment in physics. As in the analysis of such problems and experiments, so in the analysis of news stories, the ultimate purpose is to find out how to solve similar problems as they arise in actual experience. However interesting the theories and principles of the art of news writing may be for themselves, it is the practical application of them in the writer's own work that gives them their value for the student of journalism.

Aims in studying news stories. The purpose in analyzing typical examples of news writing should be to discover in detail (1) how to obtain news, (2) how to determine its value, and (3) how to present it most effectively. Most stories reveal the means by which their contents were obtained and the importance which the writer or editor attached to each of the details. Sources of information and standards for evaluating material are thus shown by a careful examination of examples. A study of well-written news stories makes clear the application of the principles of prose composition to the writing of news. A comparison of several news stories of the same type brings out the variety of ways in which similar material may be handled. The writer must know the varied possibilities of treating material, because, in working on similar matter from day to day, he is in great danger of dropping into conventional forms and stereotyped expressions.

Methods of analysis. In the study of a news story the following points should be considered: (1) the value of the news; (2) the sources of the news; (3) the methods by which it was obtained; (4) the purpose of the story; (5) the type of the story; (6) the structure; (7) the literary style; and (8) the typographical style.

News and news values. News, as commonly defined, is anything timely that interests a number of readers, and the best news is that which has the greatest interest for the greatest number. Constructive journalism is not satisfied to present merely what readers are naturally interested in; it aims

to give news that is significant to them from the point of view of their personal affairs as well as from that of the welfare of society. It likewise undertakes to create interest in significant news that of itself may not interest a considerable number of readers. Each story, therefore, should be examined in order to determine why the news in it was considered of interest and significance to the readers of the paper in which it was published, as well as how great the interest and the significance were believed to be as indicated by the space given to the story.

News values are based largely on the reader's interest in (1) timely matters, (2) extraordinary events and circumstances, (3) struggles for supremacy in politics, business, sports, etc., (4) matters involving the property, life, and welfare of fellow men, (5) children, (6) animals, (7) hobbies and amusements.

The degree of the reader's interest in these matters of news is proportionate to (1) his familiarity with the persons, the places, and the things involved, (2) the importance and the prominence of these persons, places, and things, (3) the closeness of their relation to the reader's personal affairs.

The distinction between local news and general news grows out of the greater degree of interest on the part of the reader in persons and places that he knows and in matters that are closely related to his business and his home. News of significance concerning the community in which he lives is of prime importance to every reader. Interest in news may generally be said to vary inversely in proportion to the distance between the place where the news originates and the place where the paper is published. Local interest is given to general news by bringing out those phases, or "local ends," of telegraph news that are of significance in the community in which the paper circulates.

Every story indicates the evaluation of the news that it presents as made by the reporter or correspondent, and by the editor or the copy-reader. By determining the basis of this evaluation, the student acquires a criterion by which to judge the news value of whatever he is called upon to report.

Sources of news. From the details of a news story it is almost always possible to infer the sources from which the news was obtained. Public and private records, reports, officials, eye-witnesses, for example, are often cited as authorities for the facts in the story. These sources should be noted carefully, so that they may be drawn upon by the student in his own reporting. In fact, a list of sources compiled from news stories of various kinds, such as those of crime, accidents, fires, etc., will be found helpful to the beginner.

Methods of news gathering. How the details of the news were obtained may also be ascertained from an examination of the story. In the report of an interview, for example, the reporter's questions may be inferred from the

person's replies. Not infrequently the story shows indirectly the circumstances under which the reporter secured the material. The student will do well to note every such hint and suggestion.

Purpose. Every news story should present the details of the news as accurately as possible and as completely as the significance of the news warrants. The embellishment of news stories with fictitious details to make them more interesting or more entertaining, as well as the distortion and suppression of significant facts of the news in order to accomplish some end, are alike opposed to the fundamental purpose of the newspaper. Besides reporting the news with fairness and accuracy, however, the writer, consciously or unconsciously, may accomplish other ends by the manner in which he presents his material. By giving prominence to certain details and aspects of a piece of news, he may produce one effect upon the reader's mind; by emphasizing others in the same piece of news, he may produce an entirely different impression. Thus news of accidents, crime, courts, and similar matters can be presented so as to exert either a wholesome or an unwholesome influence on readers; that is, it may be constructive or destructive in its effect. Stories of crime, for example, may be written in a manner that tends to make the wrongdoer more or less of a hero, and hence may encourage others to imitate his career; or they may be written in a way that tends to deter readers from committing similar crimes. Whether wrongdoing is made attractive or unattractive in news stories depends not so much upon giving the facts fully and accurately as upon the reporter's attitude toward his material.

Some newspapers simply record the news without emphasizing either its constructive or its destructive phases. Newspapers of this type have been likened to mirrors that reflect impartially whatever comes within their range. This policy is expressed in the dictum of a well-known editor when he declared, "Whatever the Divine Providence permitted to occur, I was not too proud to report." Purely informative news stories and entertaining feature stories in these papers are written without particular regard for their influence on readers.

Other newspapers, not satisfied with reporting the day's events in an accurate but colorless manner, without any particular consideration for its effect upon their readers, deliberately undertake to give news in such a way that it tends to be helpful and constructive in its influence. They publish not merely the usual details regarding fires and accidents; they emphasize the causes, the responsibility, and the frequency of such occurrences, in order to impress upon readers the importance of taking preventive measures

against the recurrence of such disasters. They also recognize the fact that some legitimate news, even when given in what is ordinarily considered an unobjectionable manner, tends to have a bad effect on readers in that it suggests to them ideas and ideals inimical to the best interests of society as a whole. So-called "waves" of crime and suicide they realize are often the result of suggestions given to morally unstable readers by newspaper stories of crimes and suicides. By constructive treatment of such news, they attempt to reduce to a minimum these undesirable suggestions and to substitute for them suggestions that tend to prevent similar criminal and antisocial acts.

Another class of newspapers, apparently disregarding the unwholesome effect upon their readers, give prominence to sensational, ghastly, and scandalous phases of the news because they know that such details appeal to the morbid interest of many readers. The not uncommon explanation made by these newspapers for such treatment of news is that they are giving the public what it wants. Critics of these papers deny the validity of this excuse and point out that it would apply equally to the selling of habit-forming drugs and adulterated food, acts now forbidden by law.

Since the underlying purpose of the writer plays an important part in the selection and the arrangement of material for news stories, as well as in the effect that stories produce upon readers, it deserves careful consideration in the analysis of news stories.

Type of story. There are two general types of news stories: (1) the informative news story, the chief aim of which is to give the facts of the news; and (2) the feature or human interest story, the chief aim of which is to take material of little or no news value and make it interesting. The fundamental difference between these two kinds of stories is the news value of the contents. The presence or absence of so-called "human interest" is not the basis of this classification, for informative news stories may be developed by bringing out the human interest element in the news.

The informative news story may be one of two kinds: (1) the story the chief purpose of which is to record the facts of the news without particular regard to its effect upon the readers; and (2) the story that presents the facts of the news in such a way as to produce a wholesome effect.

The purely informative news story usually presents the facts of the news so that they can be grasped readily in rapid reading. Its length is determined by the value of its news as measured by the ordinary standards of news values. It may be made interesting by bringing out the human interest element and by any literary device that is adapted to the subject. Usually it has a summary lead.

The informative story of the constructive type aims to interest the reader in the significance of the facts of the news, and the length of the story, accordingly, is determined by the importance of the news from this point of view. By bringing out the human interest element in the constructive type of story, the writer is able to make the emotional appeal to the readers that is particularly effective in accomplishing the purposes of this kind of story. Stories of this type may or may not have a summary lead.

In the entertaining feature story that contains little or no news, the interest lies entirely in the manner in which the facts are told. The literary ability of the writer is here tested to the utmost, for a story is read only so far as it interests. The length of these stories, therefore, is determined by the writer's success in sustaining the reader's interest.

News stories in method are (1) narrative, (2) descriptive, (3) expository, or (4) any combination of these three forms of discourse. These forms are often to be found combined in a single story. The reporter, for example, may in one story narrate a series of incidents, describe the persons and places involved, and explain causes, motives, and results.

In the purely informative news story that is narrative in form there is little suspense, because the essential facts are usually summarized in the beginning, or lead. In the narrative feature story, however, the interest is frequently sustained by the same devices that are used in fiction.

Description in news stories may be either suggestive or detailed. In most stories lack of space makes it impossible to do more than sketch briefly the appearance of persons and objects by suggestive touches. In long stories, however, when circumstances warrant it, descriptions may be given in considerable detail. The purpose in both kinds of description should be to convey to the reader impressions of sights, sounds, etc., as vivid as those the reporter himself experienced.

News stories are expository, as a whole or in part, whenever situations must be made clear by explaining motives, causes, results, and other phases of the news, or by summarizing the whole or a part of speeches, reports, etc. Such exposition should always be as simple and lucid as possible.

Structure of the story. The structure of the news story is concerned with (1) the beginning, or lead, and (2) the body of the story. The informative story usually begins with a summary lead that answers the reader's questions Who? What? Where? When? Why? How? Thus the summary lead includes the following details: (1) the persons, (2) the event, (3) the place, (4) the time, (5) the cause, (6) the significant circumstances. Any one of these elements of the news may be "featured" in the place of prominence at

the beginning of the story, although the time and the place are seldom played up in this way. The story of entertainment or appeal, on the other hand, usually avoids the summary lead by beginning in one of the ways common to fictitious narratives. In its beginning, its effort to sustain suspense, and its semblance of plot the human interest or feature story closely resembles the short story.

In the body of the story the details follow a logical order. The arrangement in narrative stories is usually chronological. Only such of the details summarized in the lead are repeated in the body of the story as are needed for clearness. Although it is well to round out stories in the last paragraph, the ending does not receive so much attention as in other prose, because the exigencies of "make-up" often necessitate the cutting off of the last paragraph or two.

Literary style. The style of a news story is concerned with such elements as (1) paragraphs, (2) sentences, (3) words; and with such qualities as (1) clearness, (2) force, (3) animation, (4) humor, (5) pathos, (6) taste.

Analysis of paragraphs and sentences should include: (1) the length of the paragraph and of the sentence; (2) the unity of thought in the sentence, and the unity of topic in the paragraph; (3) the coherence, or connection between the parts; and (4) the emphasis given to the important ideas by their position in sentence and paragraph.

Because of the narrowness of the columns the newspaper paragraph must be comparatively short to avoid appearing heavy and uninviting. The typical newspaper paragraph contains from 35 to 75 words, whereas the average paragraph in ordinary prose is from 150 to 250 words in length.

In sentence length, and in paragraph and sentence unity and coherence, the style of the news story does not differ from that of other prose. Involved constructions, long periodic sentences, and similar rhetorical devices, however, have no place in journalistic writing, because they tend to prevent rapid reading.

The emphasis given to an important point by placing it at the beginning of a sentence or a paragraph, is a distinctive characteristic of newspaper style, growing out of the fact that in rapid reading the eye catches important points quickly if they occupy these initial positions.

Specific words in original combinations are always preferable to colorless, general terms and trite phrases. Technical, scientific, and learned words should be avoided unless fully explained. Slang and colloquial expressions may be used when the tone of the story justifies them.

Clearness, which is essential to rapid reading, depends upon the arrange-

ment, the connection, and the expression of ideas, and the student will do well to analyze these essential factors in well-written stories. How brisk movement and steady progress can be secured is also worthy of notice. Humor and pathos are not infrequent in news stories, particularly in those of the feature and human interest type. The student should observe how humor may be effective without ridicule, buffoonery, or vulgarity, and how offensive facts may be presented in news stories without violating the canons of good taste.

Typographical style. Peculiarities in such details of typographical style as abbreviation, capitalization, hyphenation, and the use of numerical figures should be noted in each story and associated with the newspaper from which the story was taken, for each paper has a typographical style of its own. One style is as good as another, but it is essential that consistency be maintained.

The printing of significant facts in a box at the beginning or in the body of a story, often in bold-face type, the method of arranging lists of dead and injured, the forms for market reports, scores in sports, and similar details should be carefully noted.

AN OUTLINE FOR THE ANALYSIS OF NEWS STORIES

NEWS VALUES

1. In what paper was the story published?
2. What are the policy and the character of the paper?
3. How widely does the paper circulate outside of the place in which it is published?
4. Does the paper appeal to a particular class of readers?
5. Is the piece of news presented from the point of view of this class?
6. What, for the average reader, is the source of interest in the news contained in the story?
7. How much would the news interest the average reader? Why?
8. Do you think that the news was worth more or less space than was given to it? Why?
9. What more significant phases might have been played up or developed?

SOURCES OF NEWS

1. How did the news originate?
2. Where was the first record of it probably made? By whom?
3. What records and what persons may have been consulted in securing the news?
4. What reference books or material may have been used in getting or in verifying the details of the story?
5. What other possible sources might have been consulted?

METHODS OF NEWS GATHERING

1. What evidence does the story give of the methods by which the news was obtained?
2. Is there any evidence that the reporter or correspondent failed to get any of the important details of the piece of news?

PURPOSE

1. Does the story seem to be fair and unbiased?
2. Is there evidence that any important facts were suppressed or that the story was colored to conform to the policy of the paper?
3. Is the handling of the news constructive or destructive in its effect?
4. What, if any, is the constructive purpose of the writer?
5. Is the story so treated as to tempt the reader to imitate anti-social acts?

TYPE OF STORY

1. Is the primary purpose of the story to inform or to entertain?
2. Is the story largely narrative and descriptive? Is it largely explanatory? Is it largely direct or indirect quotation?
3. If the story is narrative in form, is the order chronological?
4. Is the narrative clear or confused?
5. Does the narrative move slowly or briskly? Why?
6. Are accounts of the event by participants or eye-witnesses used? If so, are these accounts in direct or indirect quotation form?
7. Are remarks and conversation of participants and eye-witnesses given?
8. Is the description detailed or suggestive? Is it effective? Why?
9. Is there a striving for effect in the description?
10. If the story is that of a speech, report, etc., is the material arranged in logical order?
11. Is much or little made of the personal, or human interest, element in the story of the speech or the interview?

STRUCTURE OF THE STORY

1. Has the story a summary lead or an unconventional beginning?
2. Does the lead contain the essential facts concisely presented?
3. Is the most striking detail played up as the feature in the first group of words of the opening sentence of the lead?
4. What other element in the news might have been featured in the lead?
5. Is the lead proportionate in length to the whole story?
6. How are the details arranged in the body of the story?
7. Is there any evidence that the story was cut down in making up the paper?
8. Are the paragraphs closely connected?
9. Is there unnecessary repetition in the story?
10. Could the arrangement of the details be improved? How?

LITERARY STYLE OF THE STORY

Paragraphs

1. What is the average length of the paragraphs?
2. Are any of the paragraphs too long or too short?
3. Is each paragraph a unit?
4. Are the details well arranged and closely connected in the paragraphs?
5. Does the first group of words at the beginning of each paragraph attract the reader as his eye glances down the story?
6. Could any of the paragraph beginnings be made more effective? How?

Sentences

1. What is the average length of the sentences?
2. Are any of the sentences too long or too short?
3. Is the construction of each sentence evident in rapid reading?
4. Is each sentence a unified expression of a closely related group of ideas?
5. Are the parts of the sentences combined in firm, closely knit construction?
6. Do the sentence beginnings attract the reader by the importance and the interest of the ideas expressed in the first group of words?
7. Do any of the sentences trail off loosely into a succession of phrases and clauses?
8. Is there variety in sentence length and sentence construction?

Words

1. Is the style concise or wordy?
2. Is the diction original or hackneyed?
3. Is the style marked by many adjectives or by superlatives?
4. Are the verbs specific and forcible?
5. Is the diction too learned for the comprehension of the average rapid reader?
6. Are words used idiomatically and accurately?
7. Are slang and colloquial expressions found in the story? What is the effect of them?
8. Is the diction is keeping with the tone of the story?

Qualities of Style

1. Can the details of the story be easily comprehended in rapid reading; that is, is the style comparatively simple?
2. Upon what does the general clearness of the story depend?
3. Is the movement slow or rapid? Why?
4. Is there any humor or pathos in the story? How is the humorous or the pathetic effect secured?
5. Has the news possibilities for humorous or pathetic treatment that are not developed?
6. Is the story in good taste?

TYPOGRAPHICAL STYLE

1. What are the peculiarities of abbreviation, capitalization, hyphenation, and use of numerical figures?
2. Is the typographical style consistent throughout the story?
3. Are any details of the story given prominence by typographical devices? If so, why?

CHAPTER III

FIRES AND ACCIDENTS

Type of story. Many newspaper reports of fires and accidents may be considered as typical examples of narrative and descriptive news stories of the purely informative type. The essential facts of the news are presented in a simple, direct, concise manner without any attempt to give the story any greater interest for the reader than the facts themselves possess. Such a fire story is that of the "Large Tannery Fire" (p. 16) and such an accident story is that entitled "Automobile and Car Collide" (p. 24).

When human life is involved in these events, some newspaper writers take advantage of the opportunity to add to the interest by developing the personal, or human interest, elements of the news in the informative type of story, while at the same time presenting the facts fully and accurately. Accident stories of this type are those headed "Entombed Miners" (p. 38) and "Baby Drowns" (p. 42).

Less important fires and accidents that might otherwise go unnoticed, or be dismissed with a few lines, may have in them some element that lends itself to the feature, or human interest, treatment. A small fire story of this type is found on p. 19; a humorous feature story of an accident is that of the "Child in a Runaway" (p. 25); and a pathetic human interest story is that of the "Boy Killed by Car" (p. 25).

Purpose. Stories of fires and accidents, particularly when such occurrences result in fatalities, may be written so as to be either constructive or destructive in their influence upon readers. The constructive effect lies in emphasis upon those elements that tend (1) to turn the reader's attention to preventive measures, (2) to create sympathy for the victims, or (3) to inspire admiration for heroism or other virtues. Stories that give prominence to immediate or underlying causes and responsibility in cases of fires and accidents, as well as to possible preventive measures, have a helpful effect. Stories that create sympathy for victims deserving of aid generally result in prompt offers of relief. Examples of constructive stories are those entitled "Fire in Stables" (p. 18), "Lodging House Fire" (p. 21), and "Runaway" (p. 22). The story that aims to satisfy readers' interest in ghastly and sensational phases of fatal fires and accidents panders to a morbid curiosity and inevitably

has an unwholesome influence, even though the facts that it presents are true.

Treatment of material. All types of fire and accident stories give opportunity for spirited narrative and vivid description. Possible means for lending life and interest to the narrative include accounts of the disaster, either in direct or indirect quotation form, as secured by interviews with survivors and eye-witnesses, and conversation between persons involved.

Contents of story. Among the important details to be considered in analyzing stories of unexpected occurrences, such as fires and accidents, are: (1) number of lives lost; (2) number of lives endangered; (3) names of dead and injured; (4) prominent persons and places involved; (5) character and extent of damage; (6) property threatened with damage or destruction; (7) cause and responsibility; (8) investigations; (9) preventive measures against recurrence of event; (10) probable or actual effects; (11) peculiar and unusual circumstances; (12) humorous and pathetic incidents. Almost any one of these details may be the feature of the story, and as such may be played up in the lead. The space and prominence given to each of these details are determined by its relative news value.

LARGE TANNERY FIRE

Boston Transcript

Following an explosion of fuel oil, fire spread like a flash through the plant of the George C. Vaughn Sole Leather Tannery on Upper Bridge street, Salem, shortly before noon today and destroyed three large buildings and a power house, with a loss estimated from $325,000 to $350,000, covered by insurance. Many times the flames leaped to the neighboring wooden structures that surround the plant, but by the efforts of the entire Salem fire department, assisted by men and apparatus from Beverly, Peabody and Marblehead, a conflagration was narrowly averted.

More than a quarter million dollars' worth of sole leather was stored on the premises. A. J. Vaughn, president of the company, said after the fire that $200,000 worth of new stock had recently been received and that the old stock, machinery and buildings were worth $150,000 in addition, bringing the total loss to $350,000.

The fire, which broke out at 11.15 A. M. in the basement of the main tannery building, spread so quickly that the employees at work on the upper floors had difficulty in escaping to the street. Even before the first alarm had been sent in, the advancing flames reached a large tank of oil, used for fuel in the power house. A heavy explosion followed and the fire gained irresistible headway, since the power house stood in the centre of the plant and was flanked on three sides by the tanning houses.

Unable to check the flames in the plant, the firemen bent their energy to keep the fire from spreading. Calls for assistance sent to the surrounding towns met quick response, and by 12.30 the blaze was under control.

The buildings of the plant comprised a two-story stone tannery, 200 feet long; a single-story drying and rolling house, built of wood, with a frontage of 150 feet; and a beam house, also of wood, with a frontage of 125 feet. They were grouped on three

sides of a square surrounding the power house. The plant was formerly known as the F. A. Lord tannery, but was enlarged and remodelled after its purchase by the George C. Vaughn Company.

UNIVERSITY BUILDING BURNS

New York Times

Three important collections of books and documents, two of which were held by their owners to be priceless, since they represented the lifework of the collectors, were destroyed in the fire which swept through the superstructure of the uncompleted University Hall on the Columbia University campus early yesterday morning.

While the fire was burning, between 1 and 2 o'clock, the interest of the student body was centred principally in the gymnasium, where there was a grand piano and much apparatus to be saved, and in the rooms of the Columbia University crew, where there were many trophies, oars, and banners.

In the rush to save athletic trophies, the documents in rooms near by were overlooked. They were finally pitched out of the windows by firemen cleaning up after the fire, and they were made up into three great rubbish heaps on the lawns about the burned building.

Before these rubbish heaps a Professor of Mathematics and a Professor of Germanic History stood yesterday with tears in their eyes, their shirtsleeves rolled up for work. They toiled through the débris looking for personal papers and for notes and documents which they said regretfully they feared they could never replace.

The collections destroyed included all the personal library on the history of Germanic civilization brought to this country by Dr. Ernst Richard, Professor of Germanic History. With Dr. Richard's documents went his personal notes, which he had gathered in a lifetime of study. While he stood over the rubbish pile in front of the window of what had been his office, Dr. F. N. Cole, Professor of Mathematics, searched another big rubbish pile near by.

Dr. Cole also contemplated his loss with deep sorrow. In the pile before him were all the official documents and records of the American Mathematical Association, which had its headquarters in the building. Dr. Cole was its Secretary, and he had moved the documents from East Hall two years ago because he feared that East Hall might burn, while University Hall, except for the temporary superstructure, was fireproof.

The documents had been accumulating since the association was founded. The files of the first ten volumes of its publication, the American Mathematical Society's Bulletin, were destroyed together with the stock collection of copies of all subsequent volumes. All of Dr. Cole's personal papers were destroyed with the society's papers.

The fire, which apparently originated in the kitchens behind the Commons eating quarters on the main floor, swept through wooden partitions separating various offices on that floor, and through a temporary wooden roof which had been put on against the time when seven more stories should be built.

As the lower floors, which were part of the permanent structure, were fireproof, the flames did not work down through them, but died out when they had consumed the temporary superstructure. The gymnasium on the lower floor was unharmed, except by water, and the swimming pool below it was ready for use yesterday.

The offices on the upper floor which were destroyed included the headquarters of The Columbia Spectator, The Jester, the Prison Reform Association, and the American Mathematical Association, the rooms of the Columbia Crew, the Commons Restaurant, and the offices of the departments of mathematics and Germanic history.

The athletic trophies in University Hall, it turned out, were of only minor value, having been won at training bouts on the Harlem River. The rich trophies of the university were kept in another building with fireproof walls and floors.

E. Stagg Whitin, Secretary of the Prison Reform Association, joined the downhearted group early in the afternoon. "What will Thomas Mott Osborne say when he hears of this," he remarked, as he looked over the débris that had been notes and documents. "All our work was here," he said, "all the fruits of our years of investigation. And there was even material we intended to use in a lawsuit against some Connecticut prison labor contractors.

"I don't see how we can replace what we have lost. The reports of our investigators made up a good part of it. We spent our funds preparing this material, and the only way we can replace it is to raise another fund to do it all over again."

The ruin of University Hall's superstructure was not permitted to repose even an hour. Dean Frederick Goetze, the university Controller, who drove in by automobile from Orient, L. I., on hearing of the fire, had wagons loaded with lumber on the Campus before the firemen were through tearing out the embers. He had 150 men at work before noon rebuilding the roof, and had orders placed for all material to replace the offices. He notified the gymnasium instructors that they might hold classes as usual on Monday, and posted a notice to students that meals would be served as usual in the Commons Monday noon.

A special announcement which pleased university oarsmen was that their annual dinner, scheduled for Oct. 21, could be held in the gymnasium. Invitations to 1,000 former students had been accepted, and postponement would have robbed the oarsmen of the rowing season's great event.

Coach Jim Rice ordered the rowing squads to report on Monday for barge work on the Hudson, remarking that real rowing was better than work on the machines in the gymnasium.

The loss on the building was officially placed at "less than $100,000," which, it was said, was fully covered by insurance.

FIRE IN STABLES

Boston Transcript

Fire that partly destroyed the Thornton Stables, a five-story brick building at 85 to 95 West Mifflin street this morning, has aroused Mayor Curley to the immediate necessity of legislation to enable the city to raze buildings, without the fear of resultant liability, when such buildings have been condemned by the building department. He will ask the incoming Legislature for such a law.

For sixteen years the West Mifflin street building had been regarded as one of the worst firetraps in the city, according to the mayor. In 1898 it was condemned and an order was issued by the fire commissioner forbidding firemen to enter the building in case of fire. During these years the building was constantly under inspection by both the fire and building departments, and why it was not ordered vacated has not been explained. The walls were shored up, or strengthened by iron rods, as the foundation had settled, and yet the firemen realized that, once a fire got under way, the walls would not last long, as their thickness was about eight inches.

Before the fire was extinguished today, Mayor Curley and Building Commissioner O'Hearn visited the scene and discussed with Fire Commissioner Grady and Chief McDonough the dangers that exist in other buildings throughout the city which have been condemned but which are still occupied and are regarded as a particular menace in case of fire. The party looked over the surrounding property, and the Building Commissioner pointed out three buildings on the same street and practically adjoining the stables that were being torn down on his orders. These were ramshackle buildings that had been fire menaces for years. It was the prevailing opinion that if the stable fire had got under greater headway when discovered, and if a heavy wind had prevailed, the best efforts of the firemen could not have prevented a serious spread of the flames. The buildings on the southerly side of the stables are all of wood, and the flames would have had little dif-

ficulty, had they got beyond the control of the firemen, in sweeping over the site of one removed building to those of most inflammable nature used as lodging-houses.

Mayor Curley directed Fire Commissioner Grady to prepare a list of buildings of sufficiently dangerous fire risks to warrant orders from headquarters forbidding the firemen entering them in case of fire. That there are many such buildings in various parts of the city of substantial proportions was admitted. The fire commissioner declared that he had received a legal opinion that the city is not justified in tearing down buildings which have been condemned, unless the owner or owners give their consent. The city has authority, however, to vacate buildings. Section four, Chapter 550 of the Acts of 1907, provides that the building commissioner, or one of his inspectors, shall inspect every building which he has reason to believe is unsafe or dangerous to life, limb or adjoining buildings, and, if he finds it unsafe or dangerous, shall notify the owner to secure the building, and shall affix in a conspicuous place on its walls a notice of its dangerous condition. "The commissioner may, with the written approval of the mayor, order any building which in his opinion is unsafe to be vacated forthwith," in the words of the law.

Fifty buildings have already been condemned this year. Many of them have been removed, but in every case the owners have consented to the removal. The building commissioner sends his lists of condemned buildings to the City Council, which gives hearings on the appeal. There is a long list of such buildings now pending before the council, and the mayor will go before that body at its next meeting and urge that the list be given immediate attention.

The law department has handled two hundred egress cases for the building department in the last two years, Assistant Corporation Counsel Edward T. McGettrick having full charge, and in not a single case has the department been obliged to vacate after the bill in equity has been filed in court. Most of these cases, however, are of lodging-houses, the owners preferring to obey orders in providing sufficient fire-escapes rather than fight the case in the courts

SMALL FIRE

Savannah News

A tiny, golden-throated canary bird was the hero of a midnight fire in the lobby of the Geiger Hotel on Broughton street last night.

It was due to the bird that the attachés of the hotel investigated and found a blaze in the wall caused by a defective flue in the rear of the cigar stand cases. The loss will amount to between $500 and $600. The bird hangs in a cage near the cigar stand. About 11:30 o'clock S. D. MacMartin noticed it suddenly wake from its sleep and flutter noisily about the cage. He thought a cat was attempting to get the bird and made an investigation. He climbed on a chair and a puff of smoke and a blaze shot towards him.

A telephone alarm was sent immediately to fire headquarters, and Chemical Company No. 1 answered. They extinguished the blaze in a short time. It was necessary to chop away the partition, and the cigar stand and cases were moved into the lobby of the hotel from the wall. The owner of the stand stated that his loss would be considerable.

With all the excitement in the lobby none of the guests in the hotel was awakened.

LIVES LOST IN FIRE

Chicago Tribune

A careless electrician, a gas pocket in a fireproof vault, a stab of flame from a blown-out fuse—and a deadly "sane Fourth" argument for a city which has ceased to need one.

Such, in brief, was the story read by Coroner Hoffman and other official investigators yesterday in the ruins of the Pain Fireworks Display company's plant

at 1320 Wabash avenue, after an explosion of the $5,000 stock of cannon crackers, torpedoes, roman candles, skyrockets, and pyrotechnical set pieces had wrecked the firm's own building and rocked adjoining structures.

The electrician, upon whom the authorities are inclined to put the blame, was Joseph Johnson, employed in the fire sprinkler department of the American District Telegraph company.

Johnson was one of five persons trapped in the building and killed. Late in the afternoon the bodies of the other four victims—H. B. Thearle, president of the company; Miss Florence Hill, his personal secretary; Edward Connors, a salesman; and R. H. Wolff, the stockman—had been recovered, but Johnson's was not found until night.

The explosion—or rather the explosions, for there were three or four of them at half second intervals—occurred shortly before 11 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Thearle was sitting at his desk in the middle of the building, a deep, narrow, one story structure of concrete and steel. At his side was Miss Hill, taking dictation in shorthand. Connors was busy at an adjoining desk.

Wolff, the stockkeeper, was in the rear part of the basement, in which most of the company's stock was stored. At the front end of the basement two electricians were at work—Johnson and Michael J. Callahan, his foreman. The job on which the electricians were employed centered in the Coca Cola building, adjoining the Pain plant, in which an outfit of automatic sprinklers was being installed.

Duty called Callahan into the Coca Cola building just in time to save his life. A minute after the foreman electrician had walked out the front door, Thomas Byrnes, sales manager for the fireworks company, stepped into the alley at the rear of the building. He had taken only a few steps when there was a flash and a roar and his feet shot from under him.

As Byrnes fell, a body came sailing out into the alley. It stopped short against one of the pillars of the south side "L" structure, which runs through the alley, and Johnny Costello, the Pain office boy, let out a yell of terror. The yell was his last for several hours, for he immediately lost consciousness.

At the Wabash avenue end of the building other things were happening. With the first explosion the big plate glass window disappeared and a mountain of flame burst into the street. The street car tracks were clear for a hundred yards north and south, except for which fact, it is believed, there would have been many more killed and injured.

The flame rolled across the street and scorched the front of the building of the Howe Scale company, all the windows of which had been shaken out by the explosion. On the heels of the dissipated flame mountain a pillar of smoke several hundred feet in height rolled out of the Pain building.

Columns of flame and smoke climbed through holes in the fireworks store which marked the places where two big skylights had been, and an instant later a dozen shutters on the north wall of the Coca Cola building were afire, and panic-stricken employés, many of them girls, were racing for the south fire escapes.

Firemen responding to a 4-11 alarm found the bodies of Mr. Thearle, Miss Hill, and Connors just inside the front door, all badly burned. Hours later the body of Wolff was found in the rear of the basement. It was after nightfall when firemen, working in the glare of a searchlight, took Johnson's body from the ruins.

By that time the building had been carefully inspected—and it was regarded as a tribute to the strength of its reinforced concrete construction that there was any of it left to inspect—by Coroner Hoffman, J. C. O'Donnell, chief of the bureau of fire prevention and public safety, and investigators for the new municipal department of public service. All were of the opinion that Johnson was responsible for the explosion, but the blame will not be definitely placed until Monday, when a jury impaneled on the spot by Coroner Hoffman will hold an inquest.

O'Donnell, who is third assistant fire marshal, planned to combine his investi-

gation with the coroner's. He was satisfied, he said, that the Pain company had taken all reasonable precautions and that favorable reports made on the place by inspectors of his bureau had been justified by conditions.

The building had been specially constructed for the storage of fireworks, and had been occupied by the company, formerly located in the loop, for three years. The basement had been divided into three sections by stout partitions, in much the same way that bulkheads are built into a ship. Into each of the partitions was set a steel door. But there had been no time to close the doors.

"The Pain people thought they were absolutely protected against accidents," said O'Donnell. "This goes to prove there is no such thing as absolute protection when explosives are being handled."

LODGING HOUSE FIRE

New York World

The lives of six persons who died in a lodging house fire at No. 1516 Eighth avenue early yesterday morning, might have been saved if orders issued by the Fire Department last May 27 had been obeyed, says a report which J. O. Hammitt, Chief of the Bureau of Fire Prevention, made late yesterday to Commissioner Robert Adamson.

Five of the dead persons were identified as Bernard Lynde, thirty-five, a laborer; Edward J. Ryan, thirty-five, a lunchman; Louis Detter, fifty-three, a laborer; a man named Hagan, about fifty; and John Cutter, eighty-four, a laborer. The sixth man was unidentified.

There were sixty-five men registered in the hotel when Peter Kelly, a watchman, saw the smoke and gave an alarm. Sergt. John Butler of the Salvage Corps ran to the roof of a neighboring building and assisted fifteen of the men to safety.

Lieut. Reed of Hook and Ladder No. 12, and Hugh Bonner, the son of the ex-Chief, mounted extension ladders to the top floor and assisted many more to the ground. Three bodies were found on the third, and three on the top floor.

Coroner Healy and Fire Marshal Prial believed that the fire was caused by a careless smoker.

Following the issuance of the report, it was announced that an investigation would be made by the District-Attorney's office to determine whether anyone could be held responsible for the loss of life.

The orders were for the enclosure of an unenclosed stairway, up which the fire spread, and for the installation of an interior fire alarm system. Both orders had been turned over to the legal department for enforcement, and work on the stairway enclosure was in progress the day before the fire. Plans for the fire alarm system were approved Oct. 22.

Mr. Hammitt stated that the day before the fire an inspector learned that the direct communication of the lodging house with fire headquarters had been cut and ordered its restoration. The report says that Peter Loos, the proprietor, called at fire headquarters at 9 o'clock and said that the communication had not been re-established because it was the work of the landlord, but that there had been a fire in which "three persons were slightly injured." According to Mr. Hammitt, Edward Brown is the owner of the building.

CAUSE OF FIRE

New York Times

A glowing match, carelessly tossed into a baby carriage standing in the hall, is believed to have started the fire in which thirteen persons lost their lives in the three-story tenement house in the rear of 986 North Sixth Street, Williamsburg, as told in The Times yesterday. Poor lighting in the hallways may have been an indirect cause of the fire, according to Tenement House Commissioner John J. Murphy.

As in more than 2,000 structures in the city, Commissioner Murphy said, kerosene lamps were used to light the halls. Often the lights go out or are turned out by 11 o'clock, so that persons who go into the

buildings later are forced to strike matches to find their way. It probably was a match struck in this way that started the fire.

After an inspection of the district about ten days ago all the property owners were warned that they must keep their lights lighted, according to the law. The inspection disclosed that about 70 per cent. of the houses were poorly lighted.

"Prosecutions for violations of the law relating to lighting are almost without exception in vain," Commissioner Murphy told a TIMES reporter yesterday, "If the owners are taken to court, they say that the lights went out, or were blown out. The reason for the law is primarily to see that the means of exit are lighted. The danger from matches used to light the way had not been thought so great."

Except with regard to lighting, possibly, the burned tenement complied with all the provisions of the law, the officials said. The fire escapes were as prescribed, and it was due to excitement on the part of the occupants that they did not use them instead of trying to go down the stairs. Only one of the windows opening to fire escapes was found broken.

All of the victims were suffocated by smoke. Five were members of the family of Michael Blund, and two others were boarders with him; three were members of the family of Michael Lenko, all of whom lived on the top floor. John Whatso and his wife and an unidentified man who boarded with them were found on the second floor.

The house was occupied by six families, two on each floor. It is owned by John Korno, a banker, of 667 Grand Street, who owns several other tenement houses in the neighborhood. As told in late editions of yesterday's TIMES, flames were seen shooting out of the windows by a passerby, who turned in an alarm. The firemen, when they arrived, found it difficult work, so excited was the crowd in front of the burning building.

The interior of the building was scarcely touched by fire. Several of the bodies were lightly scorched, but it was apparent that suffocation had caused the deaths. On one of the floors the tenants had opened the door and left it open creating a draft. Apparently all of the victims had been asleep when the fire started.

Commissioner Adamson, Fire Chief Kenlon, Fire Marshal Brophy, Deputy Tenement House Commissioner Hickey, Assistant District Attorney Wilson, Captain Shaw of the Homicide Squad of the Police Department and Coroner Wagner made investigations. At first it was thought that the fire was of incendiary origin, and the theory was that it had been started by one of Korno's tenants who had been evicted. The officials were hampered in their investigation because most of the tenants were foreigners and could not speak English.

RUNAWAY

New York Evening Post

Dragged from his own horse while trying to stop a runaway in Central Park this afternoon, Mounted Patrolman Stephen Dowling, although thrown under the wheels of a light carriage, jumped to his feet, remounted his horse, and, after a chase of ten blocks, caught and stopped the other animal. His uniform was torn and he received contusions about the body, but he remained on duty throughout the day. The runaway horse was attached to a light runabout, driven by a man and woman, who said they were Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hamilton of No. 775 West Ninety-fifth Street.

They were driving slowly on the West Drive when, at Ninetieth Street, the bit broke and the animal bolted. Dowling saw the runaway and pursued it on his own horse, which overtook the fleeing animal at One Hundred and Sixth Street.

Because of the broken bit it was impossible to stop the running horse by catching the bridle, so Dowling leaned far out and wrapped his arms around the neck of the runaway. He clung in this manner for a few minutes, and then, his own horse shying, he was dragged from the saddle and fell directly beneath the wheels of the

runabout. Two wheels passed over his chest.

Although dazed and bruised, Dowling jumped to his feet and caught his horse, which stood near, mounted and set off at a gallop after the Hamilton rig.

At One Hundred and Sixteenth Street the runaway swerved and the light carriage was thrown against a truck. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were thrown out but escaped with a few slight bruises. Dowling had almost caught up when this occurred. He halted long enough to see that the man and woman were not injured and then started after the running horse. Near One Hundred and Seventeenth Street he was even with the animal and again leaned over and wrapped his arms around the horse's neck. This time his own horse did its share of the work, and Dowling's weight soon told on the runaway, which stopped within half a block.

"Just in the day's work," said Dowling, when he was congratulated.

AUTOMOBILE COLLISION

Boston Herald

Tossed into a blazing pool of gasoline when two touring cars collided and the gas tank of one exploded, Miss Alice Cushing, 22, of Nahant, and Percy Mason of 765 Washington street, Lynn, were probably fatally burned at 8 o'clock last night on the Nahant road at Little Nahant.

Walter Hanley of 11 Moore street, Swampscott, was hurled 30 feet with his clothing a mass of flames, but saved his own life by plunging into the surf and extinguishing the fire about him. Ten other passengers in the machines were bruised and shaken up, but were able to return home after medical attention.

The accident happened opposite Wilson road, when a seven passenger touring car in which were Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Farley of Danvers, their three children, Richard, Fred and Helen Farley, and Mrs. Farley's mother, Mrs. O. B. Merton of Danvers, turned abruptly to one side to go down upon the beach. It was struck from behind by a public touring car operated by Hanley and containing six passengers.

Hanley's machine ploughed into the rear of the Farley car, tearing a hole in the gasoline tank. The lamps ignited the gasoline and an explosion followed which sent several gallons of burning fluid upon the road.

It was into this that Miss Cushing and Mason fell when they were thrown from the public machine by the impact. The young woman was made unconscious by the fall and was lying helpless in the centre of the fire when she was rescued with considerable difficulty by H. C. Wilcox of Beverly, who was driving by on the road. He rolled her in an automobile robe and, after extinguishing the flames, took her to the Lynn Hospital. There it was said there was practically no chance of her recovery. She was burned from head to foot and had inhaled much of the flames.

Mason was rescued by Dr. Newton A. Stone of Somerville, a Cambridge dentist, who heard the explosion and saw the glare of flames while driving in his machine farther down the road. He put out the fire about Mason with auto robes, assisted by the passengers of the public machine who had recovered from their shock. The dentist worked over him while another man drove his machine to Union Hospital, Lynn. Mason's burns were so severe that his name was immediately placed on the danger list.

In the excitement which followed the wreck, it was believed that Hanley, the driver of the public car, had been burned alive. A half-hour later, however, he was discovered in a cottage off Wilson road. His clothing was ignited by the explosion, and he was hurled over the road upon the sand, his clothes a mass of flames.

He had to run toward the surf, but was seriously burned before he could reach the water, some 50 yards away. After he had extinguished the flames himself, he made his way to a cottage and sank exhausted on the piazza. Later he was removed to Lynn Hospital, where it was stated his burns were serious, but probably would not prove fatal. He was burned about the face and

upper part of the body and the flames had entered his mouth, burning his tongue and throat.

Before the Nahant fire department could reach the scene both automobiles were destroyed. The Farley machine had been badly wrecked by the collision and the public car was telescoped. In the latter machine were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanley of Lynn, Arthur Wright of Fiske avenue, Lynn, and Leo Sale of Lynn, besides those who were burned. They were all more or less bruised.

The Farley party narrowly escaped being burned and were cut and bruised when they were thrown from their seats. Mrs. Farley told the police that she held up her hand to signal the other machine as her husband turned his auto toward the beach. Hanley was in no condition to discuss the accident. He is said to have been driving at about 18 miles an hour.

Miss Cushing lived on Willow road, Nahant, and was employed as a waitress in the Colonial Café, Nahant. Mason roomed at 765 Washington street, Lynn, and for many years was a resident of Peabody. He was employed in a Nahant restaurant.

Mr. Farley is a machine manufacturer in Danvers.

AUTOMOBILE AND CAR COLLIDE

New York Tribune

George C. Hurlbut, the aged librarian of the American Geological Society, and his daughter, Miss Ilione Hurlbut, were seriously injured last night in a collision between the automobile in which they were riding and a surface car in the 86th street transverse road in Central Park. Father and daughter were removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, where it was said that the skull of each was fractured. Miss Hurlbut's right arm was broken. Both were unconscious when they were received at the hospital, and it was said they could not recover.

Mr. Hurlbut lives at No. 560 West End avenue and is seventy years old. His daughter, Ilione, is thirty-five years old and is his assistant in his work. Yesterday afternoon they engaged William Agg, of 86th street and Broadway, to take them for a drive in the Fifth avenue section, saying they would afterward have him drop them at No. 106 West 55th street, where they intended to have their Christmas dinner with William Hurlbut, a nephew of Mr. Hurlbut.

Agg started toward Fifth avenue by way of the transverse road. Less than half of the distance to Fifth avenue had been covered when he heard a westbound car approaching. The automobile was at that moment opposite the Park Department workshops. Agg attempted to turn out, but the slippery road and rails caused the rear wheels of the automobile to skid. Both the car and the automobile were travelling at a rapid rate, and the front of the car struck the body of the machine, overturning it. Before the motorman could bring his car to a stop the automobile had been crumpled up like cardboard, and the aged librarian and his daughter lay unconscious among the wreckage. Agg had saved himself by jumping before the car struck the machine.

The car was crowded, and there was intense excitement among the passengers, who were shaken up and struck by flying glass. Policeman Talt heard the noise made by the collision and immediately telephoned for an ambulance. Before it arrived, however, a passing automobile was pressed into service, and the injured man and woman were placed in it and hurried to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Lieutenant Arnett, of the Arsenal station, ordered the arrest of the motorman of the car, James Gannon, of No. 419 Third avenue, and Agg, who lives at No. 160 Manhattan avenue.

Mr. Hurlbut has been the librarian of the American Geological Society, at No. 15 West 81st street, for twenty-five years, and is considered the foremost authority on that class of work in this country. He was born at Charleston, S. C., about seventy years ago, and before he came here was engaged

in geological study and writing in San Francisco and was president of the Mercantile Library.

The library of the American Geological Society consists of 40,000 volumes, and is second only in completeness to the geological library at Paris. Mr. Hurlbut is also editor of the monthly bulletin which the society publishes. George Greenough, the secretary of the society, was greatly shocked by the news of the accident to Mr. Hurlbut and his daughter. He said last night that the loss of the librarian's services, even for a short time, would be an irreparable loss to science and to the society.

Since the death of his wife, eight years ago, Mr. Hurlbut has lived with his daughter, Ilione. They occupied a suite in the building at No. 560 West End avenue, and Miss Hurlbut acted as her father's assistant.

He has two nephews, William J. Hurlbut, author of the play "The Fighting Hope," now at the Stuyvesant Theatre, and Stephen A. Hurlbut, professor of Greek at Barnard College. Mr. Hurlbut's brother is said to have been the owner and editor of "The New York World" before it became the property of Mr. Pulitzer.

CHILD IN RUNAWAY

Boston Advertiser

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Walter Jackson is a lucky baby. His parents admit that he is something more than that, but take it as things go in this world of chance, he's lucky.

A horse attached to a delivery wagon was standing in front of 942 Columbus ave. One of the front wheels was tied to a rear wheel. Jacob Katz, the driver, was in the building.

Along came a fat boy with a Christmas tree on his shoulder and longings in his heart. He stopped to look into a shop window and swung the tree around sweeping the face of the horse. The horse ran away.

When he got to the corner of 87th st. the horse took to the sidewalk.

On the sidewalk, along with many other shoppers, were Walter Jackson and his wife. Just ahead of them was Miss Rose Williams, and just ahead of Miss Williams was a baby carriage, and in the baby carriage was another Walter Jackson, three-months-old and lucky.

The first Walter Jackson was knocked down and his face looks now as if the horse stepped on it. Mrs. Jackson was knocked down and the wagon ran over her. Miss Williams was knocked down also.

As the rear wheel of the delivery wagon passed, it caught the baby carriage; the baby stuck, and in another minute was going just as fast as the delivery wagon. Walter Jackson the second, stuck to his carriage and incidentally to the delivery wagon.

Half way down the block the wagon struck a sidewalk showcase and the crash of glass further frightened the horse. He plunged back to the street, going through a line of Christmas trees with the wagon and the baby carriage.

Once through the trees, he smashed into an L pillar and there parted company with delivery wagon and baby carriage.

The wagon parted company with itself, and about all there was left of the baby carriage was that very limited portion of it immediately adjacent to Walter Jackson.

The baby looked much mussed up, but when Dr. Monaco of the Polychnic Hospital examined him there wasn't a mark to be found.

BOY KILLED BY CAR

San Francisco Examiner

NEW YORK, December 17.—"Over on Broadway there's a regular Santy Claus," said 10-year-old Johnny Nugent to his chum, 7-year-old Eddie Bowler, as school let out on the East Side this afternoon. "I never seen no Santy Claus—only pictures. Did you? Let's go over?"

They put their books away, Johnny in his home, Eddie in his. Then they trudged, skipping curbs and whistling, across to the

region of a department store at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street.

"I was a kid last year," said Johnny. "Me mother couldn't let me come here and I dasn't go without asking."

They didn't have any money, of course. Johnny's mother is a widow and Eddie's folks have little to spare for the children. But an idea seized Johnny; he would start earning money at once. He went to a newsboy, and the latter, with the freemasonry of the streets, "lent" him two papers to sell. In a moment he was yelling "Extry—All about the murder trial!"

Eddie helped him to yell.

A customer beckoned from across the street. Johnny darted toward him just in front of the Hotel Martinique. A Broadway surface car loomed up suddenly. There was a little cry, then the forward pair of wheels ran over the boy and his body became jammed in the rear wheels.

While a tremendous crowd of shoppers surrounded the car, some men—and Eddie—crawled underneath. The men came out with Johnny's body. His little chum had his torn cap and the two evening papers.

In the police station, before a group of policemen who wept, Eddie told the whole story while he clung to the battered relics.

"Mr. Lieutenant," he asked at the end, "do you think Johnny will get alive again?"

"Maybe Santa Claus will take care of him," said Dr. Gilhooley gravely, and he turned quickly away.

SUBWAY ACCIDENT

New York Times

Seven persons were killed and eighty-five injured shortly before 8 o'clock yesterday morning when a blast of dynamite in the excavation for the new Seventh Avenue subway carried away all the plank thoroughfare between Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Streets, sweeping down into the great hole a crowded trolley car and a brewery automobile truck.

That the toll of dead and injured was not many times greater was due to the fact that the supports of the subway structure gave way slowly, affording an opportunity for hundreds of persons who were on their way to work to scurry to side streets and to the walks which were at the sides of the excavation. Most of those injured were in the Seventh Avenue trolley car, which was of the closed type and was north-bound. When the tracks sagged the car slid into the hole. It crumpled like pasteboard when it struck the tangle of iron, wood, and rock in the bottom of the excavation. Two of the persons killed were passengers in the car. All the others were laborers in the tunnel caught beneath the wreckage.

Within an hour after the accident happened seven independent investigations to place the blame were under way. These inquiries were started by District Attorney Perkins, the Fire Department, the Public Service Commission, Coroner Feinberg, the contracting company, the State Industrial Commission, and the Street Railway Company.

The investigators said that before the responsibility could be determined positively they would need the testimony of August Midnight. Midnight is the licensed blaster who set the dynamite charge. He was seen after the accident, but disappeared, and up to a late hour last night had not been found. The police sent out a general alarm for his arrest.

According to Policeman Daniel O'Shay of the West Twentieth Street Station, who was standing at Twenty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, it was about 7:50 o'clock when he heard the explosion, which was followed by a sudden rising and then a sagging of the temporary roadway in Seventh Avenue. A few seconds later the structure gave way and with a crash settled down into the big hole. The street car was directly in front of O'Shay, and he saw it drop with the crumbling roadway, and heard the cries of the terror-stricken passengers.

O'Shay instantly ran to a fire box and turned in an alarm, after which he notified Police Headquarters by telephone.

When he got back to the accident to do his part in the work of rescue, the scene down deep in the excavation was appalling.

All that was left of the car, it appeared, was the roof and the steel trucks. The passengers inside, flung together in a confused mass, were screaming and struggling. On top of the debris, not far from the Twenty-fourth Street side of the wreckage, was the body of a stout, well-dressed woman. Persons on the sidewalk more than thirty feet above her saw that she was injured terribly. She was still alive when taken from the excavation, but died in a few minutes. The body was identified as that of Mrs. Martha V. Newton, 67 years old, of 243 Waverly Place.

Fire ladders were let down into the hole, and firemen and policemen, reckless of danger to themselves, scrambled over the debris to rescue the injured and recover the dead. Mrs. Newton was one of the first of those carried up the ladders to the sidewalk and into the National Cloak and Suit Company, where she died. This company, which operates a model welfare department for the benefit of its 4,100 employes, has an up-to-date hospital connected with its plant, and to this infirmary scores of the injured were taken to have their wounds dressed.

Ambulances from all parts of the city were called, and soon there was a force of thirty surgeons and as many more nurses at work. Several hundred emergency men employed by the contractors were hurried into the excavation to facilitate the rescue. Mayor Mitchel, Chairman McCall of the Public Service Commission, Police Commissioner Woods, District Attorney Perkins, and other city and county officials arrived early and witnessed the removal of some of the injured and the dead.

The rescuers found many wounded people and one dead man in the wreckage of the street car. The dead man was Louis Krugman, a garment worker, of 308 East Eighth Street. Another of those in the car died soon after being removed from the wreckage. The worst injured were taken into the emergency hospital of the Suit Company, while others were treated in the streets by ambulance doctors and sent to their homes.

Two priests from St. Colomba's Catholic Church, Fathers Rogers and Higgins, descended into the excavation and aided the rescuers. William Dennison, the subway engineer who was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital and was expected to die, was found with a girder across his chest, but was conscious, and Father Higgins anointed him before he was carried away. When a stimulant was offered to Dennison to alleviate his suffering, he refused, saying he did not drink.

The stifling odor of gas from broken mains hampered the rescuers. The Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity had employes at the cavity in eight minutes after the accident. They found that one twenty-four-inch high pressure fire main and several six-inch water mains had been broken, and that the water was rising in the excavation. Within half an hour they had all the high pressure mains closed, and thirty minutes later arrangements had been made through adjoining mains so that the high pressure system was ready for use. The smaller mains were shut off by the subway contractors, and temporary services were installed to meet the needs of the residents of the block.

Through the fortunate presence at Seventh Avenue and Twenty-third Street of a patrolman for the Consolidated Gas Company, the gas was shut off soon. Two mains had been broken; but on account of the experience in the construction of the Boston subway, when men were asphyxiated by escaping gas in a similar accident, the gas mains are laid along the curb in all the present construction in New York; so that while a considerable amount of gas escaped on the street it did no damage.

Fire Chief Kenlon directed much of the rescue work, and fifty additional firemen without apparatus were called out as soon as the nature of the emergency was known. Forty-four alarm boxes were put out of commission by the breaking of wires when the street went down, but service was restored with overhead wires an hour later.

Immediately after the arrival of Acting

Chief Inspector Dillon, who directed the police reserves, called from all parts of Manhattan and the Bronx, tenants were ordered to quit the houses in Seventh Avenue from Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth Streets until the authorities decided whether it was safe for them to return. At 7 o'clock at night they were permitted to return to their homes.

Acting Police Inspector Joseph Conroy, in conjunction with officials of the construction company, sent policemen at night throughout the five boroughs to the homes of 200 employes on the company's payroll. All of the men were accounted for except two—J. X. Zavina of 300 Avenue A and John McCormick of 317 Bowery. McCormick had been reported dead earlier in the day. At the address given for Zavina it was said that no man of that name lived there.

The Seventh Avenue car service was suspended south of Thirty-second Street, and it will be at least a week, it is said, before service is resumed below that point.

The thousands of spectators who crowded as near the great cavity as they could during the morning and gave the police reserves a hard task at the danger zone ropes, became alarmed when it was reported that dynamite was still beneath the fallen structure and that more explosions might follow. Twelve sticks of unexploded dynamite were carried up at one time, and the firemen took charge of it.

The engineers later said that there was no more dynamite in the cavity, and that the twelve sticks had been carried down early in the morning by a powder man who was to explode them in small blasts after the big explosion at 8 o'clock. The rules were strict regarding the handling of dynamite, the company officials said, and they were sure that there was no further danger to the lives of the rescuers after the twelve sticks had been taken out.

Colonel William Hayward of the Public Service Commission stood at the edge of the great hole and pointed to the crumpled wooden car.

"Look at that car," he said. "That's what we ought to investigate, for before you is a picture of what is going to happen when one of the old wooden cars on the elevated takes a jump to the street. I fought against those old cars going on the elevated, but I was voted down. I will always fight them or any other sort of wooden cars for New York traffic.

"If that car down there had been a steel car I do not believe a person would have been hurt. At least the passengers would not have been crushed."

The contract for the subway work affected by the accident was awarded originally to Canavan Brothers, but was taken over by the United States Realty and Improvement Company on Dec. 31, 1913. The price was fixed at $2,401,306.75. The job was 75 per cent. completed yesterday morning. The part is designated officially as Section 5, Route 4 and 38 and extends from midway between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets to midway between Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets.

The company also has a contract for the section from Commerce to Sixteenth Street, and for Section 2 of the Broadway subway from Twenty-sixth to Twenty-eighth Street. The total amount of all subway contracts held by the company is $6,996,037.75, of which 40 per cent. has been paid. The contractors are under a $75,000 bond for the completion of the construction and 15 per cent. of the payment will be withheld until the work is accepted.

The contractors are liable under the provisions of the workmen's compensation law for death and injury of employes. The company is insured, according to officials, against losses by other accidents.

The United States Realty and Improvement Company has enormous assets. Its capital is $30,000,000. Among the realty properties listed in its name are the Flatiron Building, Broadway and Fifth Avenue; 17 Battery Place, 85 and 87 Beaver Street, 96 and 98 Mercer Street, 67 and 69 Wall Street, 91 and 93 Wall Street, 123–27 West Twentieth Street, 124–28 West Twentieth Street, 112 West Twenty-first Street, 118 West Twenty-first Street, 122–26 West Twenty-first Street, 41–45 East

Twenty-second Street, 128–32 West Thirtieth Street, 202–08 West Thirty-seventh Street, 111–19 Broadway, 304–12 Fourth Avenue, 400 Fifth Avenue, 494–98 Seventh Avenue.

Following are the officials of the company which faces enormous damage suits for the accident: President, Wilson S. Kinnear; Secretary, Richard G. Babbage; Treasurer, Byron M. Fellows; Directors—Harry S. Black, Chairman; R. G. Babbage, Frank A. Vanderlip, John F. Harris, William A. Poillon, John D. Crimmins, P. A. Valentine, Harry Bronner, William A. Merriman, W. S. Kinnear, C. E. Hermann, F. W. Upham, Franklin Murphy, and B. M. Fellows. The main offices are at 111 Broadway.

The Superintendent is E. A. Little. C. H. Stengle is chief engineer. S. S. Jones is in charge of the construction work which collapsed. The surpervising engineer is B. C. Collier, and the engineer immediately in charge of the division which caved in is H. R. Jacobson.

Supervising the work for the Public Service Commission are Alfred Craven, chief engineer for the commission; Robert Ridgeway, supervising engineer in charge of subway construction; Andrew Veitch, in charge of the section, and Stephen Koronski, immediately in charge of the division that caved in.

RUN DOWN BY TRAIN

Boston Traveler

In a race with an express train over Lyman's bridge on the Southern division of the Boston & Maine railroad at Waltham, Gerald Ross, 15-year-old son of Herbert Ross of 95 Carroll street, Waltham, was overtaken and instantly killed yesterday. A companion, Kenneth Harrison, 11 years old, of 145 Fourth street, was struck by a cylinder of the engine and suffered a broken arm. His brother, Norman Harrison, 14 years old, escaped uninjured.

The boys stood in the middle of the single track on Lyman's bridge, a long trestle over which trains cross a small stream. They were watching a group of their friends sporting in Lyman's pond, and did not notice the approach of the 4 o'clock express from Boston.

The locomotive's warning whistle startled them as the train rounded a bend 100 yards away. The bridge was too narrow for the boys to remain on it safely while the train passed. To cling to the girders and hang suspended over the rocky bed of the stream 25 feet below while the express shook the trestle was hazardous. As the locomotive bore down upon them the three boys started to race toward the end of the bridge.

The engineer shut off steam, but the locomotive continued to gain on the fleeing trio, the whistle shrieking the warning to the boys to jump from the trestle.

Norman Harrison realized his danger and leaped to the ground, 12 feet below. Kenneth turned to the side of the track and was about to jump when the engine hit his arm and threw him from the trestle. Gerald Ross raced on between the rails, hoping to reach the end of the bridge. The engine struck him and he died instantly.

Ross would have entered the Waltham high school as a freshman this morning.

A police ambulance carried Kenneth Harrison to the Waltham Hospital. Norman Harrison escaped with bruises.

TRAIN DERAILED

Milwaukee Journal

Two hundred people narrowly escaped death or serious injury early Monday when the engine on passenger train No. 13, on the Fond du Lac division of the Chicago and Northwestern road, due in Milwaukee at 12:10 a. m., going over forty miles an hour, jumped the track two miles north of Lake Shore Junction.

The tire on one of the rear drive-wheels came off, throwing the locomotive from the track. It tore along for over 150 yards, across a trestle, and just as the nose of the engine turned down the fifteen-foot embankment, Engineer Frank Purcell brought the train to a stop.

The train was over a half hour late and was pounding hard to make up time. But few of the people knew of their danger, the rattle of stone and gravel against the cars being the only sign that something was wrong.

Some of the passengers dared the biting cold and walked to the end of the car line, four miles away, but most of them remained to be brought into the city at 4 a. m. by a relief train.

The train blocked traffic on the Fond du Lac division until a late hour Monday. Several trains were held up, both north and south bound. The wrecker, which did not get out until 4 a. m., took over two hours to get the engine on the rails and bring the train into town.

Hurrying to Milwaukee to the bedside of Mrs. Grant Gilson, 3307 Western-av, were her husband and her mother, Mrs. W. Gilson. When the train was wrecked, the two were made nearly frantic by the information that it would be two hours or more before a relief train would arrive. With a few others, they tramped, unmindful of the stinging cold, to Lake Shore Junction, thinking they could make street car connections there. By good luck they caught a southbound freight on the Lake Shore division.

FATAL RAILROAD WRECK

Milwaukee Sentinel

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 6.—Four were killed and over 200 were injured in the wreck of a Philadelphia local on the Pennsylvania railway, which ran through an open switch at Brunswick street junction, crashed into a dead yard engine and piled up four cars in a heap of tangled wreckage on Saturday.

Every ambulance, police patrol and fire wagon available has been utilized to remove the injured, many of whom are seriously hurt. The wreck took place on the elevated structure upon which the Pennsylvania enters Jersey City, and the fire department was needed to get the injured to the street level that they might be hurried to the hospitals.

The following are the dead:

JOHN MONROE, Perth Amboy, engineer.

JOHN M'CLURE, Newark, N. J., fireman.

JOHN SPILLE, Trenton, N. J., engineer.

STENCIO DIOGOSIE, Jersey City, track walker.

The list of injured, made at the various hospitals, follows:

Max Donelson, 42 years old, New York, bruised about body; unidentified man, suffering from shock, probable internal injury; F. H. Clark, Metuchen, N. J., cut about face and head; George E. Siddell, 30 years old, Elizabeth, N. J.; Miss A. P. Rook, 24 years old, Elizabeth; A. C. Allison, 29 years old, New York; George L. Tench, 35 years old, Newark; W. E. Wing, 27 years old, Allendale, N. J.

Fireman Daniel Meade, Newark, of the light engine, jumped as the trains came together and was unhurt. The police, on investigation, found a broken rail on track No. 3 at the scene of the accident, and agreed that this was the cause of the wreck.

Towerman Williamson, who had been arrested, charged with throwing the switch and bringing the train and engine together, was at once discharged.

The train left Philadelphia at 7:58 Saturday morning and was filled with commuters going to their work.

Engineer Monroe of the passenger train was running at a good rate of speed to make up time, and neither he nor his fireman had a chance to jump and save themselves.

The engine of the passenger train toppled over, part of it lying across the trestle work, in imminent danger of crashing to the street.

A passing policeman, hearing the crash, turned in the alarm, and the reserves and all ambulances possible were soon at hand, extricating the injured, which was a difficult task. Most of them were pinned down by the wreckage.

In the mail car, which was directly be-

hind the engine, was more than $1,000,000 in specie, which was being transferred to New York by the Adams Express company. A special guard was hurriedly placed around this car.

When the wreck occurred, the Jersey City station was crowded with men and women about to leave for Princeton for the Princeton-Dartmouth football game. This crowd was thrown into great confusion until the officials informed them that they might proceed to their destination via the Jersey Central railroad, the Pennsylvania tracks being blocked.

At the hospitals it was reported that none of those taken there were seriously hurt, and that all would recover. The bodies of the dead have been taken to Hughes' morgue. The officials of the road are investigating the cause of the wreck.

That a hundred were not killed was due to the equipment of the cars. They were of steel, with steel beams and concrete flooring into which the seat frames were set. When the cars toppled over, there was no splintering of wood, and when the windows were shattered, the glass flew outward. Nearly all of the injured, as soon as their hurts were attended to, left the hospitals and resumed their journey without giving their names.

FATAL RAILROAD COLLISION

Milwaukee News

New York, Dec. 31.—Spencer Trask, one of the leading financiers of the United States, was killed today by a freight train running into the rear of the New York Central passenger train on which he occupied the drawing room section at the rear end of the last car.

The accident occurred near Croton, N. Y. One other passenger was seriously injured, and the negro porter of the sleeping car was also badly hurt.

Mr. Trask, who was coming into the city from his home at Saratoga, was dressing in his compartment when the freight train plowed into the heavy passenger train, which is known as the Montreal Express. When his torn body was removed from the wreckage, it was found that he had only partly dressed himself.

The express had been stopped by a block signal, and why the freight behind it was not stopped has not been explained. The freight struck with such force as to demolish the rear end of the last sleeper, telescoping the front end with the sleeper ahead.

Many of the occupants of the five sleepers had not fully dressed, and they were precipitated, half clad, into snow banks, with the temperature far below the freezing point.

Wrecking and relief trains were dispatched from the Harlem yards of the New York Central, and officials of the company hurried to the scene. Mr. Trask's body was removed to the Croton morgue, and the injured passenger and porter were cared for by the local doctors. The passenger was unable to tell his name.

Those injured were for the most part in the smoking compartment at the extreme rear of the sleeper, where a group of passengers were gathered as the train proceeded down the river. Mr. Trask was on his way to this city from his home in Saratoga. Engineer Flanagan of the freight train stuck by his locomotive, but escaped serious injury.

Failure of a brakeman to walk far enough to the rear of the stalled Montreal train to flag the freight in time, is said to have caused the smashup.

The news of the banker's death had no effect on the stock exchange, where prices were slightly above the close last night.

Spencer Trask, who was born here in 1844, entered the banking business immediately on his graduation from Princeton. His financial acumen was quickly recognized, and he soon became a power in the banking world.

Mr. Trask was among the first to recognize the genius of Thomas A. Edison, and identified himself with the Edison electric enterprises. The banker was a director in many railroads and realty companies and was deeply interested in educational and philanthropic societies. Several years ago

he bought and reorganized The New York Times. He was president of the National Arts club and a member of numerous other prominent New York clubs. Mr. Trask was married in 1874 to Miss Katrina Nichols.

NOTE — *The following two stories should be compared as reports of the same accident given in two New York morning papers.*

DIVERS DIE IN SHIP'S HOLD

(1)

New York Tribune

Death followed triumphant achievement with terrible swiftness for three men yesterday, when they were smothered in the hold of the steamship H. M. Whitney, of the Metropolitan outside line to Boston, which they had helped to raise only a few hours before after a month of hard work in the raging currents of Hell Gate.

One, a diver, went down into the hold to see if a patch he had put on the wrecked bottom from the outside was holding well. He died, it is supposed, as the poisonous gases rose about him, and two more, going after him to see why he did not return, met the same fate.

It was not until three men lay dead in the fetid hold, suffocated by the gases that the cargo of hides, beer and perhaps half a hundred other things gave off, that a glimmering of reason seemed to come to those in charge of the work. Then the needless sacrifice of more lives was prevented. Some one took charge, and men equipped with divers' helmets rescued two more men who had gone down for their comrades, and brought up the bodies of the dead.

Augustus Bjorklund was the diver who brought about the fatal ending of the day's work. No one knows just why he went down into the hold, warned as he had been to beware of the poisonous gases that always accumulate when a vessel has lain long in the water, but the officials of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company suppose that he wanted to see his work from inside.

Reports of what happened next on the Whitney were vague. While the men were going down and dying, no one seemed to know anything. There was no panic; there was no excitement. Michael Menus, one of the wrecking crew, apparently followed Bjorklund to see if anything was wrong, and died as he reached the bottom of the hold, falling unconscious from the ladder he descended. Then Herman Fabricius went down, and he, too, died almost at once.

John Hanson was the next man to go down, with a rope and some caution this time, for it was beginning to be realized that something was amiss. Hanson came back alive, but unconscious. Captain Kivlin having realized that a disaster had come upon the ship, divers went down and saved Hanson's life, bringing up the bodies of the three dead men besides.

That account of the tragedy is as much as could be gleaned with any certainty yesterday. It was hard enough to get aboard the Whitney at all, and no one there seemed to know much. The coroner's office made a brief investigation yesterday afternoon, and the bodies were removed to an undertaking establishment in West 24th street. The police found out little more than the casual spectators who thronged the pier.

The H. M. Whitney went aground in Hell Gate on Middle Four Reef just a month ago yesterday, and in the early morning she was floated after long and hard efforts. It had been a hard job, and those who had accomplished it were more than happy. The ship had been brought down to East 102d street, and about all the work that was being done was to keep the pumps working. The lighters with the huge derricks lay alongside, and when the tragedy occurred many of the men in charge of the work were at luncheon.

None of the men who died had orders to go down into the hold. This was dwelt on with much emphasis by the officials of the wrecking company. Captain Kivlin, who was in charge of the work, was arrested and taken to the Harlem court, where Magistrate Herrman refused to do more

than remand him to the coroner. Apparently no one in charge of the work could have foreseen the accident and no one could be held responsible.

Both Bjorklund and Fabricius lived at Stapleton, Staten Island, and Menus lived at 1 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn. Supt. Kivlin said that Bjorklund was one of the most experienced divers in the company's employ and he couldn't understand how the man happened to venture into the gas-ridden hold without testing it for the poisonous vapors. "With such a mixed cargo as the Whitney is carrying submerged for thirty-one days, it was certain to be almost fatal for any one to go into the hold until it had been thoroughly ventilated," he said. "He should have taken the precaution to drop down a lantern before he went down himself."

Capt. Hone of the Henry M. Whitney said yesterday that the damage to the steamer can be repaired very quickly when she gets into drydock. As a result of his steamer's misfortune the Government has decided to put a bell buoy on the reef.

The pilots of the Sound steamers breathed easier yesterday afternoon when they approached Hell Gate and found the steamer out of the channel. The larger vessels, especially the Fall River Line steamers, have had a tight squeeze sometimes, and in foggy weather it was exceedingly dangerous to attempt the passage.

(2)

New York Sun

Nobody was hurt when the steamboat H. M. Whitney went on Nigger Point reef, Hell Gate, in a fog a month ago, but three men were killed on her yesterday an hour after she had been raised. She had been pumped out by the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company and floated over to the foot of East 102 street. Three of the wrecking crew went down the forward hatchway into the hold, were overcome by carbonic acid fumes and were taken out dead.

One was August Bjorklund, a veteran diver, who had patched up one of the big holes in the side of the steamer. He took with him Herman Fabricius, a blacksmith, and Michael Menus, a laborer. Supt. Thomas Kivlin, in charge of the wreckers, and Capt. George Hone of the Henry M. Whitney had warned all the wreckers and members of the crew that it would be unsafe to venture into the hold until the air had been purified.

The Whitney's cargo consisted mainly of green hides, miscellaneous freight made up largely of rubber, resin and molasses, and a quantity of coal. Some 500 tons had been taken out and yesterday 1,800 tons remained. The divers had patched the hole in the boat's bottom, and yesterday morning, having pumped her out, the wreckers got two immense chains under the bow and stern of the Whitney, and she was lifted almost out of the water by four powerful floating derricks. Shortly before noon the derricks headed for the Manhattan shore and an hour later the freighter was lying at the foot of 102d street.

The derricks had scarcely been tied up there when Bjorklund and his two assistants went down the second forward hatchway. No one saw them go, but a few minutes later one of the wreckers, happening to pass the hatchway, looked down into the hold and saw the three men stretched out on the bottom. Supt. Kivlin was notified, and he called the members of his force and the crew of the steamer around him.

"The man who goes down after those men takes his life in his hand, but there ought to be somebody here brave enough to do it," said Kivlin. "If we can get them out of that rotten gas promptly we may save them."

There wasn't any response for a moment, but suddenly Diver Jack Hanson worked his way through the little group around the hatchway with a diver's helmet over his head. Hanson didn't speak until he had taken half a dozen steps down the ladder, when he said:

"I guess I'm about the best friend Gus Bjorklund had, and if the boys will keep me supplied with air I'll get those poor fellows out as quickly as any one could."

He tied a rope around Bjorklund's

shoulders, and while Bjorklund was being pulled up on deck two more ropes were thrown to Hanson. He secured the ropes around Menus and Fabricius, and in ten minutes all three men were on deck and were receiving first aid treatment. Ambulances were sent for, but it was nearly half an hour before Dr. Moeckel of the Harlem Hospital arrived. The three men were dead then. Supt. Kivlin was arrested and taken before Coronor Acritelli, who released him to appear at the inquest.

SHIPS COLLIDE IN FOG

Boston Transcript

In a fog bank that had closed in only about twenty minutes before, the four-masted schooner Alma E. A. Holmes of Philadelphia was rammed and sunk by the Eastern Steamship Corporation steamer Belfast, just outside of Graves Light, shortly after six o'clock this morning. That no lives were lost was undoubtedly due to the action of Captain Frank Brown of the Belfast, who held the bow of the steamer in the hole in the schooner's side until Captain Henry A. Smith and the eight members of the crew had climbed aboard the Belfast. Two minutes after the Belfast backed away, the Holmes, which had been struck on the starboard side between the fore and mainmasts, plunged bow first to the bottom, her stern lifting so high out of the water that about twenty feet of the keel was visible to those on the steamer.

The Belfast, with about 150 passengers, was on the way here from Bangor and Penobscot River ports. The weather had been thick all night, and Captain Brown had been constantly on duty in the pilot house. Shortly before the collision occurred those on the Belfast heard the schooner's fog horn sounding at intervals. The steamer, too, was sounding her whistle, when out of the fog and directly ahead appeared the Holmes. At the first glimpse Captain Brown ordered the engines reversed. The distance between the vessels, however, was too short, and a moment later the sharp stem of the Belfast cut through the schooner's side.

Frightened passengers hurried out on deck as they felt the shock of the collision, but within a few minutes they were assured by members of the crew that they were in no danger. Many, nevertheless, feared that the Belfast was going to sink. Meantime, Captain Brown held the steamer's bow where it was, as he realized that the damage was serious and that the schooner, laden deep as she was with coal, would go down quickly if the sea was permitted to rush in.

Meanwhile, the skipper and crew of the schooner had got on deck, two or three of the sailors in scanty attire, as they did not have time to dress after being roused from their bunks. Captain Smith was on deck when the accident happened, and perceived when the steamer was sighted that the collision was bound to occur. He shouted for all of the crew to come on deck, and nearly all responded before the crash.

While passengers crowded forward on the decks of the Belfast, a ladder was let down to the deck of the schooner, and one after the other the crew of the Holmes climbed to safety. Captain Smith had some difficulty in impressing some of the crew with the necessity of quick action, one man being particularly stubborn. The rescue was accomplished in about ten minutes, according to Captain Brown of the Belfast, and then the steamer backed away. As she withdrew from the hole in the schooner's side, it was seen that the Belfast's stem had been twisted over to port. Otherwise she was apparently undamaged, and was not leaking, according to Captain Brown, after she docked at India Wharf.

The sight of the schooner going to the bottom was one that the passengers will remember. In Captain Brown's opinion it was spectacular, in view of the manner in which the craft seemed to stand on her head, with the stern rearing almost straight out of the water, until she disappeared beneath the surface. Every one of the passengers praised Captain Brown highly for the manner in which he handled the situa-

tion and rescued the shipwrecked men. According to Captain Brown of the Belfast, the collision took place about four and one-half miles northeast of the dumping ground buoy outside of Graves Light, and the schooner sank in about twenty fathoms of water. Neither he nor Captain Smith cared to make any statement regarding responsibility for the accident. An investigation to determine this will be made by the United States Steamboat Inspectors.

The Alma E. A. Holmes was bound from Norfolk to Salem with 1819 tons of coal. She sailed from Norfolk a week ago Wednesday. She was a craft of 1208 tons gross register, 1069 net, 202 feet long, 41 feet beam and 18 feet deep, and was built at Camden, Me., in 1896. Joseph Holmes, Sr., of Toms River, N. J., was the owner.

BOAT BATTERED IN GALE

Philadelphia Ledger

ATLANTIC CITY, Nov. 20.—As gallant a fight as South Coast mariners have put up in many a day, with life as the stake, was made by the skipper and crew of the Drake, one of the fastest and smartest of the Inlet fishing fleet. Coast guards hardly knew her when she staggered into port this afternoon, battered and torn, a leaking scarecrow of her former trim self.

On board Mark Broome, master, Tomkins, the mate, and the nine members of the crew were in much the same state as their vessel. All hands were half dead from loss of sleep and completely worn out after a 36-hour battle with the gale that swept the Atlantic yesterday.

The Drake was making a full speed ahead plunge for Absecon late Thursday night, when the gale, ripping up the coast, struck her. There was nothing to do but turn and fly before the tempest, with everybody aboard hoping they might escape the treacherous shoals running miles seaward of Brigantine.

Then, to make matters worse, the Drake's engine jammed and went out of commission and Tomkins, the mate, almost was swept overboard by a boom, while he clung to the bowsprit trying to pour oil on the waves. Broome, the skipper, saw his mate's peril, and his presence of mind saved Tomkins from going into the sea.

It looked for a time last night, when the Drake sprung a leak, as if the staunch craft never would see harbor again. Everybody took turns at the pumps, except Broome, who stood over his flagging men, keeping them awake when exhaustion gripped them. The Drake was minus half her cargo of fish when she finally came in over the bar today.

FATAL SHIPWRECK

New York Times

ASTORIA, Ore., Sept. 19.—Between seventy and eighty men, women, and children, coastwise passengers and crew, were drowned late yesterday when the three-masted schooner Francis H. Leggett was pounded to pieces in a gale sixty miles from the mouth of the Columbia River.

Two men were rescued by passing steamers and carried to Astoria and Portland. They told how the sea tore the vessel to pieces, and how the passengers were drowned, a boat load at a time, as the lifeboats capsized, or met their fate a little later when the vessel turned over.

Alexander Farrell, a survivor, said that, at the height of the storm, Capt. J. Jensen of San Francisco, a passenger, who had lost his own ship six months ago and had been marooned for four months on an uninhabited island, went to the aid of Capt. Moro of the Leggett, took command of the passengers, and controlled them until he sank with the schooner.

The schooner's wireless, on a route alive with ships, raised only the Japanese cruiser Idzumo, and sank hours before any craft reached her position. The steamer Beaver, which caught the Idzumo's report of the Leggett's distress, said that the Idzumo gave no position for the distressed vessel. She asked for more details, but got no response from the warship.

Plunging on her course for the Columbia River, the Beaver ran upon the oil tanker

Buck, standing by a swirl of wreckage and timber which indicated where the Leggett had sunk. The Buck transferred Farrell to the Beaver for treatment. She remained for some time searching for bodies afloat, or for some other men, who, like Farrell, might have been fortunate enough to seize a bit of lumber and strong enough to cling to it for many hours in the icy water.

The other rescued passenger, George H. Pullman of Winnipeg, Canada, is on board the Buck, which now is lying off the Columbia bar awaiting calmer weather before crossing in.

It is believed that Capt. Moro of the Leggett was washed overboard shortly before the ship sank, for it was Capt. Jensen, Farrell said, who was in charge of a futile attempt to launch two lifeboats, which foundered as soon as they struck the water.

Farrell, who had recovered considerably tonight from his exhaustion, said that the Leggett carried a full list of passengers, between forty and fifty, while the crew numbered about twenty-five. Among the passengers were six women, a girl and a boy, including the Captain's wife, the mate's wife, and the wife of Capt. Anderson of the schooner Carrie Dove.

"We left Grey's Harbor Wednesday morning," said Farrell. "Later the sea became rough. The Leggett began to pound heavily and the Captain gave orders to jettison the deck load. Then the seas swept off the hatches, and the hold began to fill. Capt. Jensen ordered the passengers into their cabins, and many were still there when the boat went down.

"When it was seen that there was no hope for the vessel, Capt. Jensen ordered the lifeboats launched. In the first boat there were thirty persons, two of whom were women. There were only six women on board, and the other four were not at that end of the ship when the boat was launched.

"As soon as the boat struck the water it capsized, and all the occupants were thrown into the sea and drowned.

"A few minutes later an attempt was made to launch the second lifeboat. It contained four women and their husbands. The boat met the same fate as the other boat.

"I was standing on the bridge when the ship went down. The boat capsized as she sank. I don't know how long I was under water, but when I came to the top I grabbed a railroad tie and hung on. The wireless operator was also hanging to the tie. I saw men sinking all around me, but could not hear their cries owing to the screeching gale.

"It soon became dark, but it was 1 o'clock in the morning when the Beaver picked me up. The wireless operator clung to the tie with me for several hours, and then, benumbed by cold, he dropped off. No one was to blame for the wreck. The boat was unable to stand the storm."

The Leggett was a three-masted schooner of 1,606 tons gross registry and a capacity of 1,500,000 feet of lumber. She was operated by the Charles R. McCormick Company of San Francisco.

NOTE — *The following two stories illustrate different arrangements of the same material and were probably telegraphed by different news associations.*

EXPLOSION IN MINE

(1)

San Francisco Examiner

MARIANNA (Pa.), November 28.— Within three minutes after a State mine inspector and the mine superintendent had returned from an inspection of the district, the model Marianna mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company was blown up by an explosion to-day.

At midnight the rescuers, penetrating through a portion of the shaft, came upon the bodies of 142 men, most of whom had been killed instantaneously by the debris flung upon them by the explosion. Many of the remains were badly mangled. Eighteen bodies were immediately carried to the top of the shaft, where they were encoffined. Six others, killed at the top of the shaft, had been previously recovered.

Whether any more remain in the wrecked mine will not be known until morning.

When she learned that her husband was among the dead, Mrs. Joseph Jones broke through the guard of fifty State constabulary and attempted to dash herself to the bottom of the mine. She was caught and restrained just as she was about to make the fatal jump. Mrs. George Acker became violently insane when she heard that her husband was in the mine, and was arrested and placed under restraint.

At 1 o'clock Peter Arnold, an American, was brought out of the Rachel shaft alive. Joseph Kearney, one of the rescuers, reported that others were living.

The Marianna mine, which had been in operation less than three months, was considered the model mine of the world. Every device known to modern invention had been installed to prevent just such a tragedy as occurred to-day. But, wrecked by a mysterious explosion, the very machinery which was to have made accident impossible hampered the rescuers at their work. They did not understand the wonderful mechanism which bolstered the great mine with such a network of contrivances, and they were delayed in the attempt to bore through to the bodies of the men lying dead in the bottom of the shaft.

The explosion came just before the noon hour in the Rachel shaft. It was so terrific that the blast, blowing up the whole length of the deep shaft, tore loose the giant elevator cage at the surface of the mine and hurled it 300 feet away.

Two men were in the cage at the time. Both were instantly killed, the head of one of them being literally blown off.

Immediately following the explosion, rescuers began frantically to burrow at the mouth of the mine in a futile effort to dig down through the tremendous masses of coal that blocked the upper reaches of the shaft, while other rescuers, headed by President John K. Jones, of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company, rushed to the scene in special trains from Pittsburg and Monongahela with the latest appliances, which were erected at the head of the shaft to bore to the entombed men.

Five thousand women and children and miners thronged the mouth of the mine, the former weeping piteously and pleading for the rescue of their fathers or brothers.

The officials of the mine are in a pitiful condition. They have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to make the Marianna fireproof, and experts have assured them that such a disaster as occurred to-day was impossible. In the excitement and panic it is impossible thus far to learn the names of the victims. But the books of the company indicate that the majority of the 275 buried in the Rachel are Americans and that most of the others are English miners imported by the company two months ago to work the richest shafts.

(2)

Chicago Record-Herald

PITTSBURG, Nov. 28.—Two hundred and seventy-five men, a majority of them Americans, are believed all to have perished in an explosion which wrecked the mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company at Marianna, Washington County, shortly before noon to-day. Marianna is considered the model mining town of the world, and the mine itself was claimed to be as nearly perfect in equipment as modern science could devise.

Since the blast entombed all the men in the mine, smoke has been issuing from the shaft, showing that the workings are afire, and rescuers who entered were compelled, after progressing only a short distance, to retreat on account of the intense heat.

The explosion happened at 11:30 o'clock this morning, when the full force was at work. The explosion was terrific, and if all in the mine were not mangled by its force, it seems certain that they perished in the subsequent fire or were suffocated by the deadly fumes.

The force of the explosion can be imagined when it is known that the heavy iron cage which carried the men from the surface to the workings was blown 300 feet away from the mouth of the shaft. Two men who were in the cage at the time were

killed, the head of one of them being blown off.

Three foreigners who were at the mouth of the mine when the explosion occurred are in the hospital in a critical condition from injuries received when the mine cage was blown out of the shaft. They also inhaled the poisonous fumes.

The fanhouse was partly demolished and the fans stopped for over an hour.

The explosion was in shaft No. 2. The only way to reach the workings is through that shaft, as shaft No. 1 is not completed. Some of the officials of the coal company believe it will be necessary to dig through 800 feet of solid coal before they can reach the workings.

State Mine Inspector Louttit and Mine Foreman Kennedy had just completed a two days' examination of the mine, and had come from the mine only three minutes before the explosion occurred.

When the town was shaken by the blast, all the people rushed from their houses. Learning of the extent of the disaster, the members of the families of the doomed men rushed to the mouth of the mine, and a pathetic scene followed. Wives, mothers and relatives of the men are gathered about, and their cries are pitiful.

It is said there is a large gas well in the vicinity of the mine. Whether the gas from this well was communicated to the mine and became ignited, or whether powder and dynamite used for blasting purposes exploded, cannot now be ascertained.

Rushing as fast as steam could carry them, special trains from this city and Monongahela went to the scene of the disaster. On them were officials of the coal company and many prominent miners who are considered experts in the work of rescue. The latest appliances from the new United States laboratory in this city, which were recently tested before foreign and American experts, for the saving of life in mine explosions, were hurried to the mine.

John H. Jones, president of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company, was almost a physical wreck when he learned of the accident. He trembled in every limb and could scarcely speak. Accompanied by other officials of the company, and by J. W. Paul of the United States mine testing station located here, President Jones went at once to the scene in a special train.

Two assistants accompanied Mr. Paul, carrying patented helmets that make work possible in the most dangerous mine. With these men Mr. Paul expected to be able to save many lives.

Early reports as to the number of victims of the disaster varied greatly. The mine officials first claimed that not more than 100 men could have been caught, but it now is certain that 275 were at work at the time and that none in the shaft escaped.

State Mine Inspector Louttit and Mine Foreman Kennedy, who had just completed a two days' examination of the mine, declared that they had found it in perfect condition. At the present time, they say, it is impossible to state whether the explosion was caused by gas or by a powder explosion. Mr. Jones, president of the company, stated that almost the entire force of men were in the mine at the time of the explosion, but he did not know the full extent of the casualties.

Marianna was built recently by the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company. It necessitated a great outlay of money, as it was the intention to make the mine up to date and the living conditions of the miners the same as could be secured in a large city. The houses were of brick construction, and each contained a bathroom. When completed the town was said by foreign and American mine officials to be the most perfect mining town in the world.

ENTOMBED MINERS

Kansas City Times

JOPLIN, Mo., June 18.—The occasional "rap-rap-rap" which has encouraged the men who are battling with the tons of rock and earth imprisoning two men in the Longacre-Chapman mine ceased yesterday afternoon. Daniel Hardendorf and Reed Taylor, the men who are buried, have now been in the mine since 6 o'clock last Friday night. There is hope yet for

their rescue, but that hope grows weaker as the night wears on.

The best shovelers in the Joplin district, 150 of them, are working quietly, feverishly, knowing that every minute lost means that much less chance of rescuing the men. They work with strained nerves, in squads of eight which enter the shaft, then come up at the end of two hours completely exhausted.

A crowd of about five hundred persons, miners, friends and relatives, are at the mouth of the shaft. It's a strange, pathetic crowd, alternately weeping and praying.

Through this crowd tonight four big, pale men elbowed their way. They were William Lester, Roy Woodmansee, Edward Spencer and A. H. Harwood, miners who were taken from the shaft Tuesday night after having been entombed themselves four days in another part of the mine. They pleaded to be allowed to help in the rescue work.

"Let us save them. It's hell down there, poor fellows," one said grimly.

A tragic figure in the crowd is Mrs. Hardendorf, wife of one of the entombed men. As the shifts of men go down she stands by and pleads with them to exert every effort. When the men, exhausted by their efforts, come up to be relieved, she works with the other women, passing around coffee and food.

Thirty-five feet of rock and earth separate the entombed miners from liberty. The two men have been without food, water or air more than eight days now. When the tapping ceased yesterday afternoon many shook their heads.

"They are dead," they say sadly.

But the crowd about the shaft never diminishes and the shovelers never quit.

"Maybe they have gone farther into the drift to get better air," some say hopefully.

About $1,500 has been raised by popular susbcriptions to pay the men who are helping in the rescue work. The amount soon will be increased.

Experienced miners say it will be late Saturday night or early Sunday morning before the tons of rocks and earth can be shoveled away. If the buried miners have fainted from lack of air, there is little hope of reaching them alive. But if they have gone back farther in the drift they can be saved.

FALL FROM SCAFFOLD

New York Times

Because he had refused to take a seriously injured man in his automobile to St. Luke's Hospital yesterday afternoon, the chauffeur of a machine standing outside of South Field, opposite Columbia University Library, was set upon by a crowd of Yale and Columbia University students and threatened with bodily injury unless he did so. Thoroughly frightened, the chauffeur consented to take the injured man to the hospital, where his condition is said to be serious.

The injured man was Peter Bunn, a bricklayer, of No. 231 East 80th street, who was working on Kent Hall, a new Columbia University building, at 116th street and Amsterdam avenue. Bunn and his brother John were on a scaffolding on the third floor of the building, overlooking South Field, the athletic field of the university, where Yale and Columbia were playing a game of baseball.

As the crowds began to leave the field, the two men shouted from their high perch and imitated the cheers of the students. While they were jumping about on the platform of the scaffold, it swung far out from the wall, and Peter fell to the ground.

TWO BOYS DROWN

Chicago Tribune

Joseph Tordio, 19 years old, of 920 Townsend street, tried to save Albert Arrigo, 8 years old, of 457 West Superior street, from drowning in the north branch of the river at Superior street last night. Both drowned.

Arrigo, a mere stripling, was fishing. He lost his balance and toppled from the pier. Screams of his brother, Charles, 12 years

old, attracted Tordio. He threw off his shoes, coat, and hat and jumped in. For fifteen minutes the battle with death ran on.

Tordio did not know the science of rescuing a drowning person. He might have stunned the boy and got back to the pier. But he merely used his muscle. Then the little boy, in a death grapple, tightened his arms around Tordio like two small bands of steel.

The larger boy tired. The murky water ran over his face. For an instant he thought he might lose. That was his undoing. Fear unnerved him. He fought in a frenzy. They went down together, the younger boy strangling but still clasping his two small bands of steel around the rescuer's body.

They came up, or Tordio's face did. With the terror of death on him, Tordio made a last desperate effort. It failed. He opened his mouth to call for help, but the voice was drowned with the gurgling water. He quit. His hands went up in a last act of despair. Then they went down. In a moment there was nothing on the water at that point save a few tiny waves and a few bubbles.

The police came with grappling hooks. The body of little Arrigo was recovered. The doctors worked for an hour to drive air back into the water bloated lungs. It was futile.

Tordio's body is still on the floor of the river somewhere. He did not know the boy he tried to save.

INVESTIGATION OF CAUSE OF DROWNING

Boston Herald

The city authorities, the police and the district attorney have been asked to investigate conditions at the deserted wharf on Albany street at the foot of Union Park where one boy was drowned on Tuesday afternoon and another narrowly escaped drowning on the morning of the same day. Residents of the neighborhood say that in the last decade the place has claimed no less than seven victims and has been the scene of a score of accidents more or less serious.

So far no one directly responsible for the recurring fatalities has been found. The premises are private property, the boys who frequent the place are trespassers under the law, the city believes that it has no right to interfere and the police of the district say that the only way they could deal with the situation would be to have an officer stationed on the ground day and night.

With a frontage of some 200 feet on Albany street the lot extends back over a grass-grown area about 50 feet to the South bay. At the edge of the water are the ruins of an old pier, a stretch of broken boards and a group of broken piles.

The whole place is absolutely open to the street and is unguarded by fence or barrier of any kind. It has all the attractions of a playground and swimming hole and is doubly alluring to the lads of the neighborhood owing to the fact that they have been warned off from time to time by the police.

All during the summer scores of boys of all ages, but chiefly between 5 and 14 years, haunt the old wharf, jumping from pile to pile or taking an occasional dip when the officer on the beat is not looking. From the shore the channel shelves down sharply to a depth of about 30 feet.

The nature of the danger was shown Tuesday afternoon. Alexander Penney, the 7-year-old son of Alexander Penney of 114 Malden street, while playing fireman with several companions among the piles, slipped and fell into the water. His body disappeared and was not found until it was picked up yesterday morning near the Dover street bridge by the crew of the policeboat Watchman.

In the morning of the same day Arthur York, 5 years old, of Albany street, stumbled overboard and was rescued with considerable difficulty by John Melanphy, who was forced to dive before he could bring the boy to the surface.

Similar accidents have happened in the past with such frequency that the citizens of the neighborhood are demanding that

some action be taken to close the wharf and keep the children away from it. Joseph E. Ferreira of 1 Pelham street, a business man, well known politically in the section, circulated a petition asking the city to take action. There were over 250 signers, but when the petition was presented to the mayor it was found that the city had no legal right to act. Mr. Ferreira has since appealed to the district attorney and to the police in an attempt to have the wharf fenced in.

Mayor Fitzgerald paid a personal visit to the scene of Tuesday's accidents yesterday morning. He looked over the ground carefully and interviewed numerous small boys who had been attracted to the spot. Several of them were playing about the wharf end, apparently unmindful of the danger.

"The situation here is a deplorable one," said Mayor Fitzgerald, "but up to the present I have been unable to discover any way in which the city can act. The premises are privately owned, and the city, so far as I am informed, has no right to fence the place in or otherwise block it from the street.

"Something should be done, however, to prevent the recurrence of drowning accidents. It would seem that much of the trouble would be obviated if the owners would consent to erect a high board fence. I believe also that the police might be a bit more vigilant, although I realize that the only sure way to keep boys off a lot like this would be to have an officer stationed here all the time.

"The place as it stands is a temptation to every child who loves the water. In the hot weather it is bound to lure about every healthy boy in the vicinity. If funds were available, I should suggest that the happiest solution of the difficulty would be for the city to take the land over and transform it into a bathing park. The neighborhood is crowded and the nearest public bathing place is at Dover street.

"The accident calls attention to the relatively small number of our boys that can swim. I have always advocated swimming instruction for our children, and the fatality of Tuesday only emphasizes the need of it."

Mayor Fitzgerald allowed himself to be photographed at the spot where the accident occurred, and as he did so seven urchins grouped themselves about him. Six of them were under 10 years and the other 13 years old.

"How many of you boys can swim?" asked the mayor.

The six younger boys shook their heads and the oldest admitted that he could "a little."

"That is a fair example of conditions," said Mayor Fitzgerald, "and a good argument against allowing a place like this to exist."

The property has been idle for a number of years and is said to have been the subject of litigation. The assessors' books give the owners of the property as Grant and Alice Nilson, neither of whom is a resident of Boston.

If the owners do not take measures to shut the old wharf from the street, Mr. Ferreira and a number of other South End residents say they will appeal to the courts in an effort to secure a remedy.

BOY SAVES DROWNING MAN

New York World

Johnny Donivan, fifteen years old, No. 2005 Second avenue, went down to the Battery yesterday to look for a job, and the only job he found was to save a man from drowning. Johnny had no objection to saving a drowning man, but was much disappointed at not finding work, for his father has been out of a job since last Christmas, and there are eight in the family.

Daniel Wilson, who has been a deep-sea fireman, went to sleep on a pier and rolled off into the bay, striking his head on a rock. Then he floated seaward.

Johnny Donivan jumped in after Wilson. With both hands the fireman grabbed the boy so tightly around the throat that he almost squeezed the breath out of him.

Johnny seized the man around the waist, was pulled under water twice, but swam

with Wilson to the pier, where the Liberty Island steamer makes fast. Policeman Joseph Murry hauled them out.

John Brown, watchman in the Barge Office, lent Johnny Donivan his old shirt and trousers while the boy's raiment was drying in the sunshine. Johnny said he had a place in a picture frame store in Beaver street until eight weeks ago when he was let out. The only one in the family working is one of Johnny's sisters, and she earns $3 a week as a dressmaker's apprentice. A year ago he dived into the East River at One Hundred and Second street and saved a ten-year-old boy from drowning. On that occasion a policeman gave him five cents so he wouldn't have to walk home.

BABY DROWNS

Brooklyn Eagle

Mrs. Rose Stock left her rooms, on the second floor of 550 South avenue, at 10 o'clock this morning to step across the street to make some purchases at a grocery store. As she closed the door, the baby, Harriet, 3 months old, was sleeping quietly in its crib, and Louis, 5 years old, with Dorothy, 3 years old, her other children, were playing.

Scarcely had the mother gone when an idea seized one of the two. It was probably Louis, although he credited Dorothy with it when asked about it. Why not take the baby out of its crib and give it a bath in the tub, as they had seen mother do so often? It was a brilliant thought. So Louis went and fetched the baby and took it to the bathroom.

The tub was full of water and clothes, for Mrs. Stock had been washing there the night before, and had not finished soaking the clothes. They set the baby in the water, which was about a foot deep. The baby gasped, gurgled and was still. It did not appear to enter into the spirit of the game at all.

Louis had never seen the baby so quiet before when its mother bathed it. He could not quite make out just what was wrong, but a vague foreboding that he had done something he ought not to came over him. He ran out into the hall and met his mother returning with her arms laden with groceries for the dinner hour.

"Oh, mama!" he cried, "the baby is in the water."

Mrs. Stock ran up the stairs, but before she got there Mrs. Rose Leiser, a next-door neighbor, had lifted little Harriet out of the tub and laid her on the bed.

Dr. Joseph Strong of 566 Waite avenue was called in and tried artificial respiration. Every time he moved the little arms a jet of water gushed from the baby's mouth. His efforts were in vain.

When a reporter called at the little home some time later, Mrs. Stock was seated in one room surrounded by a semicircle of sympathizing neighbors, and in the next room Louis, who has sunny Lord Fauntleroy curls and a dimpled face, was down on his knees looking through a photograph album. He looked up at the visitor with steady blue eyes and a smile when he was asked who put the baby in the water.

"Dorey did," he replied.

"Where is the baby now?"

"I know," he said. "It's on the bed. It's sleeping."

Then he turned to his photograph album, but when a search was made for little Dorothy, he led the way up the stairs and showed the visitor how to open the door.

Brown-haired Dorothy, with ear-rings in her ears, hid her face behind the skirts of a neighbor. She thought the man who came was going to take her away somewhere, and she hung her head.

"Louis put the baby in the water," she said. That was all she seemed to know about it. Louis laughed and went back to his album. He could not understand why his mother was crying so in the next room. Wasn't the baby on the bed just as she had left it?

SHOOTING ACCIDENT

Chicago Tribune

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 28.—[Special.]—Walter Black, 17 year old son of August Black of 416 Carroll street, came home from a

hunting trip at 7 o'clock tonight and stood his single barrel shotgun up in a corner of the kitchen.

"Big bruvver's a sojer," lisped Harold Black, 5 years old.

"Naw, there ain't any war in Elgin," replied August, aged 11.

Walter went upstairs to change his clothing. Harold went to the corner and attempted to drag the heavy gun along.

"Le's play sojers," he said.

"You ain't big enough to carry the gun," retorted August. "Let me take it."

August took the gun, swung it across his shoulder, and marched around the kitchen shouting "Hep! Hep!" with Harold composing the rear guard of the army.

"Now we're at the war," sang out August. He turned suddenly and pointed the weapon at Harold, his finger on the trigger. There was a roar and a spit of flame. The muzzle was only a few inches from the head of the younger boy. He fell dead with the whole charge in his head.

Mrs. Black ran to the kitchen and fainted when she saw what had happened. An inquest will be held tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

NOTE — *The following three stories published in Milwaukee evening papers should be compared as different versions of the same incident in a suburb.*

SEARCH FOR LOST CHILD

(1)

Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin

WEST ALLIS, Oct. 21.—After 2000 residents of West Allis had spent an entire night searching for Walter, the 18-months'-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Strong, 5402 Fargo avenue, the little fellow was found sleeping in a coal bin in the basement of the home of Mrs. Johanna Bitter, Fifty-fourth and Fargo avenues.

The little lad had wandered away from his father's yard on Friday afternoon and reached the yard of Mrs. Bitter. While at play near a basement window he probably tumbled through to the coal below.

There he slept soundly until early this morning, when he was found by Mrs. Bitter when she went to the basement to clean out the bin. She picked the child up and carried him in her arms to the home of the distracted mother, who had been waiting and watching all through the night for the return of her baby.

With a cry of joy she seized him and clasped him to her breast and imprinted kiss after kiss upon his face. The father, who, with a party of neighbors, had been searching every corner of the village, was notified and hurried to his home to see his boy.

Walter was playing on Friday afternoon with his brother Willie in the back yard of the home. About 3 o'clock Willie went into the house, and his mother asked where Walter was. The brother told her that he was playing in the yard. She was entertaining visitors and forgot about the lad until after 4 o'clock.

When she went into the yard, the boy was not there. She searched through the neighborhoood for a time and then notified her husband, who works at the Allis-Chalmers plant. He organized a searching party and spent the entire night with almost 2000 others in trying to locate the baby.

At first it was feared that the child had been kidnaped, as a man with a young child was seen driving down Fargo avenue shortly after the Strong child was missed by the mother.

(2)

Milwaukee News

He was such a little chap—only 18 months old—and when he started out yesterday to take his pedestrian exercises, in which he had not progressed very far, he met with a mishap in tumbling through the basement window of a neighbor's house into the coal bin.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Strong, Fiftyfourth and Fargo avenues, called him Bootsie. When Bootsie found himself in a pile of coal, it tickled his childish fancy to learn what beautiful black marks the coal made on his hands.

He tired of playing with the coal, rolled over and went sound asleep. Then the trouble started. An older brother who had been left in the yard to watch the baby, came into the house alone.

"Where's Bootsie?" the mother asked.

The little fellow shook his head and said he didn't know. The mother ran to the yard. No Bootsie was in sight. Inquiries were made among the neighbors. Then the news of the mysterious disappearance of Bootsie traveled from mouth to mouth until West Allis became aroused.

Deputy sheriffs got busy; the West Allis police force was brought out; neighbors, relatives and friends to the number of almost 1,000 gathered near the home.

The father came home to supper, learned of his son's disappearance and was puzzled. Mrs. Strong wept and at times was on the verge of hysteria. Women called and tried to comfort her.

Then a searching party of many hundred started over the territory, "with a fine tooth comb," the police said, to look for Bootsie.

Ponds in the neighborhood were dragged, and until far into the night, lanterns could be seen bobbing over the fields, going here, there, everywhere, searching for Bootsie Walter Strong, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Strong.

Then someone brought in a clew. An evil-looking man with a black mustache and smoking a cigarette was seen driving through West Allis about 6 o'clock in the evening. He had a child on his knees.

The child answered the description of Bootsie. He was crying and struggling to get away. The black mustached man leered at people in driving by and disappeared.

The child had been kidnaped! There was no use denying it. Had not the clew been almost conclusive? By midnight the search for Bootsie had been abandoned. Searchers returned home disheartened.

About 5 o'clock this morning Mrs. Johanna Bitter, who lives at 5418 Fargo avenue on property adjoining the Strong home, went to the basement to get some potatoes.

There on top of the coal pile was Bootsie—he of the mysterious disappearance—sound asleep, with his mouth open. The child was carried home by Mrs. Bitter, and when the crowd of last night's searchers called at the Strong home again this morning, it was met by the wide-eyed Bootsie, munching on a cookie, with evidence of coal dust still lingering in his golden hair.

(3)

Milwaukee Journal

If Walter Strong, 18 months, 5402 Fargo-av, West Allis, were to try and make up during the next four years the sleep that he caused to be lost Friday night, he would fail. It would be impossible because 2,000 nights o' sleep went a-glimmering in the twelve hours of darkness.

But that doesn't worry Walter Strong, 18 months. Not at all. That sleep didn't belong to him, but was the property of 2,000 neighbors.

Friday afternoon, when the baby's father, Ernest Strong, was at work in the Allis-Chalmers plant and his mother, Mrs. Anna Strong, was busy with her household duties, young Walter toddled out into the yard in front of his home. That yard, the street beyond and the highways and byways that Walter could indistinctly see stretching out before him, were to him as were the unexplored new worlds to Columbus.

It was 3 p. m. when Walter began his journey. At 6 p. m. he had not returned. Strong had come home; the mother had noticed that her baby was missing, and a search was begun. At 9 p. m. Walter was still missing. An alarm was spread in the neighborhood.

Then the search began. The good neighbors of West Allis scurried to and fro, listening to stories of kidnaping, following various clews, telling of strange men seen in the neighborhood and, altogether, creating intense excitement. This lasted until 6 a. m. Saturday.

What Baby Walter thought as he toddled out of his yard cannot be told, for

Walter is unable to say. He walked up Fargo-av until he observed a peculiar—to him—scene. To most of us it would have been an ordinary cottage at 5418 Fargo-av, the home of Mrs. Johanna Bitter, but to Walter there was a great cavern underneath a pile of wood. This cavern had a screen across the mouth, and, peering through, Walter could see a pile of dark stuff. To others that would have been a cellar filled with coal.

Walter was highly interested in his discovery and began to pry at the screen. Ah! the screen moved! It opened! Walter pushed his head inside and gazed about. Then he tumbled in.

Perhaps he cried a little when he fell, but if he did no one heard him. He soon reconciled himself to his imprisonment and began playing with objects at hand. Soon, however, he became sleepy and what makes a better bed than a large pile of potato sacks?

So while his frantic parents and the neighbors were searching for him, Baby Walter slept peacefully within a few hundred feet of home and mother.

Early Saturday Mrs. Bitter, who lives alone, entered her cellar to get some potatoes for breakfast. She carried no light, and when she neared the bin, stumbled over the sacks. The baby cried out. That ended his trip.

When Baby Walter sat on his father's knee Saturday morning calmly munching a biscuit, he blinked and smiled. The father and mother were busy thanking the neighbors for their interest and assistance.

CHAPTER IV

POLICE NEWS AND CRIME

Type of story. Since police news ranges from slight misdemeanors to the most serious of crimes such as murder and suicide, it offers widely different material for news stories. Because of the general interest in the material with which stories of crime deal, the purely informative story is sufficient in itself to insure reading (cf. "Burglary," p. 54, and "Murder of Business Man," p. 59). The strong personal element in stories of wrong-doing gives occasion for effective human interest presentation in the informative story (cf. "Forgery," p. 49, and "Street Car Bandit," p. 57). Amusing aspects of minor offenses, and even of burglary, hold-ups, or fraud, often furnish inspiration for humorous treatment (cf. "Charged with Intoxication," p. 48, and "Hold-up," p. 57).

Purpose. In no other kind of news should the effect of the story on the reader receive more careful consideration than in news of crime. The evil effects of news stories of criminal acts on many readers have already been pointed out (cf. p. 8). That these destructive influences can be offset to a considerable extent by constructive handling of news has also been shown. In order that the crime story may have a deterrent effect, the crime must be shown to be wrong, even though the wrong-doer deserves some sympathy. The results of wrong-doing, not only in the form of legal punishment imposed but in the remorse and the pangs of guilty conscience that the wrong-doer suffers, as well as in the disgrace that he brings to others through his criminal acts, when emphasized in news stories tend to deter others from risking the dangers of such penalties.

Constructive presentation of crime news may also include emphasis on underlying causes and responsibility, especially when these can be traced to bad conditions in the community or in society as a whole, since such emphasis leads readers to consider the necessity for changing the conditions that are directly or indirectly responsible for the criminal acts. In so far as the criminal is the victim of these circumstances it may be legitimate to create a sympathetic understanding of his act (cf. "Hold-up," p. 56, and "Story of Escaped Convict," p. 68).

A danger in writing stories of crime lies in creating sympathy for the

undeserving wrong-doer by a sentimental treatment of him and his act. By making more or less of a hero of him, news stories may lead undiscriminating readers to regard him and his crime as not unworthy of emulation. There is also a temptation in writing crime stories to sacrifice truth and accuracy of detail in order to secure greater picturesqueness or stronger dramatic situations, but such treatment is an indefensible deviation from the fundamental duty of presenting the news fairly and accurately.

Whatever influence a story of crime may have on the reader should be the result of the reporter's selection and presentation of the actual facts. Moralizing or "editorializing" concerning the facts is not only unnecessary but undesirable in news stories.

Treatment. Dramatic narrative and vivid description, when true to the facts of the news, are both legitimate and commendable. It is important to keep consistently to one point of view in arranging and presenting the details, particularly in constructive stories. Available material for making the narration and the description effective includes confessions, interviews with witnesses and persons involved, and clues to the identity of the perpetrator or to the solution of any mysterious phases of the crime. Fairness requires that persons accused of wrong-doing as well as their accusers be given a hearing in news stories. It must also be remembered that a person accused of crime is not a criminal unless he has been convicted; until he has been found guilty, he is described as an "alleged" criminal, or is said to be "charged" with the crime.

Contents. In police news and crime stories details of significance are: (1) number of lives destroyed or endangered; (2) names of victims; (3) names of persons charged with the crime; (4) arrests of suspects and detention of witnesses; (5) clues to the identity of the perpetrators when these are not known; (6) causes, motives, and responsibility, known or conjectured; (7) amount and character of loss; (8) methods employed in commission of the crime; (9) measures to prevent similar crimes.

BOY RUNS AWAY

Chicago Herald

Somewhere between Chicago and Lansing, Mich., Harvey L. New, a fair-haired boy of 14, is wandering along the dusty roads carrying a nightcap, a pocket full of feed and Sarah Jane, a stub-toed chicken.

In his boyish heart he carries a love for his chicken, the life of which he felt bound to save at the cost of his home.

Harvey visits his grandfather's farm near Lansing every summer. A year ago his grandmother presented him with Sarah Jane, then only three weeks old.

He brought the chicken to his home at 4969 Prairie avenue and built a coop in the back yard. Every morning he arose

early and fed and fondled the chicken. When he returned from school his first thought was for Sarah Jane.

One night last winter the cold penetrated the cellar where he kept her and froze off her toes. He nursed her until she got well.

As time went on his love for the chicken grew. The chicken also grew, until one day Harvey's parents jokingly remarked that she was getting large enough for a stew.

Harvey shuddered, but said nothing. Last Sunday his parents again threatened to sacrifice his pet.

Early Monday morning, when Harvey's father entered the boy's room, he found his son gone. In the mud beneath the bedroom window he saw footprints. He made a search about the house.

Then he noticed that Sarah Jane also was gone, likewise a coop that Harvey had made from an old fruit crate. The boy's nightcap, presented to him by his grandmother, also was missing. Harvey has not been heard from since.

"I believe the boy actually thought I was going to kill his beloved pet," said his broken-hearted father, James New, yesterday. "He probably will try to make his way to the home of his grandparents in Michigan. He loved his grandmother more than anybody else in the world, with the possible exception of Sarah Jane."

When Harvey left he wore a gray suit, a brown overcoat and a blue cap. He stammers slightly when excited.

Harvey's father has promised that Sarah Jane never will be made into stew.

"ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH"

New York Times

Frank H. Thompson of 981 West Fifty-second Street, who runs an elevator on ordinary days, took a day off yesterday and celebrated so heartily that, when he tried to buy a ticket to the Crescent Theatre, a moving picture and vaudeville house at 1,175 Boston Road, the Bronx, at 6:30 o'clock last evening, they refused to admit him. Thompson then strolled down an alley leading to the stage entrance, and finding no one at the door, stepped inside, leaned heavily against the wall, and went to sleep.

Inside the theatre, where 600 persons were gathered to watch the election returns, which were flashed on the screen between acts, there was great excitement, for all the lights went out, even those of the electric sign outside the place. Thompson had leaned against the master switch.

They found him there, turned the lights up again and turned him over to Policeman Fitzgerald, who locked him up in the Morrisania Station.

CHARGED WITH INTOXICATION

New York World

Business has been bad with Isaac Einstein, who keeps a "gents'" clothing and furnishing emporium, No. 918 Paris avenue, the Bronx.

To encourage trade he marked down his goods until it was a shame to take them at the prices he asked. The gilded youth of the Bronx could buy of Einstein a suit of evening clothes "like King Edward wears, $2.98: reduced from $29.80." Still, nobody would buy the suit.

The lack of customers made Einstein despondent. It is suspected that yesterday he sought to drown his low spirits in others. After a rather long absence he returned to his store and began to act as if the thought had struck him, "If I can't sell 'em I can give 'em away."

Einstein pulled in the first man that came along and made him a present of a pair of trousers.

"They cost me $4 wholesale," said Einstein, tearfully. "I can't sell 'em for $1.50. You've got fine legs; you will show off this check well. Take 'em, my friend, take 'em. But take my advice, too. You are a married man? Yes. You have children? Yes. Don't wear 'em in the house when the babies are asleep."

To the next man Einstein gave "a real Panama straw hat" knocked down from

$19 to 90 cents; to the third a suit of near-silk underwear such as "the Sultan wears when he goes visiting."

In a very short time 500 men and boys were scuffling to get into the store. Patrolman Buck could not restrain the mob, and sent for the reserves of the Alexander avenue police station.

"At last I have a bargain crowd," cried Einstein. "See what a rush."

Einstein thoughtlessly left his store. Policeman Buck grabbed him, charged him with intoxication and locked him up. Then Buck locked up the store.

SWINDLE

New York Tribune

Frederick A. White, fifty-six years old, who says he is a broker and lives at No. 345 West 116th street, was arrested yesterday by Detectives Fitzsimmons and Flood, of the District Attorney's office, charged with swindling James H. Burns, of Knoxville, Tenn., out of lumber land in Marion, N. C., worth $65,000.

Burns says that through fraud and misrepresentation White obtained possession of the deeds to the property on May 10. Burns became suspicious, and, coming to this city, went to Police Headquarters, where, according to the police, he picked out White's picture, No. 4,391, in the Rogues' Gallery. He then communicated with the District Attorney's office, and the alleged swindler was arrested in the office of W. E. Wells & Co., lumber dealers, at No. 29 Broadway.

Burns, who is staying at the Hoffman House, is the owner of extensive lumber lands in South Carolina. He came to this city in January, and advertised in an organ of the lumber trade that he had some property for sale. He says White, representing himself as a broker, called on him in answer to the advertisement, and said he had a prospective purchaser of the land. He introduced Burns to Frederick A. Cannon, who lives in The Bronx, as the ostensible purchaser. The negotiations which followed were completed in Washington.

Burns was to receive two bonds for $25,000 each and three notes for $5,000 each, he says. The bonds, he understood, were guaranteed by a trust company of this city. The notes were for three, five and seven months.

Shortly after the transfer of the property to Cannon it passed into the hands of the Standard Lumber Company, of which White is president and Cannon is vice-president. Burns says he tried to get possession of the $25,000 bonds but failed, notwithstanding repeated demands.

When the first note fell due, on August 20, Burns did not receive the $5,000. Then the man from Tennessee grew suspicious, and on investigation he learned that the bonds were not guaranteed. He learned also, he says, that the Standard Lumber Company consisted of three shares valued at $5 each.

The title to the land subsequently changed hands again, this time to the Southern Lumber Company.

White was arrested, the police say, about five years ago, under the name of Wilce.

FORGERY

Kansas City Star

Sister sick. No work. Money gone. Everything that could be pawned or sold outright gone. Then Laura Walsington, 20 years old, 14 West Thirty-second Street, took to forgery.

That was in July. Since then she has cashed forged checks for sums from $15 to $75. She was arrested this morning, was taken to police headquarters and there confessed.

Slumped down in a chair in the office of Larry Ghent, chief of detectives, she wept bitterly.

"Sister and I were living together," she said. "Then she got sick. She had to go to a hospital and be operated on. We had a little money, but that soon went. Then I pawned everything I had, and then everything Sis had. Then those things were gone. Then I lost my position. I was desperate."

After that, she said, she decided on forgery.

On receipts for supplies of butter and eggs, she had the name of a dairyman of Parkton, Kas. After practicing the name until proficiency had been acquired, she telephoned to a Lakeview bank to inquire if the dairyman's checks were good. Informed they were, she began, July 23, to cash checks, signed in his name. The Eagle Clothing Company, the Smith Garment Company and the Wilson Coal & Coke Company all cashed checks for her aggregating $119.

The name of the physician who had attended her sister was next. After practice, Miss Walsington issued checks signed in his name for sums totalling $170. The checks were cashed at the London Cloak Company, Peck's, French Cloak and Suit Company and the Mond Suit Company.

Then, November 10, Miss Walsington, in a downtown bank, found a deposit slip signed in a woman's name. After practicing the signature, she telephoned the bank, inquiring if checks by that name would be honored. She drew and cashed checks on the woman for a total of $45.

Miss Walsington was arrested at the Wilson Coal and Coke Company this morning. She was recognized as having previously cashed bad checks there and detained until the arrival of two detectives.

"I'll pay it all back," she cried in Chief Ghent's office. "Only give me another chance. Why, I've been respectable all my life until this happened."

She is being held.

WORTHLESS CHECKS

Topeka Capital

Frank Green and Ruth Blair were childhood sweethearts at New Rapids, Kansas. Five years ago, when both were 16 years old, Ruth married a man named Bird, 13 years her senior. The bride moved away while Frank remained in high school and tried to forget.

Frank developed into a youthful speaker. A year ago last September on Labor day, Green, then 20 years old, delivered the labor oration before 1,500 persons at New Rapids. Then he went to Baker university. Young Green played in several games with the Baker football team and was active in the debating societies. He returned to his home in June to find his former sweetheart back in New Rapids. Her life with Bird had been unhappy and she had secured a divorce.

The old friendship was renewed. In a few weeks the two were married in Atchison, "on the sly," as Green said, because his parents did not approve of the match. With a few hundred dollars the happy couple left New Rapids to make their way. First Green tried getting subscriptions for magazines. This failing, other propositions were tried in various towns, including St. Joseph and Kansas City. The store of dollars dwindled until, when Mr. and Mrs. Green reached Topeka from Lawrence, where they had looked vainly for work, only $3 remained. That was a week ago Saturday.

Still optimistic, Green took his wife to the Fifth Avenue hotel, confident that he could find work and meet expenses. But work was lacking, Green says. Meanwhile Frank Long, manager of the Fifth Avenue hotel, suggested several times to Green that his bill had not been paid.

Completely discouraged Thursday, Green cashed several small checks not good. That night two suit cases were lowered by a rope to the street from the room occupied by the Greens. Then the young husband led his wife through the hotel lobby "to find a dentist to help her toothache," as he explained to the night clerk. The two went to the Santa Fé station and boarded train No. 117, Oklahoma City bound.

A telegram from Sheriff L. L. Kiene arrived ahead of Mr. and Mrs. Green. When they entered the Oklahoma City station they were arrested.

"We were taken to the city jail like murderers," said Green.

Saturday Sheriff Kiene arrived. The return trip was ended last night, when Mr. and Mrs. Green slept in the county jail.

Penitent would hardly describe the feeling of the two as expressed to big-hearted Sheriff Kiene. Pretty Mrs. Green was nearly a nervous wreck from the continued uncertainty and the shocks. Apparently it is the first affair with the law for either.

"My record has been clear," said Green. "I never have been arrested before. One hallowe'en night they almost got me, but I outran the cop."

How the present escapade will end, is not known. Last night Green prayed for another chance for his wife and himself.

"I will make good," he said.

NOTE — *How, with additional information, a striking follow-up story can be written a few hours after the first story was published is well illustrated by the following two stories, the first of which appeared in the Saturday evening edition and the second in the Sunday morning edition of the same paper.*

EMBEZZLEMENT

(1)

Kansas City Star, Saturday evening edition

John E. Jones, jr., formerly a clerk at the Merchants Bank, which day before yesterday was absorbed by the Commercial Trust Company, is being detained at police headquarters this afternoon pending an investigation of his accounts. He is about 22 years old and is married. It was asserted there was a discrepancy amounting to something like $9,000.

The difference was found when an audit of the books of the Merchants Bank was made in turning over its money, books and business to the Commercial Trust Company.

In a statement made to the police this afternoon young Jones told a queer story. He admitted falsifying the books for an amount he calculated to be about $9,800. But he said that he received only about $500 of that amount, the rest going to a lawyer friend. The lawyer is being detained and questioned this afternoon in the office of Larry Ghent, chief of detectives. There is some doubt as to whether the lawyer would be criminally liable although he got most of the money.

Jones lives at 4510 Walker St. He did not dissipate or spend recklessly and it is believed he can restore the greater part of the money.

This was the method of the bookkeeper and his lawyer friend. The friend wrote checks on an account he had in the Merchants Bank. When the canceled checks appeared at the Merchants Bank from the clearing house to be charged against the lawyer's account, they first went to Jones, whose task at the bank gave him that opportunity. He held out those checks and destroyed them. He covered the discrepancy by making a false entry on his books.

Jones says he received $160 at one time with which he purchased a motor cycle, but the rest of his share went to him, he says, in comparatively small amounts.

Young Jones told the police that he had been forced by the lawyer to keep up the system of destroying checks and falsifying the books after once he started, for fear of being exposed. The bookkeeper said that he first fell into the clutches of the lawyer when the attorney representing an installment furniture house, threatened to take back the furniture he had partly paid for. A payment was due on it and the bookkeeper could not meet it. He says the lawyer proposed the scheme for destroying the checks and falsifying the accounts. Once he started, Jones said, his master made him keep it up. The amounts of the checks at first were comparatively small, but they kept getting larger until one day the lawyer compelled him to put over a check for $2,000.

At 3:30 o'clock this afternoon the police were still investigating the lawyer. He cashed the checks, but was in no way connected with the bank.

(2)

Kansas City Star, Sunday morning edition

After drifting in a current that both knew must lead to wrack and ruin, two Kansas City men are on the rocks today.

One is Henry A. Black, 47, smart lawyer and man of affairs. His companion in dishonor is John E. Jones, jr., 21, a pallid bank bookkeeper.

Accompanied by detectives and lawyers, Black went to his offices in the Commercial Building yesterday afternoon and produced from his safe cancelled checks totalling $9,800. The checks, drawn on his account at the Merchants Bank, had been paid by the bank but never charged against him. Jones, the tool in this game of foolish finance, pocketed them as they came in.

Around Black were men in whose class the lawyer had only recently counted himself. They were all staring at him. He felt the need of explanation. He spoke slowly:

"I was under a great financial strain and I had to resort to methods of raising money that otherwise I never would have used."

He said nothing more and the little group returned to police headquarters. Black and the young bookkeeper, who for months had juggled the lawyer-promoter's account at the bank, were held in jail over night. Tomorrow both will be charged with a felony, the prosecutor said last night.

Black is a church member and was for many years a Sunday school teacher. He is a cold man and even his close friends have known only in a general way about his business affairs. He was an exceptional scholar. In the last ten years he has not practiced much at the law, but has sought to promote telephone corporations and large land businesses. He has a lot of that force that is sometimes called character but more often described as personality. He was the first man possessed of any considerable personal magnetism who ever came into the life of John Jones, bank clerk.

The man of affairs began to notice Jones months ago and Jones glowed under the attention. Married at 18 to a girl a year his junior, earning for a time $35 a month, while his wife added to this by wages from a wholesale coffee house, Jones had had a dull life. He had been graduated from a grade school at 14 and gone through a business college. Several jobs followed and he finally worked in one bank until his salary was raised to $50 a month. After that he helped his father in a grocery and then went to work for the Merchants Bank for $70 a month. When that bank was absorbed by the Commercial Trust Company last week, he was getting $75.

This was the young bookkeeper, pallid, unassuming, rather thin chested, beside whose place at the bank railing Black, one of the bank's customers, stopped one morning.

Black asked how his checks totaled. The bookkeeper, returning in a moment, told him his account would be overdrawn $110. Black thanked him, said he would go out and get the money, and passed a 10-cent cigar over the railing.

Many times this happened, Jones said yesterday. His pocket was quite used to the "feel" of one or two good cigars by now.

Then one day Jones, the bank clerk, needed a friend. He had lost a little home out on Walker Avenue which he had sought to buy on installments. Now an installment house was threatening him for furniture purchased.

Well, he guessed he had a friend, a lawyer-friend, too. His intimacy with the man, whom he considered one of the bank's best customers, had grown. Black now was trusting the bookkeeper to notify him whenever that exasperating account was about to be overdrawn.

Jones was not disappointed. The installment people were placated. In one interview his friend of the 10-cent cigars arranged a basis of settlement and even advanced the first payment of $7.50.

This was the story that Jones told yesterday to a roomful of lawyers, bankers and bond company representatives, and to one woman—the little girl who had married him at 17.

In the next chapter it was his benefactor who needed a favor.

It was in the power of the bank bookkeeper, the financial weakling, to favor the man of affairs. Black had written more checks than he could meet. He wanted a check for $100 held out for a day. It would

be easy for the bookkeeper to slip it from the pile that came in from the clearing house. Of course, the man of affairs might ask Mr. White, the cashier. But sometimes Mr. White was willing to favor and sometimes not. It depended a good deal on how he felt. And this was important.

That $100 check was not made good the next day. It went over to the "next day."

Others, at the insistance of the man of affairs, were added to this.

The picture Jones drew in the minds of those that heard him was of a nervous young man, hurrying from the bank to the office of the man of affairs and greeting him with all the apprehension that had grown upon him every time he looked at a bank book.

"For God's sake get this money and get this straightened up."

"Now, that's all right. I'll look after this."

And after a few minutes Jones would be surprised to find himself picking up some of the other's confidence. He would go back to his post confident that the money would soon be raised and his duplicity toward his employers wiped away.

Jones would get such messages as these:

"Meet me at 7:30 in the morning."

"Drop in at 6 o'clock at night."

"93, 94, 95, 96 are coming in. Take care of them."

It had reached $9,800 when the prospective consolidation threatened disclosure.

Jones had the advice of the man of affairs—to keep quiet and trust in him as his lawyer.

When arrest came Friday, Jones called for his lawyer. The lawyer was at church. The messenger reached the church too late.

At midnight Black was at police headquarters. The police would not let him see his young client. At 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and again at 10 o'clock, Black was back at the jail. But Jones, under the sweating of the detectives, was keeping his faith.

Then his young wife, leaving their 2-year-old baby at home, came into the room. She pleaded for the truth. Then Jones took her hand and told the queer, pitiful story.

The chief of detectives stared hard.

"Can you tell that story before Black?" the chief demanded.

In a little while Black was brought into the room.

The two men, so radically different in character, education and manner, sat on either side of a desk.

Again the young man told his story. Black played with a lead pencil.

"Well, sir, what do you think of that?" the detective chief asked sharply.

The answer was ready enough.

"The boy is having a wild dream. It is preposterous!"

But a little while afterwards Black said, briefly, that the cancelled checks, given him by the accused clerk, were in his office safe.

There the checks were found. And Black, who had gone to the bank officials the day before and pleaded for time for his client's sake, now pleaded for time for himself, time in which to clean everything up, time to make that restitution delayed so many months.

In the matron's room at the jail were the boy and his wife. They had been crying.

"A headache I've had for weeks is gone," the boy said.

He was not vindictive.

"I was the fool," he said. "I thought that he was prosperous and that it would all come out right."

The disclosures of the day brought to police headquarters another wife, Mrs. Black, from the home at 215 Wilson Place. With her was the Rev. A. Brittingham Brown, Mr. Black's pastor. Black's 7-year-old daughter was at home, asleep and ignorant of the day's cumulative events.

Mrs. Black brought for her husband in a valise a change of clothing.

Black was summoned from the cell-room and conducted to the office of the night captain. He came in, his hat pulled forward, head bowed.

Then he saw his wife. They advanced to

each other with open arms. They kissed and hugged. Neither said a word for a long time.

They all sat down, the wife holding her husband's hand.

"We are very sorry, indeed, at this sudden trouble," the minister said. "The sympathy of pastor and of members is with you and we are going to stand by you. This is a time to stand by a man."

Black and Mrs. Black wept.

Other friends entered the room. No one spoke of the case and Black volunteered no information.

After his friends had gone, Black went back to the cellroom, leaving on the captain's desk the valise brought by his wife. The pajamas inside would have given slight comfort on the iron slats upon which he was to sleep.

BURGLARY

San Francisco Chronicle

Diamonds and other stones to the value of $3500 were stolen yesterday afternoon from the apartments of Mrs. Dennis M. Patrick at 1907 Woolworth street by a burglar, who ran away in such haste that he left jewelry to an equal value spread out on the bed, besides money and other valuables.

The burglar seems to have been familiar with the hiding places of Mrs. Patrick's valuables and with her movements as well. While she was out of the house between 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he entered the rear door with a key which he took from the place where she had hidden it, picked up a screwdriver in the kitchen, and, going straight to the bedroom, pried open the locked bureau drawer where the jewels were.

The burglar spread the loot out on the bed and was evidently engaged in sorting and packing it up when Mrs. Patrick's daughter, Dorothy, came home from school at 3:30 o'clock. The little girl went up to the back door, and, finding it locked, went back to the street and down to the corner. Apparently, when the child tried the back door the burglar ran out through the front way, as Mrs. Patrick found that door open when she came home half an hour later.

The stolen jewels included thirty-seven diamonds, eight emeralds and eight pearls, all set in platinum, principally in the shape of rings and a lavalliere. Most of the stones were heirlooms and prized by Mrs. Patrick beyond their value. The jewels which the burglar left behind in his hurry included a diamond bracelet, besides other diamonds and emeralds, and a quantity of gold jewelry. Several hundred dollars' worth of silverware and about $20 in coin had not been touched. But the burglar did take about 55 cents from the little girl's purse.

A cigarette on the floor, a room full of smoke and an excellent set of finger prints on a hand mirror, which Detective M. T. Arey found last night, were all the clews the burglar left.

BURGLARY

Chicago Herald

Helen Walker is 12 years old. Her father is John Walker, a lawyer, and the family resides in Oakland Park. Mr. Walker always has been proud of his daughter. But he boasts about her now.

Helen's mother, when she kissed her girl good-by yesterday morning, had said she would not be home till late. That's why Helen grew suspicious.

She heard some one walking upstairs when she came home from school. It couldn't be her father. And the step was too heavy for her mother; and, besides, her mother wasn't home.

So she tiptoed upstairs and into her father's room, and she found a big revolver in a bureau drawer. Then she walked quietly into the room where the noise seemed to come from.

She saw a man putting things into a bag —silverware, bric-a-brac, ornaments, jewelry—all her mother's pretty things.

The girl drew in her breath sharply. The burglar turned. His little eyes glared at her—a slim little creature with a halo of

golden hair and a revolver—and blue eyes that looked into his unafraid.

For a moment they kept the pose. Then—

"It's loaded," said the girl. "Don't you think you'd better drop my mamma's silver comb?"

The burglar did. Likewise a rope of pearls.

"Hadn't you better turn the bag upside down on the bed there?" the girl continued.

The burglar, without a word, complied.

Then she made him turn his pockets inside out, and, keeping the revolver trained on him, walked him down the steps and onto the porch.

And there he turned and spoke.

"Say, kid, you're all right," he affirmed, and walked away.

And Helen went and told the neighbors —and was afraid to go back into the home she had just defended—until the arrival of her mother.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Chicago Herald

About to be married and needing money, Edward Russell, 19 years old, decided it would be easier to steal the money than work for it.

So he turned auto robber, and was captured with three other young men, after they held up Edward Bessinger and took his satchel, containing $3,000. They told their stories yesterday in the Chicago avenue police station and gave their strange motives for becoming criminals.

"I was going to be married and knew I would need a lot of money," said Russell. "I couldn't get enough by working and thought a holdup would be the best way."

John Harper said he joined the other robbers because his father was in trouble.

"He is a saloon-keeper in Walsingham, Ill., and was caught staying open after hours," said Harper. "He needed money to help him out, and the only way I had to get it was to steal it."

"I was just trying to collect what Bessinger owed me," declared Arthur Raymond, who planned the robbery. "I worked in the Bessinger restaurant at Halsted and Hamilton streets and got paid next to nothing for it. You can't work for such small wages and have any money.

"I decided I would get enough out of Bessinger to pay me handsomely for the time I worked there. I knew he carried money in the satchel and planned the holdup."

"Let the others talk themselves into the penitentiary if they want to," said George Wilson, the fourth prisoner. "I have nothing to say about it. We tried and fell down. That's all."

The four men were arrested after they had run their automobile into a fence while trying to escape with the satchel. They had knocked down Bessinger, who is a collector for the Bessinger Restaurant Company, and the automobile ran over his leg, causing the machine to swerve. The money satchel was recovered.

THEFT OR LOSS

Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin

It will be Christmas without the "merry" for Jules Alexander, Brussels, Belgium, who will spend it in Milwaukee penniless, because of either an evil twist of fate or the daring of a hotel thief.

Monsieur Alexander, a young Belgian, is an American representative of a large machinery plant in Brussels. He has been in Milwaukee about two weeks and is staying at the Hotel Pfister.

Thursday afternoon M. Alexander decided that his suit needed pressing. Hurriedly—it must have been hurriedly—he made a change of wardrobe, rang for a bellboy and had the suit taken down to the hotel tailor.

Little did M. Alexander know that a $130 roll of crinkly American bills, practically his assets in toto, reposed in the left hand hip pocket of the tailor-bound trousers. In the newly donned suit there was not a franc, not a sou, not even a centime.

Later in the afternoon, having left the hotel, M. Alexander had use for some change. He felt in his hip pocket and found nothing. He found the same thing in all his other pockets. All at once it dawned on him that he had left the precious roll of bills in the other suit.

M. Alexander went back to the hotel on the run. He told the clerk of his loss. Quickly but quietly a search for the lost or stolen money was made through the hotel, but without avail. Evidently both tailor and bellboy declared that they knew nothing of the money.

M. Alexander is positive that the roll of bills was in the pocket of the trousers sent down to the tailor. As the tailor is in the same building, there was no chance of the money's dropping on the street, and yet the hotel corridors, elevators and lobbies have been searched inch by inch.

This morning M. Alexander went to the central police station and reported the loss, or theft. Detective Paul Pergande was detailed on the case.

"It was 650 francs I lose; all I had, aussi," said M. Alexander this morning, with a deprecatory French shrug of the shoulders. "I do not know what shall I do if the gendarmerie, the police, soon do not find the money. It is of a probability, certainement, that I can get some more, but it will take time and I am what you call 'broke'—n'est-ce pas?

"You see, monsieur, my compagnie—it is in Bruxelles—allow me an expense account and we representateefs do not carry with us so much. That which one has stolen is all that I had. Voila!

"I must find that money, monsieur. Certainement I can explain to our New York agents and they will send me some money to live with. Assuredly I hope that they will not doubt my explanation and wonder how I use so much expense account. Six hundred and fifty francs—it is much, monsieur!

"King Albert, I? Oh, oui, we have a new and fine king, but just now I worry so about my money that I have not thought much of our new king."

HOLD-UP

Kansas City Star

Liquor was responsible for starting out two young men last night on a brief career as holdup men which lasted only a few hours and ended in cells at police headquarters at midnight. The men are Herbert Wilson, 24 years old, 910 East Nineteenth Street, and Sherwin Carter, 28 years old, 143 Payne Avenue. Carter is married.

The holdups were eight in number, occurring in the district between Twenty-first and Thirty-seventh streets and Penn Street and Forest Avenue. The loot obtained amounted to $12 in cash, eight diamond rings, four purses and three watches. The robberies came in quick succession and so did the calls of the victims to police headquarters. Two policemen in a motor car finally caught the pair at Linwood Boulevard and Forest Avenue.

Carter is the son of Dr. Eugene Carter, Hampshire Apartments, president of Standard Lumber Company. Doctor Carter, when notified of his son's arrest, immediately blamed liquor for the young man's downfall and said that ordinarily he was a "good boy."

"I'd been drinking for three days and didn't know what I was doing last night," young Carter said this morning at police headquarters. "I was out of a job and didn't have any money to speak of. And, say, I'm kind of responsible for Wilson's getting into this, too. It was my scheme to hold up people.

"I've been a little wild, but I've never been in trouble for holding up people. Say, this'll be hard on my wife."

Wilson, too, blamed liquor.

"I'd never have dreamed of robbing people if I hadn't been drunk," he said. "Carter thought it would be an easy way to get some money and so we went and borrowed a gun from a negro that he knew and went to holding up people. I'd hold the gun and Carter would search them."

Both men were shaking and wild-eyed this morning. After their continued drinking of whisky for three days, their nerves were far from steady.

HOLD-UP

Kansas City Star

See now how real life beats the reel life every now and then. Here, for instance, is the strange history of The Man in the Black Mask, as acted upon the stage of Kansas City's streets in the deserted hours of the morning when everybody slumbers except holdup men, belated wayfarers and policemen.

REAL I.

Ed Wilson, alias E. Harry Miller, known in the family album at police headquarters as a "gunman," fares forth very early this morning with a companion to make his living. At 2:30 o'clock at Thirteenth and Charlotte streets, they meet a man and begin their pleasant labors.

"Don't do it, gents," says the stranger, "don't do it. It ain't perfessional. I'm one of the same. Here's my gun and here's my black mask. See?"

"Excuses," says Spokesman Ed. "Have 'em back. Luck to you."

REAL II.

Frank Mathis, one of those belated wayfarers who afford occupation to holdup men, is held up half an hour later at Thirteenth and Charlotte streets by two men. By the illumination of an arc light he observes the two closely. So does Timothy Dalton, policeman. Timothy comes up rapidly and the two flee, bombarding the air, Timothy doing the same. The robbers escape.

Mathis then furnishes Timothy descriptions of the two, which Timothy, in turn, furnishes police headquarters, which, in turn, furnishes them to whatever policemen can be reached by telephone.

REAL III.

(*In two scenes.*)

SCENE I—Frank Hoover, another policeman with insomnia, sees a man approach him at Eleventh and Charlotte streets about 4 o'clock. The man seems to answer the description of one of the two holdup chaps.

Hoover runs and so does the man.

Another batch of shots are fired. This time they find lodging.

The fleeing man drops with a bullet in the left leg and another in the left hip. Hoover stoops down, picks up something clutched in the wounded man's hand, stares at it curiously, puts it in his pocket. The ambulance arrives and the wounded man is taken to the General Hospital.

SCENE II—Furnished with descriptions of the two fleeing holdup men, another policeman at 4 o'clock at Tenth and Holmes streets, arrests Ed Wilson, our hero of "Real 1."

REAL IV.

At police headquarters today Wilson is identified by Mathis as one of the pair who held him up.

Wilson agrees with him and tells his partner's name.

Mathis then goes to the hospital, but fails to identify the wounded man, who gives the name of Harry Walters.

From this Wilson gathers that the wounded man is not his pal.

But who, then, is he?

"You say this Hoover cop picked up something when he shot the fellow?" queries Wilson.

"What was it?"

"A black mask, eh? Well, ain't that the limit?"

"Why, that must be the fellow we held up to begin with and turned loose because he was in the business.

"And here he goes and gets shot because a cop thinks he looks like me. That's luck for you!"

STREET CAR BANDIT

Los Angeles Times

Two pairs of arms entwined the neck of Harry Blair, wounded and confessed streetcar bandit, as he lay chained to a cot in the Emergency Hospital yesterday morning.

While his young wife embraced him, sobbing, their year-old baby laughed and cooed. He crawled across the pillow on which Blair's head rested, and, snuggling close to his father, threw his chubby arms around Blair's neck.

Hospital folk and the police are used to pathetic scenes in the hospital, but that sight seemed too much for them, and silently they stole from the ward and closed the door, leaving the wife to her grief, the husband to whatever thoughts he had, and the innocent babe to its joy.

It was a decidedly hard-luck story that the Blairs related to the detectives and nurses. The first year of their married life happiness and prosperity smiled on them, they said. But when the stork visited the Blair household in Dallas it brought not only a bright-eyed baby but also a nemesis.

Their savings went for doctor's bills and clothing for the little one. Then Blair had difficulty, he says, in finding steady employment at his trade, painting. When they were reduced almost to poverty they decided to come to Los Angeles. They have been here six weeks. In that time, Blair says, he was unable to earn enough to provide properly for his sick wife and impoverished baby.

The last dollar the couple had went a few days ago for rent. Weary of tramping the streets in quest of work, weak from lack of nourishment, and worried because he couldn't buy food, clothing and medicine, Blair says he conceived the idea of turning highwayman.

"Even then my nemesis followed me," he said, choking. "I got a few dollars from the conductor and was hurrying home to give it to my wife for food and things when I was stopped by a police officer. I escaped from him and was climbing a fence when the bullet caught me in the leg."

Blair will be confined in the criminal ward at the County Hospital until he is physically able to be arraigned. He will be charged with highway robbery, the police say.

FREE-FOR-ALL FIGHT

New York World

With whistle screeching and hundreds of passengers yelling for help out of the windows, a northbound Third avenue elevated train was held in panic late last night by a crowd of roughs, who terrorized the passengers and assaulted a conductor.

More than a dozen women, returning from the theatre, fainted, and Mrs. Sadie Arthur, of No. 991 East One Hundred and Seventy-eighth street, was thrown into violent hysterics and taken to the Lebanon Hospital.

The riot started at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and continued all the way to One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street. There policemen shoved through a great crowd, which had been attracted by the whistling, and arrested Adolph J. Weiss, eighteen years old, of No. 444 East One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street. His companions in the excitement managed to escape.

Weiss, who is somewhat of a fighter, was the ringleader of the disturbers. They began their horseplay by throwing hats about the car, smashing hats and jostling the passengers. Dresses were torn and women insulted; yet no one took a hand to suppress the outrage.

"Shame on you men," cried some of the women. "Haven't any of you enough spirit to protect us?"

Just as one woman received a severe blow in the face, Conductor Thomas J. Boyce, of No. 108 East One Hundred and Twenty-first street, who is known on the road as "Scrappy Tom," jumped into the fracas and hit straight from the shoulder.

"Beat him up," yelled the gang, and they all jumped on "Scrappy Tom."

"Come on, all of you," he roared, his fighting Irish blood aroused. One, two, three of the brawlers hit the dusty mat, and finally Boyce reached Adolph and landed hard on his jaw.

The fight ranged up and down the car, with Boyce taking care of the entire gang. Three or four women who had fainted and fallen to the floor were trampled upon.

Windows were raised throughout the train. Yells of "Murder!" "Police!" alarmed the Bronx. The motorman started his whistle going, and this tipped Policemen Wilson and Dempsey, of the Morrisania station, who lay in wait at One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street.

The crowd that was bunched there prevented their making more arrests and furnished a means of escape to Weiss's "pals."

Pieces of hats, feathers, ribbons and lingerie were scattered from end to end of the car. A number of the women had not revived, and Mrs. Arthur appeared to be in a critical condition. A hurry call was sent to Lebanon Hospital, and Dr. Singer, hastily treating the others, hurried Mrs. Arthur to the institution. He said she was in a dangerous hysterical condition.

The line was tied up for half an hour by the riot.

Weiss looked as though he had stayed in the ring twenty rounds with Bill Papke. His face was unrecognizable.

"I never knew that any of these conductors could fight," he sputtered through swollen lips, as he was led to a cell.

"Over in the old country," said "Scrappy Tom," as he watched the ex-champion led to a cell in the Morrisania station, "I used to throw a couple of lads like you over my head before breakfast just for an appetizer."

MURDER OF BUSINESS MAN

New York Tribune

Walter H. Hammond, a well known business man of Jersey City and a brother of Colonel Robert A. Hammond, was shot and instantly killed yesterday afternoon in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's ferry house at Jersey City. Peter Grew, a man he had befriended, was arrested as the slayer of Hammond.

Mr. Hammond was about to have his luncheon in the restaurant in the railway station, on the second floor. He had ascended the stairs and turned toward the restaurant, when he was confronted by Grew, to whom he made a cheery remark. Without a word in reply, the police say, Grew drew a revolver, which he carried in his coat pocket, and fired at him. The bullet entered the left temple and ploughed into the brain. Two more bullets were fired into his body after he fell.

Calmly replacing the weapon in his pocket, Grew started to walk down the stairs to the street, but Patrolman Amann, who was on duty at the ferry house, dashed up the stairs and, meeting him half way, arrested him. Grew remarked, Amann says, as he handed the revolver to the officer: "The thing is all over, and I might as well give up." Later he persistently refused to admit that he did the shooting.

The police say their investigation has revealed that Grew, who has been regarded as eccentric and impulsive, had frequently threatened to kill Hammond. They say that Grew had recently been drinking excessively.

The victim of the shooting was the head of the Hammond and Wilson Stock Company, dealers in butterine and eggs at Jerome and 4th streets, Jersey City. He was a bachelor and forty-two years old. He was a director of the Second National Bank and of the Commercial Trust Company, and an active member of the Union League Club, of Jersey City. He lived at No. 314 Harrison avenue, Jersey City.

Grew had been in the same business. Some time ago, the police say, he was arrested in Brooklyn for making and selling oleomargarine without stamping it properly. Hammond gave him a new start in business. His business dwindled to nothing, and he accused Hammond of persecuting him. Grew owned a flathouse at No. 244 3d street, Jersey City, in which he, his wife and six children lived. This house he conveyed to his wife during his business troubles. It is said that Grew complained that his wife was under the influence of Mr. Hammond and refused to permit him to have any of the revenue derived from the rental of the building. Ten days ago he was arrested for beating her. Judge Harmon, before whom he was arraigned, ordered him committed to jail for ten days, but relented when he promised to refrain from abusing or beating his wife.

Otto S. Wilkins, of No. 21 Park street, who has a butter business at No. 52 Hudson street, Jersey City, met Grew less than an hour before the shooting. He told Captain Larkins, at the Jersey City Police Headquarters, of a conversation he had had with Grew. He said that Grew asked him to give him a job.

"I then told him," Mr. Wilkins said, "that I understood that he was in such a financial condition that he could live without working. He said, 'No,' that his property brought him in $120 a month, and that after he had paid the interest on a small loan which stood against it, with taxes and repairs, it left very little to live on; that his wife would not let him have any of that, and that Mr. Hammond was responsible for her attitude in withholding funds from him. He was in a natural state of mind to-day, cool and collected, and talked to me in the same strain that I have always known him to use. He used to tell me four or five years ago that he had it in for Mr. Hammond and would shoot him some time."

In a statement to the police Grew said he had known Hammond for sixteen years and had done business with him. "I am not going to answer that," was his reply when asked if he had had any trouble with Hammond. He said that he was on his way home from Manhattan when he met Hammond, and that Hammond spoke to him, but he did not reply. "I had the revolver in my right hand in the inside pocket of my sack coat," said Grew, "and that is all I have to say." He stated that "Hammond had been pounding me and had got the inspectors to pound me."

Mrs. Grew said that her husband's mind had been affected by brooding over his failure in business, and she shared her husband's opinion that he had been persecuted.

MURDER IN LITTLE ITALY

Kansas City Star

MURDERS IN LITTLE ITALY SINCE JANUARY 1.

January 9—Mario Ippolito shot down and killed by unidentified assassin.

January 11—John Kanato shot by John Herwetine; died two days later.

January 23—John Janoka shot by Nick Hontrogen; died same day.

January 24—Lusciano Musso murdered by gunmen in daylight.

February 4—Salvador Cangialosi shot and killed by Angelo Mannino.

February 24—Giovanni Seculo shot down by unidentified assassin, will die.

SHOOTINGS.

January 24—H. C. Petro, shot in his home, 110 Watkins Avenue, by someone who fired through the window; not fatal.

February 13—Robert Jordan, 1039 East Fourth Street, was shot twice by Tony Filo; not fatal.

That impenetrable air of mystery which closed down on the attack last night on two Italians, as it has closed down upon every one of the weekly murders of Little Italy, a sable cloak hiding details, obliterating the trails of assassins who shoot men in the back and flee, is not such a mysterious thing after all. There is only one policeman at night in Little Italy.

Giovanni Seculo and Tony Boni are walking along Cherry Street near Fourth Street. It is 10 o'clock at night. A shotgun barks, once, twice. Seculo falls, a death wound in his back. Boni falls, shot in the hip.

Presently a policeman comes, who was blocks distant at the time.

Little Italy shrugs and avers it was all sound asleep when Seculo and his companion were shot.

The assassin escapes.

There is nothing different in the main threads of the chronicle from those of all the other unpunished crimes of Little Italy.

Always, the crime is committed in some part of Little Italy distant from that lone policeman. Little Italy extends from Independence Avenue to the Missouri River, from Oak Street to Tracy Avenue.

"There should be at least four policemen in that district at night," said Larry Ghent, chief of detectives, this morning. Then he revealed some figures on the police department.

In the district comprising Little Italy, Hick's and Belvidere hollows, which are unsavory negro neighborhoods, and others almost as notorious, a district extending

north of Independence Avenue and east of Main Street to Jackson Avenue, there are at night only four patrolmen.

In the central district, taking in the whole of the North Side, fourteen out of thirty-one police "beats" are without patrolmen at night.

In all Kansas City there are only 264 patrolmen, exclusive of officers. Many of these work as clerks in stations. The police force is at the lowest that it has been for years. The city is increasing in population.

Ghent withdrew detectives from other cases this morning and sent four of them, under the direction of Patrolman Louis Olivero, into Little Italy to attempt to ferret out the attack on Seculo last night.

Seculo, proprietor of the Neopolitan Macaroni factory at 516-18 East Tenth Street, and an influential Italian, probably will die. His condition was slightly improved today, however. Neither Seculo nor Boni knows why he was attacked or by whom.

MURDER

New York Sun

Trying door knobs early yesterday morning, Policeman Merkle of the East 104th street station found that the door of the little Italian grocery shop at 321 East 109th street opened. He entered, thinking that the place might have been robbed. At the rear of the dark, smelly little shop he found another door that opened, and as it did so, a bulldog sprang at him. The policeman shut the door and ran out to the street and rapped for assistance. Policeman O'Connell came and the two went back into the store.

They coaxed the dog into good humor, and, on lighting the gas in the squalid room, they found its master kneeling beside his bed in a pool of blood. Another door in the rear was forced open. Peter Mutolo, who lives there with his wife and three children, said they had heard no noise.

They said that the murdered man was Frederick Cinci, who had kept the shop about a month. He had been in this country about a year. No one knew of any enemies.

On the table were three dirty glasses and an empty wine bottle. Friends sometimes came to see him, the neighbors said. Nobody knew whether visitors came to see him before his death. On the floor below his body they found a stiletto, long of blade, which was bent double. In his neck, lungs, stomach and kidneys the ambulance surgeon found five thrusts.

The body was still warm; death hadn't come long before the police found him. Some money, $1.60, was found in his pockets, and his gold watch had not been taken. Six dollars was found in the cash drawer of his shop. No one killed him to rob him of money. The dog, the police think, would have attacked a stranger and probably recognized the murderer.

MURDER

New York World

Pietro de Angelo ran along Columbus avenue, Montclair, N. J., yesterday. Plainly De Angelo, a sturdy fellow of twenty-two years, had run far and hard. He came from the direction of the Brookdale section of Bloomfield. He was leg weary, his steps grew shorter. Panting, he looked over his shoulder ever and again at an older man who ran behind him at some distance.

The older man carried a shotgun which swung by his side in his grasp as he plodded along. He seemed to be in no hurry; he seemed to be able to run forever; straight he ran, with his eyes fixed always on De Angelo, who looked back, fearfully.

Christopher street and Columbus avenue is the most fashionable part of Montclair. Wealthy persons live in that neighborhood. Men on the street or looking from their dwellings had no idea of the tragedy that was to be enacted. Being law-abiding, having no reason to run, in flight or pursuit, the Montclair men thought that De Angelo and the older man who ran behind him were both fleeing from the same pursuer.

"The police are after those fellows," said one Montclair man.

"Or the game wardens," said another. "See, the second chap has a shotgun — been poaching most likely. The young fellow has outstripped him."

Not so. Where Christopher street intersects Columbus avenue De Angelo halted, swayed, almost fell. His bolt was shot, his breath was spent. He turned and slowly walked back to the older man, who did not even hasten his gait, but approached De Angelo — approached as inexorably as death itself. As he got nearer, De Angelo stretched out his hands toward him in mute pleading. The older man, never hurrying, never slackening his gait, got within ten yards of De Angelo, stopped, raised his shotgun to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and sent the charge from one barrel into De Angelo's left breast.

The younger man pitched down on his face, arms extended, palms down. The older man looked down at him an instant — yes, one barrel was enough — then, dropping the gun from his shoulder, he kept on running, no faster, no slower, than before.

And he escaped. A dozen most respectable citizens of Montclair all had the same thought, to notify the police. The dozen rushed to their telephones. When the police arrived De Angelo was dead. He had died instantly.

Deputy County Physician Muta went from Orange and had the body taken to the Morgue at Orange. De Angelo lived at No. 961 Wilson street, Montclair. His parents say he had dinner with them there at noon, then went out. They do not know where he went. The police are trying to learn.

MURDER

Kansas City Star

In the parlor of the rooming house at 57 Green Street A. C. Hobson was busily tuning the piano this morning. As he bent above the humming wires, the lid of the instrument thrown back, a light step sounded down the corridor. Then he heard a fresh young voice, singing softly. Hobson smiled and ceased his work to listen.

The voice sang a line or two touching on cows and green fields.

"A kid from the country," Hobson said, and went on.

A heavier step clumped on the stairway leading up from the street entrance. The song ceased abruptly.

"Hello, Maggie," Hobson heard a man's voice say. "What made you leave me?"

There was a little pause; then a girl's voice answered sharply:

"Why do you follow me, anyhow? I don't love you."

"I came to take you back with me," said the man. Hobson had stopped his tinkering. The sound of the man's heavy breathing came in to him through the open doorway from the dim corridor. "Kiss me," the man's voice commanded.

The girl's voice rose. "No," she cried. "No. I don't love you."

The man swore. "Then no one else'll have you," he shouted.

Hobson stood motionless, as though paralyzed. Then he heard a scuffle; the girl cried out sharply. The restraint on him was broken at that, and Hobson rushed into the corridor. The struggling forms of man and woman were disappearing through the doorway of another room down the hall. An instant or two later, Hobson heard the crack of a revolver shot followed closely by a second. Then the moans of a woman in agony succeeded. Hobson ran into the room. Man and woman writhed on the bed.

Going to a telephone, Hobson summoned the police. Sergt. James O'Rile, acting captain of the Walnut Street Police Station, responded. It was twenty-five minutes before the ambulance arrived.

The woman was Mrs. Maggie Towes, 24 years old, who left her husband, John Towes, in Homeville, Mo., four months ago. Towes came to Kansas City a week ago, finally, this morning, finding his wife at the rooming house of Mrs. Mary Howe, where she had found employment as housekeeper. Towes is a blacksmith's helper and is 32 years old.

As he lay on the bed in that twilight state between the conscious and the unconscious, Towes reached a hand gropingly towards his wife.

"Kiss me, honey," he mumbled; "kiss me before I go."

They were taken to the General Hospital. Mrs. Towes was shot through the abdomen, Towes through the left breast. Both probably will die.

MURDER

*New York Sun**

Mrs. Catherine Sheehan stood in the darkened parlor of her home at 361 West Fifteenth street late yesterday afternoon, and told her version of the murder of her son Gene, the youthful policeman whom a thug named Billy Morley shot in the forehead, down under the Chatham Square elevated station early yesterday morning. Gene's mother was thankful that her boy hadn't killed Billy Morley before he died, "because," she said, "I can say honestly, even now, that I'd rather have Gene's dead body brought home to me, as it will be to-night, than to have him come to me and say, 'Mother, I had to kill a man this morning.'

"God comfort the poor wretch that killed the boy," the mother went on, "because he is more unhappy to-night than we are here. Maybe he was weak-minded through drink. He couldn't have known Gene or he wouldn't have killed him. Did they tell you at the Oak Street Station that the other policemen called Gene Happy Sheehan? Anything they told you about him is true, because no one would lie about him. He was always happy, and he was a fine-looking young man, and he always had to duck his helmet when he walked under the gas fixture in the hall, as he went out the door.

"He was doing dance steps on the floor of the basement, after his dinner yesterday noon for the girls—his sisters I mean—and he stopped of a sudden when he saw the clock and picked up his helmet. Out on the street he made pretence of arresting a little boy he knows, who was standing there—to see Gene come out, I suppose—and when the lad ran away laughing, I called out, 'You couldn't catch Willie, Gene; you're getting fat.'

"'Yes, and old, mammy,' he said, him who is—who was—only twenty-six—'so fat,' he said, 'that I'm getting a new dress coat that'll make you proud when you see me in it, mammy.' And he went over Fifteenth street whistling a tune and slapping his leg with a folded newspaper. And he hasn't come back again.

"But I saw him once after that, thank God, before he was shot. It's strange, isn't it, that I hunted him up on his beat late yesterday afternoon for the first time in my life? I never go around where my children are working or studying—one I sent through college with what I earned at dressmaking, and some other little money I had, and he's now a teacher; and the youngest I have at college now. I don't mean that their father wouldn't send them if he could, but he's an invalid, although he's got a position lately that isn't too hard for him. I got Gene prepared for college, too, but he wanted to go right into an office in Wall street. I got him in there, but it was too quiet and tame for him, Lord have mercy on his soul; and then, two years ago, he wanted to go on the police force, and he went.

"After he went down the street yesterday I found a little book on a chair, a little list of the streets or something, that Gene had forgot. I knew how particular they are about such things, and I didn't want the boy to get in trouble, and so I threw on a shawl and walked over through Chambers street toward the river to find him. He was standing on a corner some place down there near the bridge clapping time with his hands for a little newsy that was dancing; but he stopped clapping, struck, Gene did, when he saw me. He laughed when I handed him the little book and told that was why I'd searched for him, patting me on the shoulder when he laughed—patting me on the shoulder.

"'It's a bad place for you here, Gene,'

* Written by Frank Ward O'Malley.

I said. 'Then it must be bad for you, too, mammy,' said he; and as he walked to the end of his beat with me—it was dark then — he said, 'There are lots of crooks here, mother, and they know and hate me and they're afraid of me' — proud, he said it —'but maybe they'll get me some night.' He patted me on the back and turned and walked east toward his death. Wasn't it strange that Gene said that?

"You know how he was killed, of course, and how— Now let me talk about it, children, if I want to. I promised you, didn't I, that I wouldn't cry any more or carry on? Well, it was five o'clock this morning when a boy rang the bell here at the house and I looked out the window and said, 'Is Gene dead?' 'No, ma'am,' answered the lad, 'but they told me to tell you he was hurt in a fire and is in the hospital.' Jerry, my other boy, had opened the door for the lad and was talking to him while I dressed a bit. And then I walked down stairs and saw Jerry standing silent under the gaslight, and I said again, 'Jerry, is Gene dead?' And he said 'Yes,' and he went out.

"After a while I went down to the Oak Street Station myself, because I couldn't wait for Jerry to come back. The policemen all stopped talking when I came in, and then one of them told me it was against the rules to show me Gene at that time. But I knew the policeman only thought I'd break down, but I promised him I wouldn't carry on, and he took me into a room to let me see Gene. It was Gene.

"I know to-day how they killed him. The poor boy that shot him was standing in Chatham Square arguing with another man when Gene told him to move on. When the young man wouldn't, but only answered back, Gene shoved him, and the young man pulled a revolver and shot Gene in the face, and he died before Father Rafferty, of St. James's, got to him. God rest his soul. A lot of policemen heard the shot and they all came running with their pistols and clubs in their hands. Policeman Laux—I'll never forget his name or any of the others that ran to help Gene—came down the Bowery and ran out into the middle of the square where Gene lay.

"When the man that shot Gene saw the policemen coming, he crouched down and shot at Policeman Laux, but, thank God, he missed him. Then policemen named Harrington and Rouke and Moran and Kehoe chased the man all around the streets there, some heading him off when he tried to run into that street that goes off at an angle—East Broadway, is it?—a big crowd had come out of Chinatown now and was chasing the man, too, until Policemen Rouke and Kehoe got him backed up against a wall. When Policeman Kehoe came up close, the man shot his pistol right at Kehoe and the bullet grazed Kehoe's helmet.

"All the policemen jumped at the man then, and one of them knocked the pistol out of his hand with a blow of a club. They beat him, this Billy Morley, so Jerry says his name is, but they had to because he fought so hard. They told me this evening that it will go hard with the unfortunate murderer, because Jerry says that when a man named Frank O'Hare, who was arrested this evening charged with stealing cloth or something, was being taken into headquarters, he told Detective Gegan that he and a one-armed man who answered to the description of Morley, the young man who killed Gene, had a drink last night in a saloon at Twenty-second street and Avenue A and that when the one-armed man was leaving the saloon he turned and said, 'Boys, I'm going out now to bang a guy with buttons.'

"They haven't brought me Gene's body yet. Coroner Shrady, so my Jerry says, held Billy Morley, the murderer, without letting him get out on bail, and I suppose that in a case like this they have to do a lot of things before they can let me have the body here. If Gene only hadn't died before Father Rafferty got to him, I'd be happier. He didn't need to make his confession, you know, but it would have been better, wouldn't it? He wasn't bad, and he went to mass on Sunday without being told; and even in Lent, when we always say the rosary out loud in the din-

ing-room every night, Gene himself said to me the day after Ash Wednesday, 'If you want to say the rosary at noon, mammy, before I go out, instead of at night when I can't be here, we'll do it.'

"God will see that Gene's happy tonight, won't he, after Gene said that?" the mother asked as she walked out into the hallway with her black-robed daughters grouped behind her. "I know he will," she said, "and I'll— " She stopped with an arm resting on the banister to support her. "I—I know I promised you, girls," said Gene's mother, "that I'd try not to cry any more, but I can't help it." And she turned toward the wall and covered her face with her apron.

MURDER

Kansas City Star

A boy of 19, carefree, enamored of the life of the road, ran away from a good home in Elm Grove, Kas., on a sunny day last March.

Down in the wilds of Northern Arkansas, riding in a freight car, one day in the middle of March, a brakeman came upon him and they fought—the brakeman angered at the lad, the boy hot with the lust of youth that welcomes a fray.

The boy, Charles Hyde, hit the brakeman on the head with a bolt. The brakeman went down, like a shot thing, and fell from the car under the flying wheels, which ground him to death.

Then the boy went on. Later he heard a coroner's jury had reached a verdict of "accidental death."

Then began the flight. It was flight—not from the far-reaching arm of the law; for the verdict of the backwoods jury had placed no suspicion on any man. But it was flight from a dread thing that haunted him, making his nights of no comfort and his days of dark despair.

Conscience, men call it, and Retribution. But by whatever name, under whatever guise, the dread thing caught the boy at last, caught and enfolded him. And the lad who had been carefree a few short months ago, now a trembling, quaking, white-faced wreck, stumbled into the Mulberry Street police station, down in the West Bottoms yesterday—and surrendered.

"I killed a man," he said. "I killed a man when I didn't have any idea of doing it. And he's been after me. I've got to give myself up; I've got to confess. It's the only way I can get rid of it."

They heard the boy out, those policemen in the bottoms, not understanding, sensing only dimly the fear that was on him. Then they took him to police headquarters and wired to the authorities in Arkansas.

"Last night wasn't so bad," said Hyde at police headquarters this morning. "It wasn't so bad, now that I have given myself up. That's made me feel better. But all the other nights since it happened have been hell. We'd be fighting in the car again, with the wheels clicking away underneath us, him hot and gettin' the best of me. Then I'd stumble against something and pick it up and feel it in my hands, and know he was mine.

"My God!" said Charles Hyde, helpless toy of fate, entrapped in the coils of a retributive nemesis. "My God!" And he covered his gaunt boy's face with shaking hands.

Back and forth, up and down, across the harvest lands of the Middle West, went Hyde, riding in freight cars, clinging to the rods of trans-continentals, always seeking to escape from the thing that pursued him—and always failing. In the hot fields, laboring with his hands, staggering in the heat of the day but pressing on, he found no surcease. And then, despite his efforts, hard work brought no sleep at night. And he was alone with his fear.

"I know the law's got me," he cried. "I know it can hang me or put me in prison. But I had to do it. I had to give myself up.

"And to think I never meant to kill him, only to lay him out and make him let me alone!"

Then Charles Hyde cried, not the tears of blessed relief, but the scalding tears of

those who must stand helpless and non-understanding before grim-countenanced Fate.

A WAYWARD GIRL

Chicago Herald

They called her Mandy on the farm and they made much of her.

She was the only daughter the Noyers had and nothing was too good for her. So "dad" said—and mother agreed.

Mandy didn't realize how happy she was. She was ambitious and wished to see the city. She had an aunt in Chicago, Mrs. H. Bole, of 1856 Dolphin street. Why couldn't she go to Chicago, study stenography and live with auntie?

Her parents didn't like to have her go, but she insisted. So they kissed her and sent her away.

She went to the Weston School at 175 North Wabash avenue for some time—and then, last June, she had a quarrel with her aunt and went to live at 1809 West Wilson street.

She made the acquaintance of Thomas Hazen of 4009 Jackson boulevard and Mandy quit the school. Only she wasn't Mandy any more. Her name was Thelma Beyers.

Hazen and the girl, who is only 16 years old, were arrested by Detective Sergeant George E. McCormick and Mandy wept and told her story.

It had been a gay life, she said, fascinating and swift.

But if mother and "dad" down in Sidon, Ill., will forgive her she will go home and stay there for good.

But Mandy is needed as a witness against Hazen and five other young men for whom warrants were obtained yesterday.

And she will have to appear against the proprietors of the Congress Café, Charley West's, the Café De Luxe, the Delaware, and eight or ten other cafés which sold her gin fizzes, highballs and other drinks; and against the owners and proprietors of eight or ten hotels that admitted her—a girl just out of short skirts—without asking questions.

Then there is a woman of a good family on the West Side who will be charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

So it will be a long time before Mandy can go home.

VIOLATION OF MANN ACT

Kansas City Star

Michael O'Rourke loved his wife and his two little daughters and their little home. That was in Airdale eight years ago.

Then one day Michael discovered something that broke him up completely. His little girls' mother was not the kind of woman he had believed her to be. It cost Michael more than outsiders could realize, but he got a divorce. The court gave him the custody of his daughters, Rosie and Maggie.

He brought them to Kansas City in an effort to forget—and to get away from their mother. He put them in St. Joseph's Orphan Home, Thirty-first and Jefferson streets, and went to work there himself as coachman.

But the mother did not stay in Airdale. She followed her children here and tried to take them away from the home. Several times she tried it, but the watch kept on the little girls was too close and she did not succeed. At last, Michael, fearing that sooner or later he would lose them, gave up his job and took the girls away. Rosie, the elder, did not want to go. Even in those days she was attached to her mother.

Michael took Rosie and Maggie to Seattle, where he put them in a convent. Most of his earnings went to pay for keeping them there. After a year or two he joined the navy and intrusted to Uncle Sam the payments for their education from his wages as a sailor.

The long voyages kept him from seeing them more than once or twice a year and he fancied they were forgetting him. That, and the difficulty of providing for them on what he was earning, made him desperate. He deserted the navy. He took his daughters from the convent and made a home for them.

One day when he was away at work a veiled woman drove up to the cottage in a motor car.

"Why, it's mamma!" exclaimed Rosie, and rushed to greet her.

When the woman drove away, the girls and their belongings went with her. Michael came home that night to an empty house.

He found them in Airdale—in their mother's house, where the blinds were drawn all day long. He started habeas corpus proceedings and got back the younger girl, then 15 years old. Rosie had become 18 in the meantime and refused to leave her mother.

Michael took Maggie to St. Louis and put her in a convent there. Up to this time the government officials had not troubled him and he had almost forgotten that his desertion was still hanging over him. But someone told, and Michael was arrested. He was convicted and taken to the naval prison in New Hampshire.

A short time later a woman in a motor car stole Maggie from the convent. This time there was no one to follow them.

Yesterday in Airdale a house was raided by government officers. Rosie and Maggie were found there. Their mother, who is known now as Mrs. Pearl Perkins, was arrested. She was charged with transporting Rosie from Seattle in violation of the Mann Act. She will be arraigned before the United States commissioner in Springfield today.

Rosie has gone far on the path her mother led her. Maggie was rescued from the same life in the nick of time.

Michael, in his cell, can only wonder what has become of them.

CAPTURE OF ESCAPED CONVICT

Chicago Inter Ocean

Every evening at 5:33 a fast train whizzes through the mining town of Denville, Ill., favoring the little, box-like station with a derisive flirt of its tail car as it takes a curve. Every evening at 5:30, except when infrequent duties interfere, it is the custom of the village constable of Denville to saunter up to the "deepo" and solemnly watch the flyer pass. Once, they say, a pretty girl waved to him from a Pullman window.

George Brown, station agent at Denville, knows the constable's time as well as that of the train. When he thought it was getting pretty near the hour for the appearance of constable and flyer yesterday afternoon, he looked at his watch. It was 5:20 o'clock.

The station agent was particularly anxious to see the constable, for he had real news to relate. A short time before, answering a ring at the station telephone, he had been informed by the deputy warden at Joliet penitentiary that Matthew Starn, a life convict, with two coldblooded murders to his discredit, had escaped from the prison and was believed to be headed in the direction of Denville.

"He's a cool hand and a mighty desperate man," warned the warden. "Don't take any chances with him if you see him."

A few minutes later, while Brown was straining his ears for the distant sound of the flyer's whistle and his eyes for a glimpse of the constable, a man wearing an ill-fitting, rough, all-enveloping garment of blue and a blue cap of the same material, walked into the station.

"When is the next train to St. Louis?" he asked, his eyes boring into Brown's.

The station agent had instantly recognized the odd garb of the man before him as the Joliet uniform. He fought to keep his tone even and casual as he replied:

"Can't get out tonight."

Brown turned away, pretending to consult a time card hung behind the wicket. Really he was looking out the window, hoping to see the familiar form of the constable.

"Well, ain't you curious about me?" demanded his visitor. "How do you think I got here?"

"Beat a freight, I suppose," Brown hastily guessed. "That's against the rules, but I always have a lot of sympathy for a man like you. What's your trouble?"

"Broke!" said his visitor, tersely. "I

ain't had nothing but hard luck these last five years.

In the distance the whistle of the flyer tooted. The man in blue eyed a stack of bills in the open cash drawer.

"I don't know whether to beat it or to—to visit a while with you," he murmured, glancing at the station door, and then back again at the cash drawer.

Brown consulted the time card again—and looked out the window, inwardly breathing a prayer. Sure enough, there was the constable, trudging down the road toward the station, a bit behind schedule but not speeding to make up lost time.

"I guess you—you'd better—stay!" said the agent.

Brown went through a few tense moments after that remark, that he said later he wouldn't experience again "if they made me president of the road."

The constable took up his stand, not on the station platform, as usual, but a couple of hundred feet away. Stolidly he watched the flyer pass, then looked undecidedly toward the station. He seemed to be debating whether or not to forego his routine visit with the agent. Twice he turned his back and started away, only to halt, wheel and resume his meditation. A Niagara of sweat coursed down Brown's cheeks as he waited. The man in blue was standing close to the wicket, still peering into the drawer. His right hand was in his hip pocket.

Brown dared direct his gaze out the window no longer. He stood silently watching his blue-clad visitor, waiting to see what would be in his hand when it came from the bulging hip pocket.

Then the station door opened. In it stood the constable. He took in the significance of the blue figure as Brown's sinister visitor wheeled, and the Denville police revolver, rusty with age, but loaded, flashed from his pocket.

"Hands up!" remarked the constable.

Ten minutes later Matthew Starn, escaped "lifer," who had worsted the restraining walls of Joliet, was held securely a prisoner in the amateurish village calaboose.

Starn, who is 26, shot and killed two Joliet business men, who had the misfortune to resist him when he robbed their stores. The "five years of hard luck" had been spent in prison, where, despite his criminal record, he became a "trusty" through good conduct in the penitentiary. At 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning he was given a message to deliver outside the prison walls. When he did not return within an hour two posses of guards, deputies and policemen started on his trail and word was flashed through the surrounding territory. Denville is about twenty miles southeast of Joliet.

STORY OF ESCAPED CONVICT

Chicago News *

Lockup Keeper O'Malley brought him out of the cell in the detective bureau and he stood in the sun, blinking—a little man with brown eyes and a sober, deadly sober face.

"A fella wants to see you, George O'Brien," said Lockup Keeper O'Malley, and left the little man, an escaped "lifer" from Joliet, standing against the cell wall and blinking. The sun that came through the dirty basement window fell full on his face and he stood staring into it, twisting his felt hat in his hands.

"They'll take me back in the morning," said the little man, as if he were talking to himself, as if he were repeating something he had sat up all night in his cell thinking about. "And I won't see her. I want to explain to her. Good God."

It was a prayer. The little man's throat trembled, the muscles of his face quivered and his eyes glistened in the sun.

Four days ago the little man was married, after three months of liberty. Fourteen years lay behind him when he walked away from the honor farm at Joliet. He told the story himself, the whole story without any omissions. But first he said again:

"I don't care so much about going back; I'm used to the life down there. But they'll

* By Ben Hecht.

put me in solitary, with a ball and chain on my feet, and I won't be able to see her for six months—if I don't see her before they take me back."

Tears came now and rolled over the drawn face of the little man and his voice was so low that the listener had to bend down to hear.

"She didn't know about my being an escaped lifer," he went on. "I couldn't tell her. I was afraid. She was the first woman who smiled at me after fourteen years—when I got my job—and she was like an angel to me.

"I want to see her and tell her—so's to let her know all about it. I'll tell it to you, and, if I don't see her, print it in your paper just as I say—so's she can know."

The little man seized his listener's hand. He couldn't talk, but he clung to the hand until his voice cleared, and then he said: "So she'll know I was trying to live straight—so she'll not think I was all wrong."

So here's your husband's story, Mrs. O'Brien, the story he never told you because you seemed like an angel to him and he was afraid of losing you. They'll tie ball and chain on his feet and seat him in a cell for six months and then they'll take the ball and chain off and let him live inside the walls the rest of his life. Never mind that. He said he didn't care if he could only get this story to you, so that you wouldn't think rotten of him, Mrs. O'Brien.

"If I could only see her for a minute," he murmured, and then he went on as he had promised.

"I was a kid," he said, "about 17, and I had a good home. But I fell in with a lot of fellows who weren't any good. And one of them—Larsen—planned to hold up somebody. He got me to get a gun for him and we both went out. The gun was half cocked and it went off in the holdup and the man was killed. I was standing away at the time. I was a kid. They sent us both up for life. That was in 1901. And I lived in the prison until July. D'ye understand? Every day was the same, every night was the same, and I lived in the prison for fourteen years. D'ye understand? And they made me an honor convict.

The little man laughed.

"I saw fellas come for worse things than I'd done—regular criminals—and get out, pardoned. And they'd come back again—and get out. And I lived in the prison. Fourteen years. All the time I was young. Every day was the same. And I dreamed of gettin' out. But they wouldn't pardon me. I never knew any politicians. I was only a kid when they sent me up.

"And every night was the same. Good God. I wanted to get out. I wanted to live. I knew I was straight. There was nothing wrong with me. I was only a kid when it happened. And I learned in the prison. It was fourteen years."

The little man's face was shaking and his hands trembled as if they were on fine springs.

"So one day I walked out. I was an honor convict. I broke my pledge. But I knew, I knew I could be straight. And I wanted to live. Every day was the same down there. Tell her that," said the little man. "You can write it better'n I can talk it. But get it to her—I was only a kid when they sent me up—and every day was the same and I wanted to live. Then I got out. I went to Lakeside and boarded. My brother knew, but didn't tell. He gave me a chance. I got a job. They didn't ask me for references. It was with the American Motor Machine Company. The fella looked at me and hired me. I worked. They raised my pay after I'd been there a month. I was livin' straight.

"And then I met Sarah Wilson. She worked in the office. I used to dream of women—of some one like her—and she liked me, even though I am a little fella. Aw say, she was an angel. If I could only see her for a minute—to tell her."

The little man was shaking all over.

"We got married four days ago," he went on, "and I had it all planned. Nobody was goin' to know about me bein' a lifer. I was goin' to forget it myself. Say, I was happy."

A rare smile came into the little man's face.

"Say, I had a home—a home."

The smile changed and he laughed in a peculiar way. He laughed until Lockup Keeper O'Malley looked up and said: "Cut it out!" And then he went on talking.

"I had it all planned—every bit. I was a good worker, had a job in the stockroom. I was going to live with her. Last night she called me out of the kitchen. I was fixing the sink. I came out all smiling. I liked company and she said there was someone to see me.

"I came out. God. I'll never forget. I came out in my slippers—say, they were waitin' at the door, six of them. And they took me away. They didn't let me talk to her. They took me away and I won't see her again—if she don't hurry up and come. They'll take me down this morning. But I don't care if you'll print this story—say, I don't care. I'm used to it. Only get it over to her—God—and I'll pray for you."

"George O'Brien!" called a voice down the stairway. "He's here," said Lockup Keeper O'Malley. Two men, one of them the parole agent, came walking down the steps. "They're takin' me back," whispered the little man. The two men walked over to him. One of them dangled a pair of handcuffs.

SUICIDE OR ACCIDENT

New York Mail

With gas pouring from an open jet in a bathroom adjoining his sleeping room, Frederick H. Herman, the indicted ex-president of the Universal Reserve Life Insurance Company, was found dead in his bed to-day at his home, 851 East Seventy-eighth street.

He drew his last breath just as his family entered the room.

Members of Mr. Herman's family scouted the theory of suicide, declaring that his death was purely the result of an accident. The police reported the case as a "supposed suicide from gas poisoning."

Coroner Acritelli, after making an examination of Mr. Herman's room, said that death undoubtedly had been due to accidental gas asphyxiation.

The coroner said that his physician, Dr. Weston, would make an examination of the body this afternoon, and that an inquest would be held later this week.

Dr. Ralph Wilson, of 836 Madison avenue, who was summoned immediately, declared that the gas in the room was not enough to have caused death alone, and that Mr. Herman had died from a combination of heart trouble and gas inhalation.

Mr. Herman, said Dr. Wilson, also had been a sufferer from diabetes, and in his weakened condition was not so able to resist the influence of the gas as a man in normal health.

The discovery was made by Mrs. Herman at 5.30 a. m. She slept in a room alongside that of her husband. On awaking she smelled gas and went to Mr. Herman's room to investigate.

Adjoining the bedroom is a bathroom, the door of which was open. The gas was coming from that room.

Mrs. Herman hurriedly summoned the butler, who went into the bathroom and found that the valve of a pipe leading to a small gas heater was open. This he shut off.

Dr. Wilson was telephoned for, but before he arrived Mr. Herman was dead. Two or three minutes after Mrs. Herman entered her husband's room his son, Frederick R., went there in response to his mother's call. He found his father propped up in his bed just breathing. At the elder Herman's side lay an opened magazine and his eyeglasses.

Windows were thrown open and an attempt made to revive Mr. Herman but it was unsuccessful.

The gas was carried to the heater by a pipe that led from the wall. There were two valves on the pipe, one near the wall and the other near the heater.

The family declares that the lower valve had been turned off, but that the one at the wall was on full and in some way the gas had succeeded in escaping.

John L. O'Brien, the personal counsel

for Frederick H. Herman, was notified of his client's death and arrived at the house shortly after. Mr. O'Brien saw reporters who called at the house, explaining that members of the family did not care to be interviewed.

Mr. O'Brien denied that Mr. Herman committed suicide. He said that the circumstances surrounding his death made it appear that it had been accidental.

"Mr. Herman's death was purely accidental; of that I am convinced," said Mr. O'Brien. "He was not worried by the civil litigation in which he was engaged with the receivers of the Universal Reserve Life Insurance Company, and he long ago became satisfied that he would never be brought to trial for the criminal indictment that was hanging over his head in connection with the alleged misuse of money to influence legislation at Albany.

"If it had been Mr. Herman's plan to take his life by gas he would have gone about it differently. The gas in his own room was turned off, and it is reasonable to assume that if he had had suicide in mind he would have turned on the gas in his room.

"He was fully twenty feet away from the gas heater in the bathroom and there was a constant current of air flowing between the two rooms.

"There was some trouble with the furnace, and Mr. Herman, who likes his room warm, had turned on the gas in the bathroom. Air was coming from the open furnace register.

"It is evident that Mr. Herman had been reading, had gone into the bathroom and turned off the valve near the heater, had then returned to bed, read a while, and finally turned out his own gas.

"He went to bed at 11.30, and must have remained up reading through the night.

"I had never seen Mr Herman more optimistic than he was in the last few weeks. He had been busily engaged with me in preparing for litigation in connection with the Universal Reserve Company affairs. He had no financial troubles that I know of. His family life was most peaceful and happy."

Mr. Herman's bedroom was on the second floor, directly over the parlor. Other members of his family slept on the same floor and the servants on the floor above.

Mr. Herman's son, Frederick R., his daughter-in-law, Ethel, and the latter's mother, Mrs. William Wilson of 961 Columbia Avenue, Worcester, Mass., were in the house. Mrs. Wilson had come to New York to spend the holidays with her daughter and son-in-law.

Dr. Wilson, on being questioned by reporters, said:

"The case appeared to be purely accidental. The gas was escaping from the stove, and from all appearances, after Mr. Herman had turned off the gas, he accidentally turned it on again. Mr. Herman had a weak heart, and the gas undoubtedly affected him more quickly than it would a person with a stronger heart."

Dr. Wilson said that shortly before 6 a. m. he called up the coroner's office to report the death, and a clerk there told him to notify the police. This was done, according to the physician, and a policeman from the East Sixty-seventh street station arrived at the house.

An ambulance was also sent to the residence, although, according to Dr. Wilson, he had told the police that he was a physician and that Mr. Herman had been dead for some time.

NOTE. — *The different points of view from which the same facts may be told in news stories are very well shown in the two following examples.*

SUICIDE

(1)

New York World

Facing starvation, Victor Schwartz and his wife, Louise, a respectable old Swiss couple, committed suicide yesterday by inhaling illuminating gas in their rooms back of a small confectionery and stationery store, which they carried on at No. 85 Arnold street, Williamsburg.

Each was sixty-seven years old. They had made careful preparations for their

deaths. Every hole and crevice in their sparsely furnished rooms had been plugged with paper and rags, and in several places tacks had been driven into the woodwork to make sure that neither the rags nor paper would become dislodged. It was this hammering on Sunday night which caused neighbors to wonder what the old couple were doing, as they always retired before 10 o'clock.

When the Schwartzes rented the store and two rooms back of it eight months ago for $12 a month, they told neighbors that three years before their only child, a daughter of thirty-one years, had died. They said they had never recovered from the shock.

Business during the summer had been very poor, and of late Schwartz and his wife had a hard struggle to get along. The woman frequently told neighbors that she believed their misfortune would soon end. On Sunday evening Schwartz and his wife distributed much of their stock in the store to the children in the neighborhood. It is evident that they had decided on suicide.

Mrs. Rose Black, who has a grocery adjoining the Schwartz store, and Mrs. Kate Weck, a second floor tenant, heard the couple hammering in their rooms up to midnight Sunday, and yesterday at daybreak the two women were the first to detect the odor of illuminating gas from the Schwartz apartments. Policeman McCaffrey, of the Hamburg avenue station, was called in and, forcing an entrance, found Schwartz sitting dead in a chair in the kitchen, fully dressed. He had one end of a rubber tube in his mouth, the other end of which was fixed to an open gas burner. The woman lay dead on her bed in a night dress with a rubber tube in her mouth, fastened to another open gas burner. Ambulance Surgeon Sibbel, who came from the German Hospital, said the couple had been dead several hours. On a small card was a request that Edward Black be telephoned for at "421 Thirty-eighth street." A dime lay on the card to pay for the telephone message. In the room was found 67 cents. The bodies were removed to the Brooklyn Morgue.

(2)

New York Times

"Auntie Schwartz" was the way in which Mrs. Louise Schwartz soon came to be known to the children of the neighborhood when she and her husband, Victor, each of them 67 years old, opened a small candy and stationery store at 85 Arnold Street, Williamsburg, about eight months ago.

Her small customers just kept the business going in the little shop, but it was a penny business, and when the rent of the store was raised recently from $12 to $15 a month, "Auntie" Schwartz almost despaired of continuing to make a living. Her face grew sad and careworn, and one day, when one of her little customers was grieving over the loss of a pet doll which a dog had chewed up, "Auntie" Schwartz did not console her with a cheerful word and a chocolate drop or two, as she was wont to do. Instead she took her on her lap and told of the little girl she had lost three years ago. She did not explain that her "little girl" had been 31 years old, and that she had helped greatly in making a living for the old folks, who were now staggering under the burden of age, increased rent, and a precarious trade. The old people seemed always oppressed by the sadness of the loss of their only child.

Day by day recently the children noticed that "Auntie" Schwartz was less cheerful that usual. Their elders seldom visited the little store, and so none who might have helped knew that old Victor Schwartz and his wife were almost starving to death, or that the old couple were slowly making up their minds to end their troubles together.

So it was that the children were the first to discover yesterday that the little store was not open for business when they passed it on their way to their first day at school, and "Auntie" Schwartz lost many pennies which her small customers had intended to expend for lead pencils and erasers. "Auntie" Schwartz had called them all in on Sunday evening and had distributed among them all her small stock of

candy, telling them that she would have a full new stock for the beginning of school.

Meantime, Mrs. Kate Weck and Mrs. Rose Black, who live above the store, were puzzled by the odor of gas which permeated their apartments. At last the women traced it to the store, which they found closed and locked. The gas came from the two living rooms which the Schwartzes occupied behind their store, and Mrs. Weck and Mrs. Black finally got Policeman McCaffrey of the Hamburg Avenue Station to smash down the door.

The policeman and the women found the old man seated in a chair in the kitchen, a gas tube clutched between his teeth, the other end of which was made fast to a gas jet. He was dead. In the little bedroom they found also the body of Mrs. Schwartz dead like her husband from the gas which she had inhaled. Like him, too, she had tied the tube around her head, so that it should not slip from her mouth.

A search of the rooms showed that the old couple had been in the most abject poverty. Only 67 cents was found in the flat.

SUICIDE

Milwaukee Sentinel

CHICAGO, Ill., March 3.—Emma Johnson died on Monday. She was the grave faced little seamstress from La Crosse, Wis., who used to sit every day near a dingy window at 42 Wilson avenue, plying her needle in silence, wearing an expression like that of a nun. And every one said she "looked so peaceful."

But the coroner's jury found that the little woman, in whom no one would have suspected deep emotion, had been tempestuously in love, that she had not been able to win the man she wanted, and that she had sat there at her seams, "praying for strength to wait for a natural death." She did not want to kill herself. But she did.

She went to the home of Mrs. Jennie Nelson, 4212 North avenue. Mrs. Nelson's brother, William Larson, is the man she wanted to marry. He "was fond of her, too," as Mrs. Nelson said, "but his health was poor and he did not want to marry for the present."

Emma Johnson turned on the gas and died. She left a letter, in which she said:

"Dearest Friends—When you have read this I have crossed the bar. Ambition, energy and strength have deserted me and every hope and dream is shattered. Death is the only relief. I have called upon heaven to save me from myself—to send me a natural death. I don't want to die like this. I want to live and be happy, but that is not to be.

"I've had my hell here, but it is hard to go like this, hard to bring this sorrow upon my folks, bitterly hard.

"For the one who has driven me to do this I feel only love, and if I am permitted to enter heaven I shall wait for him.

"Perhaps he will love me then; he will feel bad about this, but help him understand that I forgive all, and I hope some one else will be to him what I never could, a joy and a comfort, and that she may make him happy as I had hoped to do. I wish I could look upon the faces of my dear father and brothers and sisters again. I can't still the voice in my heart. I haven't the strength. Forgive me and pray for me. Only another lost soul."

SUICIDE OF SCHOOL GIRL

Chicago Tribune

Rose Lubin's younger brother, Max, wanted help with his "home work" last night. Rose, who is 16, is proud of her standing at the head of the eighth grade in the Winfield school.

"I can't do my own work and yours, too," she told Max. "I've got enough to keep me busy till bed time and I'm not going to lose my marks on your account."

Max went to his father and the father went to Rose.

"If you don't help your brother I'll take you out of school," said Lubin.

Whereupon Rose changed her mind about the manner in which the nickel she

had earned in the afternoon was to be spent. She bought acid with it, returned to her home at 951 West Fifteenth street, and drank the poison.

Rose will not be at school today. Perhaps she will never go back. She is in the county hospital. Physicians there fear she will not recover.

CAUSE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

New York Evening Post

Mary Stober, eighteen years old, of 951 East 135th Street, who tried to kill herself last week (Friday) because she has no piano, is home again from the Lincoln Hospital, and is starting in to live again in a world where no hope is, since she cannot have a piano.

To dream every night that you have a piano and "play just grand," and then wake up to hear the alarm clock buzzing six o'clock; to forget where you are, and half close your eyes and pretend that the movements your fingers are making are on a piano, instead of having something to do with the bobbin of a machine in an embroidery factory; to hear beautiful music suddenly in the midst of your work, and listen, startled and ecstatic, for a moment until it is lost in the endless whirring of the machines—these things, if you have never done them, may seem a certainty that Life is, after all, very splendid while there is such a thing as imagination, and that the gray of it is woven full of unexpected and vivid threads of color.

Or it may impress you as deliciously funny that the lack of a piano can seem tragic, if you have a big enough view of tragic things to see that some of them are greater. But to this girl, who does them every day and night of her life, they are simply the things which have twice made her try to kill herself, the reason why she is "disgusted, always disgusted," as she says, very simply.

Mary Stober has a pale, strong face, with a stubborn chin and a wistful smile, very gray eyes, light brown hair in a bang on her forehead, and very red lips. She looks very young and very determined and very wistful and somewhat sullen. Her hands are red and rough and square-fingered from hard work.

She was dusting one of the rooms this morning in the soggy apartment house of which her mother is janitress, and where they and the six other children live and pay half-rent. She goes back to the factory on Monday. She sat down in one of the innumerous chairs to tell her story, fingering the grimy dust-cloth with her red fingers, which are never quiet for a minute. Her mother stood up through the recital—the little German mother who speaks English only brokenly, who wears a little shawl over her head while she sweeps down the long flights of stairs and who used to play the piano herself when she was a girl in Germany—and looked at Mary with a worried, gentle, almost heartbroken look.

"When I was ten—that was when I stopped school and went to work—I thought always about when I would be eighteen and a grand piano player," Mary began, fingering the dust-cloth. "Then I was eighteen and I didn't have a piano yet, and I was almost crazy. Eight years I have worked, and I haven't got anything yet. And what's worrying me now is where we're going to go. We can't stay here. Other places we've been we've had coal and things, and our money could all go for the food and clothes. But now we've got to pay for a stove and coal."

She and her sister, who is nineteen and who can play the piano by ear when she can find one to play—Mary herself can only play with one hand by ear, and "people don't like to hear that kind o' playing," she says—and the oldest brother, are the only ones who make money. Mary makes seven dollars a week. All of these details, which she tells simply, go to show that there is little hope for a piano. The little, crumpled mother from behind the chair she is leaning on says, in her broken way, that a piano is not so easy to get, and looks hopelessly at her daughter.

"Then we got phonograph, but she only cry every time he play," the mother said.

"I can't bear to hear it," interrupted Mary. "I'd rather play myself."

And so finally the brother took the phonograph away, about a month ago, since it only made the girl more miserable than ever.

"And in every house I go to," she said, "there is a piano. And one girl comes to the factory, saying she can play grand, and her father wants her to play in a cabaret. She's only sixteen, too. I can't be happy," she finished simply. "I can't be happy. And it gets my goat when anybody laughs. And every single night I dream I've got a piano and play so nice, and every day at work I imagine I am playing. All I want to do is to play a piano. I don't want clothes. If I have good clothes the girls would want me to go out with them, and I don't want to go out. It is only trouble comes of it. All I want to do is to stay home and play the piano."

All the family like music, it seems, "but none of them but me would die for it," she says. "And my father hated it. He wanted me only to work, day and night to work, since I was ten. But he's gone away now. They took him away—Randall's Island." It was when the father was home, though, and earning a little now and then, that the phonograph, which proved a doubtful blessing, was made possible.

Mary Stober says, and her chin looks very square, that she knows she could pay for lessons—she would walk to the factory instead of riding and go without lunch—if she only had a piano to practice on at home.

It was a mixture of lysol and iodine that she took last week—the only things she could find. "I don't care what I take," she says, "if I can't get what I want. Eight years I've worked and I haven't gotten anything yet." It was last August that she tried before to kill herself.

CHAPTER V

CRIMINAL AND CIVIL COURTS

Type of story. As all forms of judicial procedure are included under court news, stories of this class cover such matters as police court news, criminal trials, civil suits, divorce suits, bankruptcy, wills and other probate court matters, decisions of higher courts, and findings of judicial officers. Since much court news is of a routine character, the matter-of-fact informative news story is a frequent medium for presenting it. This does not imply that such news is necessarily dry and uninteresting, for by bringing out salient and significant phases of such matters as decisions of higher courts, legal documents, wills, and bankruptcy cases, as well as of criminal and civil suits, the facts of the news can be made of interest even to the casual reader (cf. "Supreme Court Decision," p. 88, and "Opinion of Attorney General," p. 90). Criminal and civil cases often have a strong human interest element that, if rightly developed, may be a valuable part of the story (cf. "Criminal Court," p. 83, and "Supreme Court Decision," p. 89). The little comedies and tragedies of the police court have long been favorite subjects for entertaining and appealing human interest stories (cf. "Municipal Court," p. 78, and "Forgery Case," p. 78).

Purpose. To give fair and accurate publicity to significant phases of the administration of justice is the obvious reason for the publication of court news. Court proceedings, like those of legislative bodies, are activities of important branches of government and hence are matters of public concern. In reporting sessions of these bodies, the writer's aim should be to direct the reader's attention to those details of the proceedings (1) that are significant to him personally, (2) that affect the interests of the community, and (3) that relate to the welfare of society as a whole.

The wide-spread publicity given by newspapers to the punishment inflicted on wrong-doers tends to deter others from similar illegal acts, and thus aids in accomplishing the chief object of punishment. "The wages of sin is publicity," as one editor has expressed it. What has been said of the value of constructive stories of crime applies with equal force to stories of criminal trials.

Destructive, or anti-social, influences, opposed to the best interests of organized society, are found in those court stories — particularly those of

criminal and divorce cases—that play up disgusting or scandalous phases of such trials in order to gratify the morbid taste of some of their readers. Another evil connected with the newspaper's treatment of court news is the so-called "trying the case in the newspaper" by means of news stories and editorials published before or during a trial. Some newspapers undertake to prove the innocence or the guilt of an accused person by printing whatever evidence they can secure, even though some of it would be excluded from the trial under the rules of evidence. In this way they create public opinion and arouse public feeling to such an extent as to prevent the accused person's having the fair trial to which he is entitled.

Treatment of material. To find matters of general significance and interest, particularly when they are buried in legal technicalities and verbiage, and to present them clearly and attractively without sacrificing accuracy, are the main problems in handling court news. The task is not an easy one, but it is worth doing well, for court news, if well treated, can be made interesting and significant even to the casual reader.

The body of court news stories usually consists of summaries of arguments, decisions, testimony, or legal documents, or of excerpts from them, with the necessary connective material. In some instances the story is largely a history of the case or action and of the persons involved. The lead is usually determined by the status of the case. Any one of the important points may be made the feature.

Testimony in news stories is given in one of three forms: (1) the question indicated by "Q" and the answer by "A," both question and answer given in one paragraph without quotation marks, (2) the question and the answer in quotation marks, each followed by the necessary explanatory matter and each in a separate paragraph, like verbatim conversation in fiction, (3) a summary of the testimony of each witness in indirect quotation form, with the name of the witness at or near the beginning of the first sentence of the summarized testimony.

Contents of story. Because of the variety of material presented by different kinds of court news, it is difficult to indicate specifically the points to be considered in each story. Among the important details, however, are (1) the verdict and the conditions under which it was rendered, (2) the sentence imposed, (3) the decision rendered and its significance, (4) important testimony, (5) net results of the day's proceedings in a trial, (6) the history of the case or action, (7) provisions of a will, (8) liabilities, assets, and cause in bankruptcy, (9) the award, or finding, (10) the grounds on which a suit is based.

POLICE COURT CASE

Savannah News

If you own an automobile and are fond of joy rides in the evening, it will be a good idea to keep your weather eye on the gasolene tank, for none will be filled in Savannah after sundown if the efforts of the fire department are successful.

Chief John H. Monroe is seeking to have enforced the ordinance prohibiting the handling of gasolene after sundown, believing it will reduce the fire hazard.

Every city has a number of laws that are forgotten because they are seldom enforced. This is true of the gasolene ordinance here. It was not generally known that such a law was on the statute books until Barney Kolman was arraigned in the Police Court yesterday, charged with violating it by selling fuel to a motorist at night. He was fined $10 or thirty days in jail by Judge John E. Schwarz and the fine was remitted.

"No gasolene shall be handled in any way for charging or filling any tank or repository by artificial light, and never at all after sundown," reads the ordinance, passed in 1906. A fine of not more than $100 and imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, either or both, is provided.

"It is dangerous to handle such a fire producer as gasolene after sundown because people become careless and in many cases use open torches, candles or matches, to get enough light to see what they are doing," said the fire chief. "Such carelessness leads to increased danger from gasolene explosions."

It was because of efforts of the fire department to stop violations of the law, which, it is said, have become common, that Kolman, whose place of business is at No. 435 West Bond street, was docketed.

The ordinance was passed April 13, 1904, and amended Oct. 10, 1906, and August 14, 1907.

Recorder Schwarz remarked, in hearing the case against Kolman, that he had never heard of the ordinance, and that if it did exist he had seen it violated a number of times.

MUNICIPAL COURT

Kansas City Star

Down Main Street drove Carl Wilson, 1228 Jenifer Street, yesterday on the seat of an undertaker's ambulance, blowing on his fingers to warm them. Presently he saw a familiar figure on the sidewalk. It was Gus Hart, 2231A Holton Street.

"Hey, Gus," he called. "Come on and take a ride."

Gus climbed to the seat beside Wilson and smiled expansively.

"Fine day, ain't it?" said he.

"Yes, it ain't," said Carl. "I'm cold through and through."

"Oh, this is real weather," said Gus.

"How can any man like this?" said Carl angrily. "You must be crazy."

"Crazy yourself," said Gus.

"Bing!" said Carl's fist.

"Crack!" said Gus's chin.

Then they fought on the seat of the undertaker's ambulance, while the horse took the opportunity to snatch a few moments of rest.

Both were taken into the South Side Municipal Court this morning. Carl looked at Gus and Gus at Carl.

"Say, judge," said Carl. "We're friends. But even friends fall out about the weather. Let us off, will you?"

Acting Judge Casimir J. Welch let 'em off.

FORGERY CASE

Milwaukee Sentinel

With his young wife clasping him in her arms and sobbing bitterly, Louis Short stood with hanging head in District court on Friday, heard himself branded as a forger, and in a shaking voice told how he had forged the check because his baby had died and he had no money to bury the little body.

A hush fell over the courtroom at the sight of the young couple standing in the prisoners' dock, crushed and broken after the bitter, losing fight against poverty and temptation. They have been married

but two years and were happy in their little home in Chicago until the boy husband lost his job.

Misfortunes crowded upon them after that. They became driftwood on the sea of life, washed hither and thither and finally cast upon Milwaukee. Then the baby died. It was the last blow, and nagging temptation won its victory.

Short forged a check for $48 on the German-American bank. He made it out to Louis Short, signed the name "J. Seikler, president," and passed it in Mrs. Mary Moore's saloon, 251 Herst avenue, on July 28. With the money the baby was buried. Then came the law and Short's arrest.

Short pleaded guilty, admitted everything, and tried to be brave. So did his girl wife, but the strain was too much. She broke down, threw her arms around his neck and hid her face on his shoulder.

"O, Louis, Louis!" she sobbed.

Judge Neelen adjourned the case one week, for there is a possibility that Short's father will send him the money to pay Mrs. Moore back.

CHILDREN'S COURT

New York Evening Sun

There was a soft patter on the floor of the Children's Court this morning, and in through the gates, swung open for them by a tall policeman, advanced two little maids, eyes cast down, doll feet taking quick, small steps. Justice Wyatt brushed aside the dry legal documents before him and looked down from the bench with more interest than he had displayed all the morning. The benchers craned their necks and the court officers were all eyes. Here was something out of the usual routine—two little Chinese maids. Somehow they didn't fit into the picture of juvenile offenders, mothers from the tenements full of cares and burdened with babies, the motley array of parents, complainants, street arabs and heavyfooted guardians of the law. On the Yang-Tse-Kiang, perhaps, the little maids would have fallen into harmony with their surroundings, but not in the hurly-burly of an Occidental court room. Who were they and what was the occasion of their coming?

An agent of the Children's Society explained. He was Obadiah Cunningham. The almond-eyed visitors were the Misses Moy You Toy and Chin Fung Toy, who had strayed beyond the boundaries of the three crooked streets which mark the limits of the local Chinatown. For two moons the quarter had been upset. The joss gave no comfort when his aid was sought and one night threw the luck sticks into the air in his temple ever so many times; but no matter if they came down with the wished for side uppermost, not a word came from beyond the pale, out of the wide spreading territory of the "white devils," about either Moy You Toy or Chin Fung Toy—that is, not until this morning, when the lost were found again and taken to the Children's Court. Then the Chinese women—the men do not care so much about the disappearance of a girl as of a boy—could once more eat with a relish their dried fish, and duck eggs dug from the soil of their native land, in which they had remained packed until the day of consumption.

Chin Fung Toy and Moy You Toy, the first named 13, and the other 14 years old, trembled much in the presence of the austere figure on the high seat, who they had no doubt was a ruler of mighty power; but he spoke kindly to them and they saw that it was not his intention either to eat them or cast them into a dark dungeon. Still, though his voice was gentle, they longed somehow to be at home again at 30 and 34 Mott street, respectively, to look upon their own people and hear their own tongue spoken.

It was not to be—not at once, anyhow. The agent who had charge of them submitted a paper to the Magistrate, in which was contained the information in terse, legal phraseology that there was no proper guardianship for the two maids, and Justice Wyatt committed them to the care of the Society, setting the case down for an examination next Wednesday. It was

represented to the Court that there was reason to believe that their so-called parents were not their parents at all. Superintendent Jenkins of the Gerry Society promised to say something about that phase of the question later. In the meanwhile Moy You Toy and Chin Fung Toy will look on the world through the windows of the Society's building at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, and not from the closely shuttered blinds of Mott street.

How were Chin Fung Toy and Moy You Toy found? That is another story, which has not been told yet; but there are hints of interesting developments to follow before the wanderings of the children of Mott street become known.

The statements issued from the offices of the Gerry Society this afternoon, statements made by the little girls through an interpreter, put an entirely different complexion on their disappearance and made it appear that they had been little white slaves in Mott street. They were both sold like common chattels in China, they said, and in the quarter they got more kicks and blows than kindness. For instance, Moy You Toy, after stating that she is 14 years old, according to our reckoning, and 15 years old according to the Chinese, giving the place of her nativity as Sung Hing district, Moy-how city, said:

"My address has been 34 Mott street, Room 11. My father died when I was very young, and my mother married again and left me alone with my grandmother, who was very, very poor. I was sold to the wife of Moy See Chai, who brought me over here to America about two years ago, and I have been with her ever since.

"I have had to work very hard in the house, making buttons and button loops from early morning until late at night. When I take a rest I get scolded and beaten. Whenever my mistress's boy called to me to do certain things, and when I was not able to do them fast enough, the boy would beat me.

"I do not want to say anything that is not true against them; they fed me well, of course, nothing luxurious.

"My mistress often said to me: 'You must be careful of Miss Banta [Miss Mary E. Banta, superintendent of a school in Chinatown]; you can't depend upon her all the time, and complain to her and display your feelings' (meaning by this that I should not make any complaints to Miss Banta)."

The girl continued that her mistress had even said to her, "If I killed you they could only arrest me." Once, she added, she got a terrible beating because she had gone to the country with Miss Banta.

Chin Fung Toy or Choy said that there was a man named Ing Yee Yue of Washington, D. C., who has a son and wife in China, and that Fung Choy was sold to his son.

"I was sold to his son and was brought to America by Pang Sam," she continued. "Pang Sam was a friend of Ing's. I was told that the price the son paid for me was $160.

"I came from a village in China, but don't know its name. About eight or nine months ago Ing Yee Yue said he was going back to China and was not able to keep me any longer; he then brought me to New York and sold me to Chin Hing for $500 gold. I have been with Chin Hing ever since, about eight or nine months. I have had to work in the family all the time, making buttons and button loops for stores. Some mornings I had to get up at 7 o'clock and sometimes work right on until 2 o'clock in the morning. I was not allowed to go out.

"If I didn't work all the time I got beaten, although I am told I was treated much better than the former slave girls. The other two were married. One is here in New York yet and the other has gone down South. I had to do all the washing —sheets and all. The only teaching I ever received was from Miss Banta, who taught me for an hour or so every Monday."

Fung Choy did not want to go back to Mott street, after all, she told the Gerry agents, no matter how downcast she may have seemed in court. She would rather die than be sent back to Mott street, she declared.

She won't be.

RUNAWAY BOY IN COURT

New York World

Morris Steiner is a bad boy and Morris Steiner is a good boy, and whichever he is most Magistrate Naumer in the Flatbush Court, Brooklyn, must soon decide.

Morris, now in Raymond Street Jail, says he will not live with his stepmother. He braved hunger and privation because of this idea. He built himself a hut, lived a queer gypsy life for weeks, cooked his own meals and slept in his queer camp. He did his own washing and cooking. And, curious boy that he is, he did his own praying, which was that his own mother would forgive him for running away, and would come to him as he slept and kiss his forehead. That, he says, was the prayer he made in his hut.

Morris, who is sixteen years old, could never get along with his stepmother. He has a brother eighteen years old and another fourteen, and they live on good terms with their stepmother. It was nine years ago that the brisk little woman married Aaron Steiner, a travelling salesman. He was a widower with four children.

The Steiners have not only a comfortable but a pretty home at No. 991 Sixtieth street, Brooklyn. It possesses shade trees and carefully trimmed hedges and a beflowered piazza. Mrs. Steiner said to a World reporter there yesterday:

"Such a queer boy! This home is not for him. He will not have it because I am his stepmother. From the time he was seven years old he would hardly speak to his father, because I had come to the home. My other stepchildren love me. But he will not. I could not pet him. He would shrink from me. Or he would laugh. I thought all the time that when he got older it would be all right. But it was not. The older he got the less he would think of this as his home. He would always run away."

This habit of the boy brought him into the Flatbush Court yesterday on a charge of being incorrigible.

When the boy disappeared the last time he made his way to a spot about half a mile from his home. It is in a garden overgrown with rank weeds back of an abandoned carpenter shop. The lot is at New York and Thirteenth avenues, Brooklyn.

The boy built a house of old planks, nailed together with a carpenter-like proficiency. Inside he constructed for himself a couch and a fireplace with a chimney outlet; on a peg on the wall hung a stiff whiskbroom with which the earthen floor might be kept smooth.

The youngster also put up pegs on which he hung an extra suit of clothes. He was not without an artistic sense, for he nailed to the walls cartoons and other newspaper drawings, the most prominent one being that of President Taft, with a background portraying the reception on the return of the ex-President and the lonely Taft exclaiming: "Nobody loves a fat man." The boy was evidently in sympathy with the loneliness of the fat man.

For six weeks the youngster made his home in this hut. Scraps of dry bread were the only signs of food in the place when he was arrested. But word was sent him that one of his little stepsisters, of whom he was very fond, had been awake all night crying for his return. When he heard that he went back home. It was true about the little girl crying for him. But also, when he got back his father handed him a summons to appear in the Flatbush Police Court. At that the boy flew into a rage. He tore the summons to bits and flung them at his father. His father thereupon caused his arrest.

In court yesterday the youngster stolidly looked at his stepmother. He frowned at his father.

"Do you know," demanded the father, "that you are arrested?"

"I don't care," said the boy.

"Don't you see what a trouble you are?" insisted his parent.

The boy for answer turned to the Judge.

"I can't live with my stepmother," he said. "I don't do anything wrong. I don't want to. But I get along by myself. I've been living in my little hut, and I like it there all by myself, with nobody to get sore on me. That's all. I wish I could only be left alone—that's all."

His Honor, with an eye on the youthful

face, shook his head and held the boy in $300 bail for a further hearing Friday morning.

CRIMINAL COURT EXAMINATION

Milwaukee Sentinel

For the first time the inner history of the daring theft of the Boston store's $3,500 pay roll from the messenger in the First National bank on Feb. 15 was told on Tuesday, when Joseph Wilson, awaiting trial for complicity, turned state's evidence against George O. Watts, in his preliminary examination in District court.

Wilson said that Watts recruited in Chicago a quintet for the express purpose of "cracking a crib" in Milwaukee. Wilson said that the theft of the money-laden satchel was not premeditated, but that the gang had set out to "work" the banks.

According to Wilson's story, Chester Bangs, who is now awaiting trial, cleverly sneaked the satchel at the feet of the Boston store messenger, and the other four "blanketed" him while he slipped out of the bank.

Watts, whom Wilson's testimony clearly showed to have been an accomplice, was bound over to Municipal court. Bail was set at $9,000 despite Attorney W. H. Rubin's plea for a lower figure.

Wilson said that the gang was composed of Watts, Bangs, Oates, Carter and himself. Of these, Oates and Carter are still at liberty. The other three have been bound over for trial.

Wilson told his story freely and fully, using considerable slang.

"Two days before this deal was pulled off I had a talk with Watts in a saloon in Chicago; he sent me a note by Oates to meet him," said Wilson. "I had been out of jail four days. Watts asked me to come in on the scheme of cracking a crib in Milwaukee and told me that he had three other fellows to go along.

"I agreed and Watts 'made a meet' opposite the union depot in time to take the 7 o'clock train to Milwaukee on Feb. 15. We met there, the five of us, and came to Milwaukee.

"After we left the station we stopped in for a drink in a small hotel at the corner of the station park. Watts said: 'This'll be a good place for a meet if we're piped off.' After that we started in to work the banks. We went to the First National twice.

"On the second trip we piped the messenger filling his pay roll satchel. That was our chance. It was fixed that Bangs should turn the trick. We four sat on one of the benches near a window. In a minute Bangs signaled us to come up, and we did.

"While the messenger was looking over some papers Bangs reached under and grabbed the satchel. Then we crowded around and blanketed him until he had gotten out of the bank. Then we went out and scattered. I saw Bangs, with the satchel, hop on a street car.

"I walked up Wisconsin street and was later joined by Oates. When we got in front of the postoffice some one hollered. I turned around. It was Bangs. We joined him beside the building. He opened the satchel, and I saw it was filled with paper and silver. He kept the paper money, tied in packages, and loaded all the silver on me. Of course I did not count it, for we were right on the sidewalk.

"That noon I caught an interurban car for Racine at Clinton street. Watts was on the car. He came and sat with me.

"'We come off pretty clean,' he said. 'There can't be no "rap" to this.' I told him it was a fool trick to carry so much silver as I had in my bundle.

The whole bunch was on the car. When the car stopped at a corner in Racine we all got off and scattered.

"In a minute I decided that I was being trailed. I caught up to Oates and told him so. He told me to go in a saloon and find out. I did, and the fellow trailing me came in too. I went out of the saloon, saw Watts and told him I was trailed.

"'Ding that and duck,' he said, pointing to my bundle.

"'Cover up and give me a chance,' I said.

"He did, and I ducked down a side street, but that fellow was still trailing me. After walking about a quarter mile I

stepped into a cigar store, for I'd made up my mind to duck that fellow. I got the proprietor to take me out in the back yard. Then I climbed over two fences and hid in a shed until dusk.

"Detective Sullivan nailed me about 9 o'clock that night."

On cross-examination, Wilson freely told his long criminal record, which includes several convictions. He gave his age as 53 years. He said that Joseph Wilson is his real name, but that he has used three aliases.

Asked what his business is, Wilson said: "I'm a professional thief."

District Attorney A. C. Backus announced that he would file information charging Watts with a second offense, for which the penalty may be twenty-five years in prison.

CRIMINAL COURT

Detroit News

Some 20 years ago a ragged little newsboy stood shivering on a busy corner in the heart of St. Louis. His last paper was yet to be sold and his free hand jingled a pocketful of loose coins. A hurrying pedestrian snatched the final copy and thrust a nickel in the hand of the boy. He did not wait for change. Five minutes later the ragged and cold and hungry boy stood with his nose buried in a volume of "First Steps for Chemists" in the musty atmosphere of a second-hand book store.

Wednesday morning the same boy, now grown to manhood, stood before the federal court in Detroit and heard a stern judge sentence him to 10 years in the federal prison at Leavenworth and affix a fine of $5,000 on three counts charging counterfeiting. It was the cause and the effect.

The boy was Harry Wilson, alias Peter Smith, said to be one of the cleverest counterfeiters in the United States.

"I loved chemistry from the time I was a boy," said Wilson from his cell. "That was really my downfall. I was left alone in the world when I was seven and I sold papers for years. I do not know why chemistry had such a fascination, but when I was still in knee breeches and earning a few pennies a day I saved until I could buy second-hand books on the science. I studied at every possible moment, and although my English is not the best in the world, and I may misspell many words, I am familiar with the majority of chemical formulas and I can spell any chemical symbol, drug, instrument or process, Latin, Greek or German.

"I longed for a laboratory of my own. I wanted enough money to enable me to give up my life to chemical research. To achieve this I wanted a trade and engraving seemed to open the doors to a good salary, as well as allow me to come in contact with chemicals. I got a position after I had taught myself the rudiments of the trade and discovered I had a talent for drawing. But the salary I received did not seem to be enough to allow me to obtain the realization of the dreams for many years.

"One day I picked up a magazine and there was a story by Detective Burns on counterfeiting. I read it and then read several following stories. The idea came to me slowly, bit by bit, that here was a way whereby I could obtain enough to buy a private laboratory. If I could make bills good enough I thought they would continue to circulate and no one would lose. I tried it and I have failed. I am sorry, of course. I am sorry I went wrong from a standard of morals and more sorry from the standpoint of what I might possibly have done for the benefit of the world in chemical research.

"Those unfortunate persons who were convicted because they associated with me must know how badly I feel over their arrest. I do not know what they did before they met me, but I feel personally responsible for this bit of trouble and I wish I could bear all their sentences. They would never have known the horrors of imprisonment but for me. In a way they were tools that I used and I do not believe any of them knew just how serious a thing they were getting into.

"I shall be as good a prisoner as I know

how, and should I be released before my sentence is completed or should I have to wait all the time, when I get out I am going into chemistry with a determination to give to the world more than I robbed it of."

MURDER TRIAL

New York Sun

Jack Rose's jester and the playboy of the Rosenthal murder, Sam Schepps, testified for six hours and a quarter yesterday in the trial of Lieut. Becker, and exhibited the qualities that made him the joy of the gamblers in their lighter hours.

Murder trials are not supposed to be humorous affairs and Justices bend severe glances upon flippant witnesses, but Schepps somehow dissipated the gravity of the proceedings and lightened the black tale of crime. Even the austere Judge permitted his eyes to twinkle and some of the jurors laughed outright.

Schepps was so pleased with himself, so proud of his skill in coping with John F. McIntyre, his inquisitor, so naive in his appeals to Justice Goff, so pugnacious and alert that his listeners were in smiles most of the time. He took it for granted that the court appreciated him at his own valuation, and Justice Goff seemed to regard him as an extraordinary specimen of another world, one that must not be banged about by counsel for fear of the total loss of a curiosity worth studying.

But the amusing characteristics of the State's principal corroborative witness by no means lessened the effect of the testimony he gave against Lieut. Becker. Resisting every device of Mr. McIntyre to trap him into admitting he was an accomplice with Rose, Webber and Vallon, and insisting that he was kept in the dark and used only as an errand boy by Rose and Webber, Schepps swore that the night after the murder he talked with Becker in Becker's house and that Becker sent this message to Rose:

"Don't mind anything. I'll fix it all right. They have to prove who killed Rosenthal before they can convict any one."

And Schepps added that Becker, in the darkened dining room of the apartment, wouldn't let him smoke and said:

"Don't light that match. Somebody is across the street and if they see a light they will suspect something. They have been trailing me all day."

Schepps was an exasperating witness to Mr. McIntyre. He had the dimmest of memories for times and dates, but he had an extraordinary faculty for recalling previous statements, and he frequently corrected the lawyer. Mr. McIntyre resorted to the traditional methods of hectoring and storming and fist shaking, but Schepps hectored and stormed and gestured back at him. Once he called Mr. McIntyre a liar for saying he had paid the gunmen, and while Mr. McIntyre was fuming before the jury and shouting that Schepps was "a thing," "a creature," the witness was suavely and deferentially apologizing to the court for "language that a gentleman ought not to use."

Lieut. Becker's chief counsel concentrated his efforts to make Schepps say something that would indicate that he knew Rosenthal was to be murdered and that he was one of the conspirators. It was an attack of the utmost importance to the defence. A good deal of Becker's money had been spent in an excursion to Hot Springs, made for the purpose of showing that Schepps had incriminated himself while there and had exculpated Becker.

Lawyer Hart, who was with Rose the night Schepps was with Becker, cross-examined Schepps about his conversations with Hot Springs people and failed absolutely to establish contradiction. McIntyre had tried his hand at this work previously, and had raged when Schepps volunteered the statement that one of the principal Hot Springs witnesses for the defence had been a pickpocket in New York for twenty years.

Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Hart gave up the cross-examination late in the evening, apparently running out of ammunition. Mr. McIntyre insisted plaintively that he was wearied, totally exhausted, unable to continue, which drew from Justice Goff, who has a very dry humor, the comment:

"Tut, tut, Mr. McIntyre. You talk of being exhausted. I am upward of 70 years old."

Schepps was the only witness yesterday. It had been the purpose of the prosecution to call Mrs. Herman Rosenthal, but there was no time left for the long examination that would be necessary and Justice Goff rather reluctantly consented to adjournment. The widow of the murdered gambler will be the first witness to-day.

When Schepps appeared from the witness room at 10:30 A. M. all eyes were turned in his direction. From the first he has been one of the most interesting characters of this case. His childlike vanity, his delight at posing as an oracle among the rudely informed men and women of the underworld, his reputation for impudence and wit, his adventures dodging detectives in the Catskills and his sojourn among admiring citizens in Hot Springs had given him a kind of reputation second only to that of Rose.

He was nervous at first. His sharp eyes squinted behind his nose glasses and his glances darted sidewise. He twisted his fingers together and tried to cross his legs, a proceeding frowned upon by the court officer who stands at the witness chair.

He wore a blue suit, a black four-in-hand tie and black low shoes, and he carefully drew up his sharply pressed trousers so that his white silk socks would be exposed.

As the day went on he lost much of his nervousness and controlled his tendency to flippancy, but he became more and more pugnacious and more and more determined that counsel for the defence should not get the better of him.

Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss conducted the direct examination. The testimony was:

Q. Where do you live? A. Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Q. What is your business? A. Portrait enlarger.

Q. Do you know Jack Rose? A. Yes; I have known him for fifteen or eighteen years.

Q. Did you ever meet the defendant Becker? If so, where? A. At the Lafayette baths.

Q. Ever again? A. Yes, at the Sam Paul raid.

Q. Did you ever carry to him a message from Jack Rose? A. Yes.

Q. What was it? A. That Rose would meet him at the Union Square Hotel.

Q. Were you at Dora Gilbert's house on July 15? A. Yes.

Q. What were you doing there? A. I was asked to go there by Rose to get an affidavit for Becker.

Then he said that, after leaving Dora Gilbert's, he drove with his friends to Sharkey's, where the gray car was called by telephone.

Q. Who drove it? A. William Shapiro.

Q. Who got into that car? A. Vallon, Rose and myself.

Q. What did you do then? A. We went up to Seventh avenue and 145th street.

Q. What did you do next? A. I stepped out and pressed the bell of Baker and Harris's apartment. Dago Frank put his head out of the window and we called him out. He got into the machine and we went to Forty-second street and Sixth avenue.

Q. Who did you find there? A. Sam Paul, Leftie Louie, Whitey Lewis and Gyp the Blood. Webber excused himself and said he would be back shortly.

Q. Did he return? A. Yes; he said Rosenthal was at the Metropole.

Q. What was done then? A. They left the room.

Q. Who left? A. Gyp, Lefty Louie, Whitey Lewis and Dago Frank.

Q. What did you do? A. I stayed in the room.

Q. How long? A. About fifteen minutes.

Q. In what direction did you then go? A. I went into the Times Square drug store and purchased a soda. A short time after I got there I heard four shots.

Q. What did you do? A. I ran in the direction of the shots.

Q. Did you see Lieut. Becker that night? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where? A. He was riding in an auto

with a chauffeur at Sixth avenue and Forty-sixth street at 1:30 o'clock A. M.

Q. When you ran to the scene of the murder, on what side of the street were you? A. On the south side.

Q. Did you meet any one that you knew? A. I met Harry Vallon at the Elks Club. A great crowd had gathered and the body was lying in the street.

Q. What did you and Harry Vallon do then? A. We went to Fourteenth street, to the house where he lived, and stayed there until 6 o'clock the next morning, when we went to a house at 145th street and Seventh avenue.

Q. What was it that awoke you? A. The entrance of Jack Rose.

Q. After Rose spoke to you and you went to 145th street and Seventh avenue, did you see any one? A. Yes, we saw Lefty Louie, Whitey Lewis, Dago Frank and Gyp.

Q. Did you say anything to them? A. They wanted to know when I would bring them the money. I made an appointment to meet them at Fiftieth street and Eighth avenue.

Q. Where did you see them? A. At Fiftieth street and Eighth avenue.

Q. Prior to that time had you seen Webber? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you receive any money from him? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you see anything passed by Webber to any one else? A. I saw Webber pass money to Jack Rose.

Q. Was that money presented to the gunmen at Fiftieth street and Eighth avenue? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Who had it? A. Jack Rose.

Q. What did he do? A. He passed it to Lefty Louie.

Q. Did you go away then? A. Yes.

Q. Did Lefty Louie? A. Yes, and took the money with him.

Q. What did you and Rose do? A. We went to the home of Harry Pollok on Riverside Drive.

Q. How long did you stay there? A. I stayed for dinner.

Q. Then where did you go? A. To the Lafayette Baths.

Q. The next morning, what did you do? A. I went to Pollok's and remained about four hours. I then went downtown and later returned to Pollok's. I stayed until about 10:30.

Q. Where did you go next? A. I went to Lieut. Becker's apartment.

Q. Did you see Becker? A. Yes.

Q. Where was that? A. At the Belleclaire apartments.

Q. How did you happen to go there? A. Jack Rose sent me.

Q. Repeat the conversation you had with Becker. A. I told Becker that Jack Rose was sick and worried, and that he sent me to him to see what he was going to do. Becker said Rose was not to worry. He said: "Don't mind anything. I'll fix it all right. They have to prove who killed Rosenthal before they can convict any one."

Q. What then? A. Then I left. As I was about to leave I pulled out a cigarette and started to light it. Becker said, "Don't light that match; somebody is across the street and if they see a light they will suspect something. They have been trailing me all day."

Q. Was the apartment lighted or dark? A. It was dark.

Q. Did Becker say anything else? A. Yes. He asked me if the gunmen had been paid and I told him that they had. Then I left.

Q. Then what did you do? A. I went back to Pollok's.

Q. Did any one arrive while you were at Pollok's? A. No; somebody was there before I got there.

Q. Who was that? A. Mr. Hart.

Q. Who do you mean? A. Attorney John Hart, who is sitting there.

The witness nodded toward John W. Hart, who has been Becker's lawyer since before the murder of Rosenthal.

Mr. Moss had no further questions to put to the witness and the direct examination ended at 11:02 A. M., having occupied only twenty-seven minutes.

[The report of the cross-examination and other details of the day's proceedings in the trial followed under separate heads.]

GRAND LARCENY CASE

Duluth Herald

Commercializing his remarkable faculty for imitating a paralytic has proven to be the downfall of Charles F. Koch, 45, the black sheep of a respectable German family residing at Rosedale, Iowa. And because his game of faking injuries and collecting large sums from railroad companies and other corporations has been detected and exposed, Koch must look forward to serving a term of years in the Minnesota state penitentiary

It took a jury just nine minutes in Judge Fesler's division of the district court yesterday to find Koch guilty of the crime of grand larceny in the second degree under an indictment which charged him with having defrauded the Duluth & Iron Range Railroad company out of $1,000 on a fake personal injury. The jury retired at 3:36 o'clock and returned with a finding of guilty at 3:45 o'clock.

The same blank, fixed expression which has characterized Koch since his trial began did not change one iota when the verdict of guilty was read in his presence. He maintained the same expressionless attitude of indifference as to what was going on about him and seemed to be unconcerned as to whether he would be acquitted or not. The crime of which he stands convicted is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary from one to ten years.

On Oct. 14, 1914, Koch was a passenger on No. 61, of the Duluth & Iron Range, a mixed train leaving Duluth at 11:30 p. m. On arriving at Two Harbors at 12:45 a. m., he left the coach and as he did so, according to his claim, his raincoat, which he carried on his arm, caught on an angle cock or brake staff and he was thrown to the depot platform and suffered an injury to his back. As a result, he claimed, his lower limbs, bowels and bladder were paralyzed. Examination by surgeons seemed to indicate that he was permanently disabled, and on Dec. 7, the company settled with him for $1,000 for his alleged injuries. Koch, who had been moving with great difficulty on crutches, immediately left the city and at once discarded his crutches.

The railroad authorities secured a warrant for his arrest and after detectives had chased him through several cities of the Middle West, he was arrested at Tonopah, Nev. He was brought to Duluth under an extradition process and stood trial on the charge. During the course of his trial much of his past history, and a more or less unbroken story of his operations, were brought to the light of day.

Koch was born forty-five years ago in Germany and emigrated to this country when a boy of 15, settling at Rosedale, Iowa. He married when a young man, but, after his wife had lived with him ten years, she secured a divorce from him on the grounds that he had been convicted of a crime and committed to the Iowa state penitentiary. This was in 1903. She remarried. Koch's parents are old and respected residents of Rosedale.

In 1903 Koch joined the army, enlisting in the state of Washington. Two months later, however, he was discharged on account of "chronic anaemia and debility." In 1906 he claimed that he had been injured while working at Missoula for the Northern Pacific, brought suit for $50,000 and recovered $5,000 in the lower court. The case dragged on six years in the Montana courts and judgment was finally reversed in January, 1912. A portion of the time Koch spent on a poor farm, supposedly a down-and-out cripple, forced into the almshouse by the law's delay. He went by the name of C. F. Post.

In July, 1911, at Portland, Or., posing as C. F. Pantle, he secured from the Portland Light & Power company a sum of money on a fake injury. On Feb. 16, 1912, at Breckenridge, Minn., under the alias of C. F. Jones, he secured $4,500 from the Great Northern Railway company for injuries claimed to have been sustained in falling from a passenger coach step. On Aug. 12 of the same year, as Clarence F. Main, he again tried to work this game, but unfortunately ran up against the same claim agent at Great Falls, Mont., who recognized him as an impostor and had

him arrested. He served four months in the Montana penitentiary.

On Feb. 28, 1914, at Hampton, Iowa, he claimed that he was injured while alighting from a train, and on May 9, 1914, collected $600 from the Minneapolis and St. Paul Railway company. On July 23, 1914, while crossing a railroad crossing at Grand Rapids, Mich., he was injured, he claimed, and he later extracted $1,600 from the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad company. His latest offense was the affair of the Duluth & Iron Range Railroad company.

Koch will be brought before Judge Fesler later for sentence. Those who are familiar with Koch's history declare that whiskey brought about his ruin and that as soon as he made a good haul while operating his game he would spend it all for liquor.

SUPREME COURT DECISION

Brooklyn Eagle

That an employer is not responsible for the acts of his servant that cause damage to another when those acts are not committed in furtherance of the master's business, was the decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, First Division, when it reversed a case which the lower court had decided against a Manhattan department store. The reversal in favor of the department store was given by the court on an appeal taken by the attorney, Abraham Oberstein, of 299 Broadway, Manhattan.

This case is of considerable importance to employers, for the reason that their employes often get into altercations with employes of other concerns, damages sometimes ensue, and then the question arises whether the employer is responsible for the acts of his servant. As the justices of the Appellate Division view the question, the issue is not whether an inflicter of damages was in the employ of a certain firm, but whether he was promoting the firm's interest in inflicting the damages. If he was, then the master is responsible, providing it was within the scope of the employe's duties, and if it was not, then the master is not responsible, no matter how grievous or serious the injury inflicted may be.

Adolph Miller, through his guardian, instituted suit for assault against Attorney Oberstein's client. Miller was a driver in the employ of another concern, and was about to deliver goods at the store when one of the latter's drivers asked for the berth Miller was entitled to. Miller refused. The other driver, he alleges, assaulted him. Then he directed suit against the department store concern, under the employers' liability act. The lower court decided for Miller, but Lawyer Oberstein appealed and the Appellate Division reversed the decision, saying that Miller's suit should have been dismissed.

The opinion, written by Presiding Justice Gildersleeve and concurred in by Justice McLean, says:

"The test of liability in such cases depends upon the question whether the injury was committed by the authority of the master, expressly conferred, or fairly inferable from the nature of the employment and the duties incident thereto. The mere statement of this rule answers the question in favor of the defendant in this case. The act of the driver was a wilful and malicious act. It was not done in furtherance of his master's business and was in no way connected with or incident to the performance of any of the duties intrusted to him as a driver, or which could be considered as promoting the defendant's interests. The rule as stated in Gervin vs. N. Y. Central R. R. Co., 166 N. Y. 289, is as follows: 'If a servant goes outside of his employment and, without regard to his service, acting maliciously or in order to effect some purpose of his own, wantonly commits a trespass or causes damage to another, the master is not responsible.' The plaintiff failed to prove any liability on the part of the defendant and the defendant's motion to dismiss the complaint should have been granted."

SUPREME COURT DECISION

Duluth Herald

Eighteen months have elapsed since little Florence Lemoine, a pretty, dark-eyed dancer of 18 years, fell from a sidewalk on West Fourth street and sustained an injury to her back and spine which has left her a helpless and lifelong paralytic. Unconscious of her true condition and hopeful of the future, the once popular little vaudeville performer lies on her cot at her father's ranch near Moscow, Idaho, planning theater engagements she will never fill and dreaming of new gowns and dances.

Yesterday the Minnesota supreme court handed down a decision which affirms the judgment of the district court of this city where, a few months ago, a $5,000 verdict was obtained against the city of Duluth in her favor. A jury last April awarded her damages in that amount, but the city asked for judgment notwithstanding the verdict. Judge Kesler denied the motion and an appeal was taken by the city to the supreme court, the municipality denying its liability. The higher tribunal held that the city was liable.

On Aug. 17, 1913, Florence stepped off a sidewalk on the lower side of West Fourth street between Lake and First avenues west. The accident occurred during the evening while Mrs. Jane Lemoine was escorting her two daughters, Florence and 15-year-old Grace, to the Happy Hour theater, where they were filling an engagement. The sidewalk at this point is elevated several inches above the abutting property and at the time of the accident was unprotected by a rail.

Florence slipped and fell on her back. Her injuries at first were believed to be of a slight nature. Later surgeons pronounced her suffering from spinal trouble and paralysis of the lower limbs. She was taken to her room at the Frederick hotel, where the Lemoines were stopping, and there remained until after the trial of the suit against the city last April. The Lemoines left for Moscow, Idaho, about six months ago. Denny & Denny, attorneys for Frederick Lemoine, the girl's father, who brought suit on behalf of his injured daughter, recently received word that the girl's condition was not much improved. She is still in bed. Since her accident Florence has been of a cheerful frame of mind, probably because her true condition has been carefully withheld from her.

At the time of the accident, the two girls were appearing in a singing and dancing act at the local theater. Both are talented in their line and their appearance in Duluth was during their second season on the stage.

The Lemoines, up to five years ago, lived in Baltimore. The two girls appeared in a number of amateur theatrical performances in that city and there received their training for professional work. In 1910 their father, who was then suffering from a nervous breakdown, moved West, taking his family with him.

After the Lemoines had settled in the West, the children became much in demand at church socials and amateur theatricals on account of their talent along that line. Later, the girls were offered a vaudeville engagement with a song and dance act. At first the mother refused to allow her daughters to go on the stage, but after a flattering salary had been offered, she finally consented. She accompanied them on their tour as chaperone. The season was about half over when Florence met with her accident. The father remained on the ranch in Idaho because of his poor health.

During the trial of the case last April, Florence was brought into the courtroom on two occasions, both times on her cot. She nervously twitched at her bedclothes and at her jewelry while she told the story of the affair as she remembered it. She told the jury that she was spending most of her time now drawing sketches and that until she got well enough to get back to the stage she expected to devote her time to art.

The two girls were earning from $75 to $140 a week with their act, according to testimony which was adduced at the trial.

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT DECISION

San Francisco Chronicle

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided in the case of Mrs. Ethel Coope Mackenzie of San Francisco that the federal expatriation law of 1907 is constitutionally applicable to women that continue to live in this country after marrying foreigners as well as to those that marry foreigners and live abroad.

The ruling settles finally a test case that has become internationally famous in suffrage circles. In effect, it is much more sweeping than the bare recorded fact would indicate, including in its wide range a host of women, in and out of states where they have the vote, who are married to men not citizens of the United States.

It means, applied locally, simply this: A woman born in California, herself a citizen of the United States with the right to vote, automatically relinquishes her citizenship and that right the moment she becomes the wife of a foreigner, whether the foreigner is a resident or not.

Mrs. Mackenzie, who brought the test case, is the wife of Gordon Mackenzie, known on the concert platform as Mackenzie Gordon, the Scotch tenor. Her husband, who is a nephew of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, a famous English surgeon, has been a resident of San Francisco for the last twelve years. He has lived in this country for more than twenty years. She was herself born in California, the daughter of J. F. Coope of Santa Cruz, a well known California pioneer. But the fact that her husband, born a British subject, has never taken out citizenship papers in this country, makes Mrs. Mackenzie, by the ruling of the supreme court, an alien in the eyes of the law of the United States.

A curious feature of the unusual case is that Mrs. Mackenzie was one of the most ardent of the workers for suffrage during the campaign which resulted in the women being given the vote in California.

The ruling affects also, in sweeping fashion, a large number of other women socially prominent in San Francisco. It includes Baroness Van Eck, who was Miss Agnes Tillman and who is still a resident of this state; Baroness Von Brincken, formerly Miss Milo Abercombie, also living here; Countess Von Falkenstein, who was Miss Azalea P. Keyes; Mrs. John Hubert Ward, who was Miss Jean Reid, and a great number of others.

Mrs. Mackenzie, who, since her marriage to the famous tenor in August, 1909, has been living at 2832 Jackson Street, was among the first to appear at the polls after the state had enfranchised its feminine population. She was refused the privilege of voting. The California courts, in which the case was instituted, decided against her. Now the ruling of the highest tribunal in the country upholds the lower courts.

"It was something of a shock," she said, "to learn that after two years of hard work to bring suffrage to California I could not enjoy the right I had helped to give other women. Investigation showed, of course, that I could gain my citizenship and my right to vote, and also retain my husband, by his application for naturalisation papers, but I did not wish to accept citizenship on those terms, and so I brought a test case.

"My husband kindly delayed his citizenship until my case might be presented in the courts. Now that it is decided, he will become a citizen. This means that I shall be received back into the fold, but only because I am his wife."

Concerning the effect of her test case, Mrs. Mackenzie stated that she had just heard that a Mackenzie Club had been organized in Oregon, for the purpose of "looking into the matter."

OPINION OF ATTORNEY GENERAL

Wisconsin State Journal

Excess fare cannot be charged of passengers on the railroads of Wisconsin when tickets are purchased on the trains, unless provision is made to refund the amount of overcharge.

This is the effect of an opinion rendered by Attorney General F. L. Gilbert today. Prior to the passage of the two-cent fare law the Northwestern and St. Paul roads charged 10 cents in addition to the regular fare when the fare was paid on trains. This practice was temporarily discontinued when the two-cent fare law was passed, because of the heavy penalty provided for violations. An attempt has been made to find out if the railroad commission would not permit this additional fee being charged. An opinion was asked of the attorney general. He said:

"It seems to me that the plain spirit, intent and purpose of the law in question was to establish a maximum passenger rate beyond which common carriers could not, in any event, go and retain the excess as their absolute property.

"I am therefore of the opinion that such excess fare cannot be legally collected from a passenger unless provision is made for refund, or an act of the legislature is passed allowing the collection and retention of said excess as a penalty for failure to purchase a ticket at a point where facilities are provided."

About two weeks ago, Lloyd W. Bowers, general counsel for the Northwestern and Burton Hanson, general solicitor for the St. Paul, brought this matter before the commission. During the course of a conference, the railroads claimed that the old law allowing an excess fare to be charged had not been abrogated. The attorney general held differently.

INSANITY CASE

Chicago Herald

Baptiste Bardoli is on his way.

Over in Italy, on a big estate at Lenno, near the shores of Lake Como, Baptiste's aged father is waiting to see him—that is, he was waiting to see him when Baptiste last heard, about three months ago.

Baptiste was on his way to Italy last June when he left his home in Oakland, Cal., provided with some $200 in cash, long green tickets for the train and small red tickets for the boat—clear to Italy.

Baptiste also took with him two large bottles of Zinfandel. The bottles were wrapped in twisted straw, through which the red wine could be seen sparkling inside the green glass.

The traveler arrived in Chicago without the bottles but with the contents. Policemen met Baptiste at the railroad station. They stopped him from biting the iron fence of the train shed. They took him to the Harrison street police station.

A man wearing a white coat came in and looked at Baptiste. The man took a yellow sheet of paper and wrote as follows:

"June 30, 1914.—I have examined Baptiste Bardoli and believe him to be insane and recommend his commitment to an institution. He is on his way from Oakland, Cal., to Italy and arrived in Chicago on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company. Respectfully,

ALFRED LEROY, M. D.,
Assistant City Physician."

Baptiste was taken to the detention home. On July 2 a jury composed of one physician heard testimony concerning Baptiste's actions and returned a verdict to the effect that Baptiste was insane—that he had "alcoholic hallucinosis"—that he manifested suicidal and homicidal tendencies and had about $96 on his person.

County Judge John E. Owens appointed Walter F. Sommers, an attorney, conservator for the money, and turned Baptiste over to the Chicago State Hospital for the Insane at Dunning.

Baptiste "came to" on July 4 and called for his trousers. He was denied. He protested his sanity. He admitted his temporary inebriety, but swore that he had no more bottles of green glass wrapped in straw. It was no use.

Baptiste wrote letters to the Italian consul. He implored the doctors and pictured for them the father who was waiting to see him on the shores of Lake Como. About a month ago he convinced the Dun-

ning authorities of his sanity, and they began to arrange for his release.

Investigators at the office of the Italian consul declared that they tried to get Conservator Sommers to turn over some money to Baptiste, so that he could be released. They say Attorney Sommers replied that under the Illinois law he had been appointed for a year, and as far as the court records showed, Baptiste was still insane. Moreover, it was vacation time, and there was no session of the Probate Court.

Yesterday Judge Owens entered an order restoring Baptiste to his civilian rights. Probate Judge Gregg ordered the restoration of the funds held by the conservator. The funds were restored. He was freed from the asylum.

In Illinois the records, however, will show until a year has passed that Baptiste is insane and that he can only conduct business legally through his conservator, who can't be removed for a year.

But Baptiste is happy—he's on his way to Italy.

PROPOSED LAW SUIT

New York Sun

For why should the Kaminoka Strumolova Sick and Benevolent Association pay out money for burying a man who is not yet dead? For why that hearse, $8; that headstone, $35; those two funeral coaches for $11 when Leon Welfish, the dear dead one, is alive already and in his own town of Kaminoka, Galicia?

Not for often will the Kaminoka Strumolova Sick and Benevolent Association make such a fool of itself and those money spendings for the hearse, the headstone, the funeral coaches and all the rest making of Two Hu-u-ndred dollars!—to the court here by a lawyer the Kaminoka Strumolova is going for recovering. To the court by Lawyer William Schneider the Kaminoka Strumolova is going and make for getting back all that money because Leon Welfish did not have the use of it, being not at all dead and buried.

Aye-yah; it is all right enough for the hospital people in the place at Central Islip to say that there was mistaking in sending Leon Welfish to be buried by the Kaminoka Strumolova when it was not Leon at all who had died, but some one else. It's all right to say these things, but that does not pay back the moneys for such a comfortable funeral that some one else enjoyed. Oh no. The State of New York by the courts will have to pay back those moneys for those mistakes. It is to the Court of Claims in Washington that the lawyer is going to make the State to pay up these losses by the Kaminoka Strumolova.

Listen.

Came to this country from Kaminoka, which is in Galicia, which is of Austria, Leon Welfish, a young man who did not have great strength but who was honest and who would never try to cheat anybody. Came Leon Welfish by New York and he worked as tailor until one night when he didn't work, but fell down on the sidewalk by Lewis street and they takes him to Bellevue. They looks at him for three days—observations, they calls it—and then they sends him to the State hospital for poor insane ones at Central Islip. Leon goes and everybody is sorry that he is one of the poor insane ones.

But then, before Leon Welfish is by the hospital very long, comes the immigrationers from Ellis Island and they say Leon Welfish is unfit for being in this country and never should have come by New York. Back he goes to Kaminoka, Galicia; so say these immigrationers.

Everybody believes that Leon Welfish must go back to Kaminoka, and his friends by Rivington street are mourning that such a good boy goes home. Then one day—it was the 5th day of August, two years ago—comes to one of Leon Welfish's friends by Rivington street this message from the hospital:

"Leon Welfish is dead. Pleurisy makes it. Shall we bury him or do his friends make the buryings?"

Of course it is to be that the Kaminoka Strumolova, which is the society belonging

to Leon Welfish, shall make the buryings. Leon was a member standing good and every member has for his money a good burial or good doctors when in sickness. So says the Kaminoka Strumolova, "We make the buryings."

They makes. It costs all the $8 for hearse, $35 for headstones and the rest of those $200 which belongs to Leon Welfish for being a dead member of the Kaminoka Strumolova. Nobody sees Leon Welfish before the buryings, for the hospital people sends it so no one sees. All of the society makes of itselves assessments for paying the funeral and three members of committee wear white gloves and rides in those for $11 hacks to Mount Zion Cemetery.

Leon Welfish's papa and mamma, which are by Kaminoka yet, gets a letter from the Kaminoka Strumolova which says Leon is dead and has a good buryings for $200—a very good buryings—and very sorry to have to say these sad tidings. Then Leon Welfish's papa and mamma make mournings by their dead son, and all of his friends by Kaminoka make mournings.

Comes to Kaminoka then one very dark and rainy night Leon Welfish, who was sent home by the immigrationers. Comes Leon and knocks at the door of his papa and mamma's house.

"Hello, my papa; hello, my mamma!" says Leon when they opens the door, and Leon's papa calls for police and Leon's mamma has a fit on the floor right in front of him.

After that Leon Welfish and Leon's papa and mamma make a great rage because he was dead and is not really dead. They make writings to the Kaminoka Strumolova to know for why was that mistake made. Strumolova makes investigations and now it goes to court by a lawyer.

SUIT FOR SEPARATION

New York Telegram

Alleging that for the sake of her three children she had endured verbal and physical abuse of violent character for seventeen years, Mrs. Clara Hansen, of No. 10 Western Parkway, to-day filed suit for separation in the Supreme Court against her husband, Harry L. Hansen, worth a million, and half owner in the Schmidt and Hansen Brewing Company of Newark. Mr. Hansen makes his home at No. 190 East Ninety-ninth street.

Accompanying the affidavits of Mrs. Hansen is a deposition from her sixteen-year-old son, Oscar, in which he corroborates many of the stories of beatings and other abuses alleged by his mother, and makes the statement that his father's treatment of himself was such that he was glad when his mother established a second home and took the children with her. In addition to Oscar, the Hansens have a daughter, Nellie, thirteen, and another son, Henry, twelve years old.

Mrs. Hansen was represented in the preliminary court proceedings by Mrs. Harriette M. Johnston-Wood, of the law firm of Wood & Wood, No. 2 Rector street, a well known leader of the suffragist movement.

In the papers filed Mrs. Hansen states that she was married to Harry L. Hansen in this city in 1897 and that they went from New York to Washington to begin their honeymoon trip. Three days after the wedding, she alleges, while they were still in Washington, her husband became violently angry and, after choking her, threw her against the furniture in their room.

Later, at the Grand Hotel, at St. Augustine, Fla., he refused to talk to her, she asserts, and they returned to this city without speaking to each other. Their first home, she says, was established in a house owned by Mr. Hansen, at No. 99 East Eightieth street, and there, she sets forth, he beat her frequently and repeatedly swore at her, and said, "I hate your peaceful face; I'm tired of it."

Before Oscar was born, in 1898, she further alleges, her husband accused her of being on friendly terms with the tradesmen who came to the house. After the boy was born he told her that, since he had an heir, he had no further use for her and, opening the front door, said, "This way out."

In 1900, she says, while she was in Berlin with her husband, she was compelled to go to a sanitarium, and later, when they were in the Alps, he left her and went to England, where she finally located him.

To escape his abuse two years later, she went to Philadelphia, and in 1909 she went to Europe with her daughter, returning later at her husband's earnest requests. The final separation, she states, took place in 1911, when she established a separate home for herself and her children.

In the deposition made by the son Oscar, he states that on several occasions he saw his father beat and abuse his mother. The boy also states that his father had violent fits of temper on an average of once a month and that on one occasion, when he became displeased with the boy, he drew a knife and destroyed the wireless apparatus which the child had spent an entire winter in building.

Mrs. Hansen asks for $200 a week temporary alimony and $25,000 counsel fees. She states that the brewery in which her husband is interested turns out 750,000 barrels of beer annually and that he has other sources of income.

DIVORCE CASE

Detroit News

The story of the married life of Dr. Arthur and Mildred S. Smith, from 1900 to 1913 reads the same as that of any struggling young physician in a large city. But —

In 1913 the physician found fortune smiling on him and he turned to look at his wife and his gold. She had faded during those years when $1 was made to last longer than $10 would now.

"I am just in his way now," said Mrs. Smith to Judge Van Zile, while testifying in her suit for divorce. The doctor filed his bill several months ago and she filed a cross-bill.

A younger girl, with golden hair, red cheeks and lips has come between the doctor and his wife, according to Mrs. Smith.

"I filled in all right when someone was needed to slave and dig the dirt out of the office floors and dust the furniture," continued the woman. "He didn't have time to look at me then to see whether I looked good to him or not.

"We worked mechanically, shoulder to shoulder. I played my part and he played his. The business and my husband's bank account would lead anyone to think that it was a success."

Mrs. Smith, a little woman, her eyes filled with tears, seemed to reflect a moment and then continued:

"Perhaps it is a success. It seems that success must be measured in dollars and cents no matter who gets the gold. He undoubtedly is happy, but—I—I am a wreck."

Mrs. Smith said that when her baby was born her husband told her not to stay in the hospital too long as she was needed in the office. She says that she left the hospital in three weeks and the child died at the end of five weeks.

"It was always so," she continued. "He always wanted me in the office and I was willing to stay. It was only a few years ago that he went abroad, and I remained at home, as we both agreed that it would cost too much for us both. Then he took several other equally expensive trips, but he never asked me to go."

Mrs. Smith said she and her husband had always been active in the Summerfield Methodist church, and that her husband even carried his dislike for her to the church, urging her not to go to any of the meetings, either social or religious.

"I was active in home missionary work," said Mrs. Smith, "and he told me that it didn't look well for me always to be mixing in with the church affairs. I told him I couldn't conscientiously drop my church work and wouldn't."

Mrs. Smith declared her husband had told her he couldn't afford to live with her any longer as she wasn't so attractive as another girl he knew and her company tired him instead of affording him rest and comfort.

"His father also told me that I might

as well get out right away as Walter had to have some one younger and more attractive," she said. "The old father said: 'You don't fit into Walter's station in life and you might as well get out without a fuss, as you will have to move some time.'"

Mrs. Smith testified that her husband's practice is worth between $400 and $600 a week, and that he owns three automobiles.

"I just rode in one of them, however," she added. "The office girl rides in them most of the time."

Dr. Smith stated in his bill that his wife had an ungovernable temper and that she called up his patients and advised them not to consult him. The doctor further stated that these and other things ruined his health and his business.

Mrs. Smith was given the decree.

RECEIVERSHIP PROCEEDINGS

Chicago Tribune

Inflated reports of sales by managers of branch houses, extending over a period of three years, and resulting in a misleading annual statement, it was said yesterday, were responsible for the receivership proceedings for Robert Z. Link & Co.

The Chicago banks which were the principal creditors of the corporation discovered the character of these statements a few days ago in an audit of the books, and at once took steps to protect creditors.

The other explanation advanced for the crisis in the company's affairs came from Secretary William H. Arthur.

"In the panic last fall," he declared, "poor people, who are the firm's principal customers, could not afford to buy even the cheapest fish. They became vegetarians. If we could have tided over our financial difficulties until after Lent we would have weathered the storm. Trade was just beginning to pick up."

Developments of the day were as follows:

Receiver William T. Harrison, learning that fish, oysters, and other sea foods were lying in the cars, took measures to obtain the fullest powers in conducting a business based upon transactions in perishable products.

Four Chicago banks that hold nearly $2,500,000 of the firm's paper, some of it accepted two months ago, held a conference and discussed reorganization of the company.

Minority creditors prepared to organise.

Efforts were made to find out what the company did with the proceeds of $1,000,000 worth of preferred stock issued last October. Officials say it was used to take up short term notes and to buy warehouses and plants to prevent competition. Creditors believe exorbitant sums were paid for the plants.

Ancillary receivers were appointed for branch plants of the company in various parts of the country.

Receiver Harrison issues a statement practically exonerating Link brothers for blame for the financial straits of the Company.

An official of one of the four Chicago banks which hold nearly $2,500,000 of the firm's paper said that the receiver was appointed after the banks had learned that some persons connected with Robert Z. Link & Co. had issued misleading statements concerning its volume of business. The Link brothers are not believed to have known anything about these false statements.

The company, it appears, has a number of ambitious managers of its branch houses in various parts of the country. Each manager gets a percentage on his total sales. Some of them, to obtain the commission, it is asserted, juggled their reports in such a manner that their total sales appeared to be much larger than they really were, and the annual report was in consequence misleading. The company had no system of checking up these reported sales, and it was not until the bankers put an auditing firm upon the books, after they suspected something following the issuance of the last annual statement, that the discrepancies were discovered.

The fact that the last annual statement does not account for new money, the proceeds of the last stock issue, also is being investigated.

Secretary Arthur had a different explanation to make.

"The panic of last fall, and vegetarianism to which the poor were reduced when thrown out of employment," he declared, "are responsible for most of our troubles.

"It is a well known fact that the company supplied two-thirds of the oysters, fish, and all sea food eaten in this country. The bulk of this trade is among poor people. The company's chief business has been in fish that retails at 8, 10, and 15 cents a pound, especially in large cities. We depended most upon our business in fresh water fish—the largest in the world in herring, lake perch and such cheaper varieties. This trade came from working people.

"When the working people were thrown out of employment and stopped buying fish, our trade fell off tremendously. It has just begun to pick up, and if the bankers had not taken alarm and had given us a little more time, we should have come out all right."

Mr. Arthur said that the $1,000,000 acquired in the last issue of preferred stock had mostly gone to pay short term notes.

Receiver Harrison in the afternoon went to Lake Geneva to hold a conference with Judge Kohlsaat, who had been originally selected as the judge before whom the receivership proceedings were to be held.

"I wish to secure the fullest authority for conducting the business, which is based so largely upon perishable products, so that there will be no loss," said Mr. Harrison. "I already have that power, but I want to have it specified more clearly."

Representatives from several railroads called on Mr. Harrison before his departure to ask what should be done with quantities of fish that were standing in the cars on sidetracks. The company has $600,000 in available cash to carry on its business. It is estimated that $1,000,000 will be needed.

Mr. Harrison made a statement in which he said:

"From the examination of the books of Robert Z. Link & Co. that has been possible since my appointment as receiver I should say that the Link family owns about 60 per cent of the preferred, and about 50 per cent of the common stock. When the $1,000,000 of preferred stock was issued within the year, it would appear that the Link family paid their assessment on this stock and took their full pro rata, and I cannot find that any transfer of any of their shares has been made."

ASSIGNMENT

New York Times

Henry W. Williams, who carried on a banking and brokerage business at 33 Wall Street, assigned yesterday for the benefit of his creditors, to Mark T. Cox of the firm of Robert Winthrop & Co. Mr. Williams was the publisher of Williams' Investors' Manual, and is a director in several other concerns.

No figures were given out yesterday as to the extent of his liabilities, but it was said by a representative of important banking interests that no complications involving other Wall Street houses need be expected as a result of the failure. First estimates put the loss at between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000, but as the part which H. W. Williams & Co. has played recently in the money market has been steadily diminishing, it is believed that the liabilities will amount to from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000. Hawkins & Delafield are the attorneys for some of the principal creditors of the firm.

Lewis L. Delafield of this firm conferred yesterday afternoon with John L. Cadwalader of Strong & Cadwalader, the attorneys for the assignee. They gave out this statement after the conference:

> Henry W. Williams, transacting business in the State of New York under the name of H. W. Williams & Co., has made a general assignment for the benefit of creditors to Mark T. Cox of Robert Winthrop & Co. There are no preferences beyond such as the statute gives to employes.
>
> A superficial examination justifies the belief that if the creditors, who are few in number, will co-operate in enabling the assignee to effect a favorable liquidation of the assets, a large sum will be realized

for their benefit. Written assurances of important financial assistance to such creditors as will co-operate to that end have been given.

Neither Mr. Cox, the assignee, nor Messrs. Robert Winthrop & Co. are interested as creditors or otherwise in the assigned estate.

None of the lawyers yesterday would make an estimate of the extent of the failure. Some surprise was expressed at the wording of the deed of assignment filed in the County Clerk's office. It read: "H. W. Williams, trading as H. W. Williams & Co." as though the assignor had no partners in the firm. The latest corporation directories give the firm's personnel as H. W. Williams, Frederick A. Farrar, W. N. Phoenix, Franklyn W. Hunt, Charles F. Cushman, and Henry V. Williams. Of these Messrs. Farrar, Hunt, and Cushman live near Boston, where the firm had a branch office.

It was said at the office of Hawkins & Delafield that Henry W. Williams some time ago filed the necessary deed with the County Clerk authorizing him to use the firm name after his partners had resigned their interests. No information could be obtained as to when the dissolution of partnership took place.

It is understood that Mr. Williams' resources have been dwindling for some time. His firm engaged in several unprofitable consolidations, and in the slump in stocks of March, 1907, it was reported that the concern was hard hit. The October panic found it again in bad shape to meet a financial storm.

Mr. Williams began business in 1865 as H. V. & H. W. Williams, and became widely known as the publisher of Williams' Investors' Manual. In 1880 he entered the banking business as a partner in the house of Anthony, Williams & Oliphant. A year later this concern was succeeded by Williams, Oliphant & Co. It was, however, as a member of the house of Williams & Greenough that Mr. Williams attained his greatest prominence in Wall Street. He was particularly active in leather and ice, and is said to have made about $5,000,000 by his operations in these lines.

In 1899 the firm was dissolved, and Mr. Williams continued in business as H. W. Williams & Co. Since then he has been interested in a number of consolidations which have turned out to be heavy drains upon him. Among these was the Colonial Sugar Company, which has since been absorbed by the Cuban American Sugar Company.

Mr. Williams formed the Colonial concern by merging a number of Cuban and Louisiana sugar properties in which he was interested. The venture was unprofitable, and it was said last night by an officer of the company that Mr. Williams' firm had dropped between $300,000 and $400,000 in it.

Another of his interests was the Newton & Northwestern Railroad of Iowa, which has since been taken over by the Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern Railroad. Suit was brought against him recently by Howard Willetts on account of the investment which he had made in the road on the recommendation of Henry Williams & Co. Mr. Willetts is suing for $243,000, the price of 200 of the bonds of the company, on the ground that the line is not earning enough to pay its fixed charges. The case is still pending.

Other concerns in which Mr. Williams has had large interests are the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company and the United States Casualty Company, of which he was a Director, and the Postal Telegraph Cable Company of Texas, of which he is President, now a part of the system of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company.

For some years H. W. Williams & Co. has maintained an office in Boston. It has dealt exclusively in bonds, bidding for local, as well as Massachusetts State, and city issues. The last issue in which the Boston branch figured was that of the United States Envelop Company of Worcester, Mass., which issued $2,000,000 worth a couple of months ago. The firm has also invested heavily in American Telephone Company and Atlanta, Birmingham & At-

lantic Railroad bonds. Boston bankers do not consider that the failure will have any important effect on other houses.

Outside of financial circles Mr. Williams occupied an important position in society and was an art lover. His house at Tuxedo Park has been known as one of the finest examples of modern country residences. His town house, 1 Lexington Avenue, facing Gramercy Park and exactly opposite to the residence of the late Stanford White, one of his warm friends, has been renowned for its rich and artistic decorations.

Mr. Williams was a liberal supporter of music, and helped many students to follow their profession. He is, however, best known as a book collector. For years he spent large sums on rare editions and fine bindings. He brought together a library with hardly an equal in America. Among his special treasures were a first edition of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitatio Christi," Higden's "Polychronicon," and some rare Americana. His collection was estimated as worth between $200,000 and $300,000.

A few months ago it was announced that this library was to be sold at auction. It was the first intimation to the world at large that Mr. Williams was in financial difficulties. The sale began on Nov. 12, and the first day's offerings brought in $19,000. Some of the leading book collectors of the country, such as J. Pierpont Morgan and Senator Henry C. Lodge, sent representatives, and by the time the first two sections had been disposed of $75,000 was realized. It is understood that the three other sections are still more valuable.

Five years ago Miss Edith Williams was married to Capt. James K. Modison of the Warwick Regiment of the British Army. It was one of the most brilliant social functions of the year, the best man being Sir E. Stewart Richardson, and the ushers Pierre Lorillard, R. Monroe Ferguson, Arthur Derby, Frederick C. Havemeyer, Jr., J. Insile Blair, Jr., J. M. Waterbury, Jr., Henry V. Poor, and Roger Poor. The bridesmaids were the Misses Violet Cruger, Janet Fish, Muriel Robbins, and Helen Cutting.

NOTE — *The way in which the human interest can be brought out in what might ordinarily be considered routine news, is shown by the second of the following two stories.*

PATENT AWARD

(1)

New York Times

The Board of Examiners of the Patent Office decided that the man who made the hydroaeroplane possible was not Glenn H. Curtiss, but Albert S. Janin, a poor cabinet maker of Staten Island.

In 1910 Mr. Curtiss began testing a canoe device to carry the planes on the water till the momentum necessary to lift them was obtained, but it did not work.

In the controversy that followed the use of the present device, which consists mainly of outrigging to keep the planes on an even keel, it came out that Mr. Janin had really produced the device in 1909, about a year before Mr. Curtiss had failed to raise his machines at Hammondsport.

Thomas A. Hill, a lawyer, of 233 Broadway, took up Janin's claims and put them before the examiners of Interference of the Patent Office. Mr. Hill alleged that on July 3, 1910, Curtiss tried four times in vain to raise his plane from Lake Keuka; also that Curtiss admitted the failure. It was shown that drawings of the successful device now in use were made by Janin long before this date, and that he tried to build a machine to test it in operation, but couldn't get the money.

Mr. Curtiss contended that the device was his, and that it had failed at Lake Keuka because the motors were not strong enough to do their share of the work. In deciding against Mr. Janin the Examiners of Interference said:

> While he (Curtiss) was thus engaged Janin was sleeping on his rights, from which slumber he did not awake until after the achievements of Curtiss had been widely published.

Then the case was taken before the Board of Examiners, who found for Mr. Janin. Their opinion reads in part:

> He (Janin) is a poor man, evidently struggling for a sufficient income to meet his current living expenses. From what his witnesses testify, it is apparent that he was continuously striving to raise funds to develop his ideas, which were regarded by many as illusionary.

It also came out that Janin, in the years he was working on his water flyer, was the butt of many, who looked upon him as unbalanced by one idea.

Concerning the statements of Curtiss that his motors were not powerful enough, the Examiners said:

> An excuse of this kind for failure to make flights could probably be advanced in good faith by hundreds of inventors of aeroplanes, who have been seeking patents for the last forty or fifty years.

Mr. Hill said yesterday that Janin's success probably would make him wealthy; also that an order for 200 hydroaeroplanes is awaiting any manufacturer who can furnish security that they can be delivered. He said the order was from one of the belligerents in Europe, but did not know which.

"The Curtiss factory," he said, "can turn out about ten planes a week at a cost of about $7,000 each. But no matter who turns them out they will have to pay a royalty to Mr. Janin."

(2)

New York Evening World

Albert S. Janin, cabinet maker, the other night took off his apron in the shop in which he has worked eight hours a day for the last fourteen years at Rosebank, Staten Island, walked up to the foreman and resigned his job.

He didn't quit in a huff—a fact that was plainly attested by the manner in which the foreman wrung his hand and his fellow workmen crowded around him, their faces beaming.

"Congratulations, Al," said the foreman simply. From somewhere in the crowd spoke one of Janin's intimates:

"The 'Bug' has made good. Whaddaya know about that?"

"Well," rejoined Janin, good-naturedly, "it no longer will be Janin, the cabinet maker, or Janin, the Bug, the dreamer and the impostor. I guess the handle to my name has been pretty firmly established as 'Janin, inventor of the hydro-aeroplane.'"

And that night the modest little 5-room Janin flat was the scene of a celebration the like of which has never been seen at Rosebank. Most enthusiastic of the guests were men who, for the last ten years, have scoffed at the strange looking winged craft in the Janin back yard, which, the poor carpenter persisted, would some day be recognized by the patent office as the first flying boat.

Rosebank went on the map to stay at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when word was received from Washington that the board of examiners-in-chief of the patent office had decided unanimously that the man who made the hydro-aeroplane possible was not Glenn H. Curtiss, but Albert S. Janin, the poor cabinet maker of Staten Island. For four years the powerful Curtiss interests had fought the claims of the obscure and almost penniless carpenter, through the patent office and to its highest court—the board of examiners-in-chief.

He would not have won out probably had not Thomas A. Hill, a patent lawyer of New York, taken the case, out of a sense of justice, without compensation. As a former president of the Aeronautical Society of America, and at present a director, Mr. Hill went into the litigation to see fair play.

Just how it feels to a struggling workman, whose $5 a day is barely enough to provide the necessities of life for a wife and seven children, to find himself suddenly famous with a fortune within his grasp, Janin tried to explain.

"We put it over, didn't we, mother?" Janin beamed, affectionately patting his wife. "If it hadn't been that she stuck to me—believed in me, when all the rest were poking fun and scoffing—I never would have made it."

"And if it hadn't been," Mrs. Janin interrupted, "that after your hard day's

work for almost every night in the last ten or fifteen years, you burned the oil at your work bench until long after midnight, you never would have made it."

"The best part of this invention is that, unlike a whole lot of others, it's going to bring us money—gobs of it," Janin broke in. "For years we have felt the pinch of poverty, but thanks to Mr. Hill and his work in Washington, I guess that day is past. You know the decision of the patent office gives me a royalty on every hydro-aeroplane turned out in this country dating from the day a few weeks hence on which my patent is printed and issued by the government. Mr. Hill tells me that the royalty can be fixed arbitrarily by the inventor. The failure of any of these companies building hydro-aeroplanes to come to terms, of course, would be followed by an infringement suit, but we don't expect any such difficulty.

"What will I do with the money? The first thing will be to get a home of our own with plenty of ground around it for the kids to play in. No more of these flats for us. But we are going to stay right here in Rosebank, where my wife and I were born and brought up. You know we were sweethearts, even at old public school No. 13, around the corner. Most of the kids are now going to that same school. The oldest girl, Antoinette, who is now 14, can realize her ambition to go to normal school and take up teaching, if she wants to—but she don't have to now."

AN ADOPTED CHILD

Kansas City Star

The Patrick Sullivans had a bad three hours last night.

You see, it was only a month ago that theirs was a childless family. Mary had grown up and was teaching and there were no babies around the house. Then they found a 1-month-old baby boy, abandoned in St. Aloysius's Church, and adopted him. The cheery household it has been since then!

But yesterday a young woman arrived at the Sullivan home, 961 Walnut Street, and said that she was the baby's mother, and that the baby's father had only abandoned him temporarily because they were then in desperate straits, but that everything had come out all right financially and now wouldn't the Sullivans give her back her boy?

The Sullivans wouldn't. Not last night.

That's when their bad three hours began. If their hearts were wrung so at abandoning a baby not their own, what must be the mother's feelings? That won the day.

Papa Sullivan went to Judge Hinton this morning. He had been to him last week to adopt the baby legally. Now he wanted to know if that legal process would stand in the way of his returning the baby to its mother. Judge Hinton said it would not prevent such action, and he believed that it would be best to give the child to its mother. But he didn't look at Papa Sullivan when he said it. Men don't like to see each other wet-eyed.

"She'll come back," said Papa Sullivan, "and she can get him."

Judge Hinton this afternoon made an order at the request of Mr. Sullivan declaring the adoption of the baby by the Sullivans void. The request was made on the ground that the mother had appeared and had shown herself capable of properly caring for the child. The mother did not appear in court. No further action will be necessary. The mother need only go to the Sullivan home and get her baby.

NOTE — *The provision in the will given in the New York court story making bequests to Chicago nurses, formed the basis of the local story in the Chicago paper; both stories follow.*

WILL ADMITTED TO PROBATE

(1)

New York Sun

The will of Walter H. Hammond, the wealthy butterine manufacturer, who was shot dead in the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City ten days ago by Peter Grew,

who had a fancied grievance against him, was admitted to probate in Jersey City yesterday. After making a number of specific bequests, including amounts of $500, $250 and $100 to thirty-seven old employees, the residue of the estate goes to the next of kin, share and share alike. Col. Robert A. Hammond is one of the brothers.

Col. Willard C. Ward, who drew the will on October 1 last and filed it yesterday, said that he didn't care to discuss the value of the estate, as he believed that the bequests indicated about what the value is. He wouldn't give an opinion as to the value of the butterine business or how much of the estate will be left for the four brothers, two sisters, two nieces and a nephew after the bequests have been settled. The estate is believed to be worth at least $800,000, and probably $1,000,000, as Mr. Hammond is said to have owned much property in addition to his butterine business.

Mr. Hammond leaves his entire holdings in the firm of Hammond & Person, of which he was practically the only stockholder, to three legatees. They are Miss Alice C. Hagan, daughter of a Jersey City policeman, who had been his private secretary for many years and was said to have been engaged to him; Dr. Oscar Bauer, his physician and one of the executors of the estate, and Henry C. Berger, superintendent of his butterine plant.

One of the first bequests provides for the payment of $25,000 to Anna Louise Cooley of New York city as soon as possible. Of this amount $500 is to be paid at once and the balance at the rate of $100 a month. Sarah B. Johnson and Mabel E. Wilkins of Jersey City, employees of the firm of Hammond & Person for many years, receive $1,500 each. Nellie P. Hamilton, a stenographer in the office of Col. Ward, who assisted in drawing the will, gets $250. Gertrude M. Burns, a daughter of Henry Burns of 314 Devine avenue, Jersey City, where Mr. Hammond lived for seventeen years, receives $500. John J. Jones, manager of Mr. Hammond's butterine company, gets the shares in the American Butter, Cheese and Egg Company that were owned by Mr. Hammond. Concerning one of the bequests the will says:

> During several days' illness in Chicago I was a patient in the Presbyterian Hospital, where I was faithfully nursed by the trained nurses. I desired to recognise the care I received at their hands. I therefore give and bequeath to the following members of the Illinois Training School for Nurses: Nellie G. Burke, $500; Minnie C. Phillips, $500; Jennie Van Horn, $1,500.

This illness occurred about six years ago, when Mr. Hammond had typhoid fever. His physician, Dr. Bauer, was with him at the time, and was also ill.

In making the bequests of from $500 to $100 to thirty-seven employees, who include men and women working both in the office and in the butterine plant, and truck drivers as well, the will says that they are remembered for their faithful services to the corporation of Hammond & Person.

The will allows the executors five years in which to make payment of all the legacies, and the remainder of the property, real, personal and mixed, is bequeathed "to the next of kin and their survivors." The relatives named are Robert A. Hammond of New York, and Samuel A., Frederick D. and Franklin A. Hammond of Pittsburg, brothers; Josephine Block of Greensburg, Pa., and Anna Emma Dell of Los Angeles, Cal., sisters; Paul Martin, nephew, and Gladys Brown and Madeline Martin, nieces, all of Pittsburg and children of Mr. Hammond's deceased sister, Sadie Martin.

The total cash bequests amount to $41,710, of which $10,460 goes to the thirty-seven employees named together.

Col. Robert A. Hammond, who was in Jersey City most of the afternoon yesterday, said when he returned to his office at 16 Broadway that he was acquainted with the provisions of the will and had been at Col. Ward's office during the afternoon. He said he was to see the will at 9 o'clock this morning, and was not aware that it had been admitted to probate.

"No one has any cause for complaint

over the will," said Col. Hammond. "It was just what might have been expected from the fairest, smartest boy that ever walked the face of God's green earth. No more generous chap ever lived than that boy, and if he had not remembered his employees as he has done it would have been most unlike him. His relatives do not begrudge the money he has left to those he chose to reward.

"There has never been the slightest break in the cordial relationship between Walter and myself or between him and any other member of the family. All this talk that has come up since my brother's death is pure foolishness. I am the oldest and the head of the family, and the relationship between Walter and me has been almost that of father and son. I gave him his first start in life when he was a boy. I have never asked anything from him or from any one else in my life and I do not ask it now.

"Walter was the pleasantest, sunniest boy you ever knew. He did not sit at the right hand of Mr. Parkhurst, but nothing ever came up to smirch his record during his lifetime, and nothing will come up now that he is dead.

"We are all sorry that our best brother was killed and our thoughts are not on the provisions of his will, but on seeing that the man who shot him down without giving him a chance for his life is made to suffer the full penalty of his act. My entire time from now on will be devoted to that purpose. There isn't the slightest doubt that I will get my brother's murderer. I haven't been wasting any time since Walter's death.

"I know that the man who murdered my brother has been sleeping well every night and eating three square meals a day. I don't propose to permit him to escape with an insanity plea. I have been going over the testimony of seventeen witnesses with the prosecutor and helping to get it into shape. My experience in that line makes me of some assistance, and I intend to see the prosecutor every day if necessary, in order that full justice may be done to my brother's murder."

(2)

Chicago Evening Post

Three Chicago nurses came into their reward to-day for faithful services and devotion six years ago to Walter H. Hammond, a wealthy butterine manufacturer of Jersey City, who was shot dead on Nov. 17 in that city by Peter Grew, who had a fancied grievance against him.

Under the terms of his will, which was filed yesterday in Jersey City, $500 is bequeathed to Miss Nellie G. Burke, 981 Carroll avenue, a like sum to Miss Minnie C. Phillips, 14 Green Tree street, and $1,500 to Miss Jennie Van Horn of Chicago, who is now with a patient in Japan.

While in the city on a business trip six years ago, Mr. Hammond was taken ill with typhoid fever at the Annex. His physicians, Dr. J. B. Herrick and Dr. Frank Billings, had difficulty in finding nurses who suited the patient. At length Miss Burke was sent for and placed in charge of the case, and she selected for her assistants Miss Phillips and Miss Van Horn.

"I remember Mr. Hammond very well and the circumstances attending his illness," said Miss Burke to-day. "He was seriously ill and for a long time it was a question as to his recovery. We made every effort to save him and felt a keen personal delight when we knew we had won. He had always, up to the time of his death, remembered all of us, sending us presents and flowers at the holidays and in many ways showing his deep gratitude.

"We were notified by his secretary immediately after his death, but until to-day we had no idea that he had remembered us in his will. I had charge of his case two months and then had to take another patient. Miss Van Horn was with him five months during his convalescence."

In the little apartment at 14 Green Tree street there was a sound of laughing and dancing feet. Answering the ring of a visitor Miss Phillips opened the door with such a smiling countenance as to obliterate any memory of downcast skies.

"I have just heard of Mr. Hammond's great kindness," she said. "Just think of

$500; why it's a nest egg for a fortune! He has always done so many nice things for us girls ever since we cared for him, but to think of his remembering us in his will! I was with him several months and we grew to be great friends after the crisis of his illness was past.

"He often came to Chicago, and frequently would call us up on arriving and arrange for us all to go to the theater, or to dinner. He was by far the most grateful patient any of us has ever had."

SUIT TO BREAK WILL

New York Herald

An effort to obtain approximately one-half of the bequest of about $2,000,000, left to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt for the promotion of the cause of woman suffrage, by the late Baroness de Bazus, who was Mrs. Frank Leslie, was begun in the Supreme Court yesterday by two step-grandchildren of the Baroness. They ask $400,000 each and allege that $200,000 is due to each of two other step-grandchildren.

The plaintiffs in the two actions, which are brought through James H. Westcott, of No. 40 Wall street, are Mrs. Lonetta Leslie Hollander and Mrs. Florence Leslie Weissbrod. Both are grandchildren of Frank Leslie by his first wife, Mrs. Sarah Ann Welham Leslie. They allege that by an agreement made between the Baroness and Frank Leslie December 1, 1879, she promised, in return for receiving his entire estate, to distribute by her will two-thirds of it among the children of his first wife or their heirs. This agreement, they allege, she entirely disregarded in the document which left the large residuary estate to Mrs. Catt.

William Nelson Cromwell and Louis H. Cramer, executors of the estate of the Baroness, are the defendants in both actions.

Frank Leslie was born in 1821 and in 1854 established the publishing business which at one time issued thirteen periodicals. In 1841 he married Miss Sarah Ann Welham. There were three children by the marriage, Frank Leslie, 2d; Alfred A. Leslie and Scipio L. Leslie. Mrs. Hollander is the only child of Scipio L. Leslie, who was married in June, 1875, and died in February, 1879. Mrs. Weissbrod is the only child of the late Frank Leslie, 2d, who was married January 5, 1874. Alfred A. Leslie, who was married in August, 1868, and died in August, 1905, had two children, Frank Leslie, 3d, and Arthur Leslie.

Following the death of his first wife, Frank Leslie married the Baroness May 1, 1875. She was then Mrs. Miriam Florence Peacock Squires. Her first husband was David Peacock, her second Ephraim G. Squires. There were no children by any of her marriages. Before her marriage the Baroness had been employed in the publishing business of Frank Leslie. She was born in 1828 and entered his employ in 1860. Her maiden name was Miriam Florence Follin.

Frank Leslie became financially involved about September 8, 1877, according to the two complaints now on file. It is alleged that he assigned the greater part of his property March 20, 1879, to Isaac W. England for the benefit of his creditors under an agreement whereby he was to receive the property back again in three years if the business had succeeded in clearing all indebtedness. It is said that the business did not clear the debts but that Mr. Leslie died before the property could be returned.

Mr. Leslie also agreed with his wife, it is said, to leave his entire estate to her on the condition that she would use the income and dispose of the principal in her will as follows:—One-third in any way she desired; one-third of the remaining two-thirds to each of the three children of Frank Leslie by his first wife or to their issue.

The complaints allege that the Baroness received everything which she possessed from Frank Leslie, who died leaving about $1,000,000. This was increased by her to at least $1,800,000, it is said. The plaintiffs do not ask that the agreement, which is not produced in connection with the complaint, be fulfilled. They seek instead

$400,000 each as damages and allege that $200,000 is due also to Frank Leslie, 3d and Arthur Leslie.

WILL

Springfield Republican

The bequest of a bit of the wool of Mary's lamb to the Somerville historical society in the will of Mrs P. H. Derby, which was entered in the probate court in this city yesterday, brings to light the interesting information that the nursery jingle, "Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow," had a basis in fact. The piece of wool in question was given to Mrs Derby in 1880 by Mrs Mary E. Tyler, the original of the little lamb jingle. It is a piece of yarn tied in a bow and fastened on a piece of paper with pale blue ribbon. Under it is written the words, "wool from Mary's lamb." It seems that when the Old South church of Boston became involved financially one of the ways hit upon to raise money was suggested by Mrs Tyler. She took a pair of old wool stockings that her mother had knit for her from the wool of her pet lamb, and that she had never worn, but kept in memory of the departed lamb. These were cut up into lengths and made into bows, like the one that was in the possession of Mrs Derby, and sold for 25 cents each. The result was that $200 was realized, and thus the little lamb helped to save the Old South church.

The story of Mary and her lamb is authenticated and the incidents bear a close relation to the events of the poem, or rather, jingle. Mary E. Sawyer was born in Sterling, March 22, 1806, and the house in which she was born is still standing. She had two sisters and four brothers, none of whom ever had themselves immortalized in rhyme as Mary did. Mary's father was a farmer and kept sheep. One cold morning in March, 1814, just about 100 years ago and one year over, twin lambs were born in the Sawyer sheepfold one of which was to be known in nursery rhyme for time immemorial. Like all geniuses, she—for it was a girl—displayed the vagaries of it before she was many hours old. So much so in fact that her mother would have nothing of her. Little Mary, age eight, took pity on the young thing and asked her father if she might have it, not thinking of the greatness that would come of this charitable deed. She fed and tended it, and the two became very fond of one another.

It was but natural that the lamb should in time come to have a thirst for knowledge, and, as the first stanza of the jingle has it, "It followed her to school one day," "Which," we are told, "was against the rule," and, as might be expected, "it made the children laugh and play, to see a lamb at school." It seems that the teacher laughed too, and everything was lovely for a time. But discipline had to be maintained, and: —

> So then the teacher turned it out,
> But still it lingered near,
> And waited patiently about
> Till Mary did appear.

All of which is strictly true to fact. It appears that when Mary arrived at the school the teacher had not come yet and so the mischievous Mary hid the pet in her desk, which was a box-like affair. When school began and the children were called out for their classes, the lamb trotted out to have a hand in the proceedings. And this, alas, caused it to be put without the pale.

Now it happened, so strange are the immutable workings of fate, that a young man of 17, a freshman at Harvard, by the name of John Roulstone, Jr., was visiting the teacher at the school that day. The incident inspired him, and a short time after he wrote and sent to Mary the jingle that is so well known. The ideal way to have the thing work out would have been the marriage of Mary and the budding genius. But no, he died a few years later, never having seen Mary again, so far as there is any record.

The strain of being a celebrity was too much for the lamb and after bearing up bravely under it for two years it gave up the struggle, got in the way of a bull on Thanksgiving day, 1816, and was gored.

It died an hour later, with its head on Mary's lap.

In 1835 Mary was married to Columbus Tyler, superintendent of the McClean hospital for the insane at Somerville. She became a matron at the institution, a position she held for 35 years, and several years after her husband died. She died in Somerville, December 12, 1889, and was buried in the Mt Auburn cemetery, near Boston, the same cemetery in which the poet, Longfellow, is buried. The glowing example of what happened to Mary ought to inspire little children to be kind to dumb beasts that they too may some time taste the fruits of immortality.

Besides the lamb's wool bequest, Mrs Derby left the following legacies to various charitable institutions: Springfield branch of the woman's board of missions, $300; Norton memorial fund of the same organization, $200; Congregational women's home mission society of Massachusetts, $300; trustees of the national council of the Congregational churches of the United States, $3000, to be applied to ministerial relief; Massachusetts society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, $200. Certain books from Mrs Derby's library are bequeathed to the Springfield city library association and the remainder of the estate is to be divided equally between her two nephews, Dr Edward C. Booth of Somerville and Harry D. Booth of Albany, Ill. Charles A. Gleason is named as executor without bond.

NOTE — *How the same piece of news may be treated in different ways is illustrated in the following two stories.*

VALUE OF AN ESTATE

(1)

Chicago Tribune

Doubtless Michael Kennedy's schooling never progressed to the point where he reaped the manifold intellectual bounties of McGuffy's second reader. That venerable text book explains school ma'ams. Their purpose is to teach the young idea to shoot, it says.

Consequently there were those who believed Michael misguided when he opened up his shooting gallery in a basement on North Clark street near West Erie street. There Mike—for the consideration of 5 cents for five shots—taught the young idea marksmanship after a fashion of his own.

"Mike, the ne'er-do-well," they called him for years. But a smile was Mike's only answer. He went right on loading rifles for whoever came and painting out the bullet marks on the white targets in the gallery.

On May 23, 1913, Mike died. Public Administrator James F. Bishop took charge of the estate, hoping he would get enough out of it to bury the target tender. Mr. Bishop was surprised when he found that Mike, the "ne'er-do-well," had a snug bank account—some $400.

Another surprise came yesterday when Administrator Bishop announced the result of his seventeen months' investigation into Mike's affairs. It was learned that the "ne'er-do-well" left a nephew in Blackburne, Lancashire, England, named as his sole heir. In a safety deposit vault Mike had $42,000 worth of bonds—the products of teaching the young idea to shoot.

(2)

Chicago Herald

"Mike" was a shiftless guy. Any of the bunch would tell you that. Of course he always had money. But then, too, he was always giving it away. He'd lend you anything he had if he knew you, and many's the "bo" who got the price of a bed from him.

Mike at one time was known as Michael Kennedy, but that was not during the time he kept the shooting gallery in North Clark street. He was a rough fellow, and not very affable with strangers. But he'd go a long way for a pal.

He had his place of business in a basement room. He slept there, and entertained his friends there when not busy loading rifles for his patrons. And every-

body said that he could have a good home if he were not so shiftless.

Well, "Mike" died a year ago last May, and it was found he had $400 in the bank. The county buried him and charged $106.75 to his estate. The fellows he had befriended went to the funeral and said "We told you so." But they agreed that Mike was a good fellow.

Public Administrator James F. Bishop was appointed to take care of the shooting gallery owner's estate. He started an investigation.

He discovered that Kennedy had a nephew in Blackburne, Lancashire, England, and that the shiftless, open-hearted, free-handed "ne'er-do-well" had just a little over $42,000 worth of gilt-edged stocks and bonds in a safety deposit vault in the Masonic Temple.

The amount was turned over to the nephew, James Kennedy, yesterday.

CHAPTER VI

INVESTIGATIONS, LEGISLATION, AND MEETINGS

Type of story. News stories of various kinds of meetings constitute a distinct class. In the term "meeting" are included sessions of state legislatures, meetings of municipal councils, conventions of various organizations, and meetings of local societies. Investigations and hearings as conducted by committees of legislative bodies are also placed in this class, although they are often more like judicial proceedings.

The purely informative type of story is the common form for reporting meetings, investigations, and hearings. The parts of the proceedings that are of general interest and significance make up the contents of such stories (cf. "State Legislature," p. 116, and "Meeting of Safety Council," p. 120). In meetings of some importance are to be found humorous or pathetic phases that may be brought out legitimately to heighten the interest and to emphasize the significance of the proceedings (cf. "Hearing on Proposed Ordinance," p. 113, and "Testimony in Investigation," p. 110). Some meetings lend themselves to humorous treatment, and when the news interest in them is slight, such stories about them constitute typical human interest stories (cf. "Old Clothes Men's Meeting," p. 122).

Purpose. To give the facts accurately and as completely as their significance warrants should be the first aim in reporting proceedings of official bodies, because, like court proceedings, they are matters of public concern. The desire to accomplish some end, no matter how laudable that end may be, does not justify distortion or suppresion of the news of the doings of official bodies. A constructive purpose, such as that of exposing sinister influences that may be affecting legislative action, is entirely justifiable, but distortion or suppression of facts in order to make out a stronger case is not legitimate and should not be necessary. Politically partisan news stories that misrepresent public matters in order to create opinion favorable to the cause that the paper upholds, whether they be reports of official proceedings or of political campaign meetings, not only hurt the reputation of the newspaper that publishes them but tend to cast doubt on the truthfulness of newspapers generally.

Much more effort should be made by newspapers in this country to show

the significance of acts of representative public bodies, in relation not only to the home and business interests of the individual reader, but to the welfare of the community, the state, and the nation. Intelligent interest in government on the part of the individual citizen, which is generally recognized as absolutely essential to the success of a democracy, can be more effectively created through the news columns of the daily newspaper than by any other means.

Treatment. To make interesting what is often considered dry and unattractive in proceedings of various public meetings, is the chief problem in writing news stories concerning them. Simple, clear explanation of the meaning of significant parts of the proceedings, lively accounts of debate on various measures, and vivid description of persons and scenes connected with them — all add to the interest of the stories. Too often, however, insignificant incidents of casual interest are played up as features of meetings of importance to the subordination or even to the exclusion of matters of vital concern.

Testimony in investigations and hearings sometimes has dramatic phases like that in court trials. The questions and the answers in these proceedings are handled like those in court stories, and testimony is dealt with in much the same manner (cf. "Congressional Investigation," p. 109 and "Testimony in Investigation," p. 110).

To select the vital matters, to present them concisely, and to condense routine but necessary details into the smallest possible compass in stories of this class, require effort and skill.

NOTE — *The following two stories give the results of the first two days' work in the investigation of conditions growing out of a coal strike. Both were sent by the Associated Press.*

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION

(1)

Chicago Inter Ocean

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 10.—The power and authority of the government of the United States came to West Virginia today to determine who is responsible for the conditions which have kept the state in virtual civil war for more than a year.

Opening the investigation of the coal mine strike, which has dealt death and destruction in the Paint Creek and Cabin Creek mining sections, the Senate mine strike investigating committee tonight called upon the military authorities for the records of the proceedings prior to, and under the declaration of, martial law in the strike territory.

Judge Advocate General George S. Wallace, Adjutant General Charles D. Elliott, Major James I. Pratt, Captain Charles R. Morgan and Captain Samuel L. Walker were summoned before the committee this evening, to produce the state records regarding the declaration of martial law and the proceedings of the military committee which was placed in authority in the strike district.

Senator Borah of Idaho desired their testimony and their records as a basis for the branch of the inquiry which he is conducting, as to the charge that citizens have been "arrested, tried and convicted in violation of the Constitution or the law of the United States."

Opening his case under the section of the Senate resolution authorizing the investigation which directs an inquiry into this subject, Senator Borah, at a brief session of the committee this afternoon, read into the record several excerpts from the constitution of West Virginia. The first was the provision declaring that the constitution of the state and of the United States shall always be in effect. The second provision declared, under no circumstances shall the right of habeas corpus be denied.

The third was the usual provision that no citizen shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. The fourth set forth that the military authority shall not supersede the civil powers, even under the plea of necessity, and others provided for trial by jury in open court for all criminal offenses.

The activities of the state authorities in connection with the strike will be probed by the committee, in view of these constitutional guarantees, and the charge that the mine workers have not been accorded their full rights will be investigated with these provisions in mind.

A formidable array of counsel was on hand. For the miners there appeared Frank S. Monnet, formerly attorney general of Ohio, Seymour Stedman of Illinois, and M. M. Belcher and H. W. Houston. The operators were represented by Z. T. Vinson, E. W. Knight and C. C. Watts, with a half score of assistants.

Two lengthy preliminary statements were filed with the committee by the attorneys for the operators. The first was filed by Mr. Vinson for the operators generally, and the second by Mr. Watts for the Paint Creek Collieries company. Both were pleas of "not guilty" and both denied in detail and in toto the charges made in the resolution passed by the Senate authorizing the inquiry.

The operators in their brief made the counter charge that the United Mine Workers of America, in its attempts "to organize" the coal miners in the West Virginia field, was responsible for the violence which has characterized the strike.

The operators declared they expect to prove that firearms and ammunition were brought into the state "for acts of lawlessness and violence, which were designed to keep the Paint Creek and Cabin Creek mines idle and prevent shipments of coal therefrom until the United Mine Workers of America should be recognized."

The statement presented by the Paint Creek Collieries company made similar denials and similar charges.

Former Governor Glasscock, who was Governor when the strike began and who declared martial law in the district, will appear before the committee on Thursday. He sent a telegram to the committee today offering to testify, and at the suggestion of Senator Borah it was arranged to examine him on Thursday.

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(2)

Chicago Inter Ocean

CHARLESTON, W. Va., June 11.—War time rule in the coal strike regions of West Virginia was described before the Senate mine investigating committee here today, and after three military officers had told of conditions, the committee expressed itself as satisfied as to the charge that "the citizens of West Virginia had been tried and convicted in violation of the Constitution and laws of the United States."

Two members of the military committee, which at three different times have assumed absolute dominion over some 150 square miles of West Virginia territory, testified. They were Captain Charles R. Morgan, a lawyer, and Major James I. Pratt, who was president of the second military court which took charge of the strike district. Both told the committee that their proceedings were conducted

without regard to the civil laws of the state; that they arrested, arraigned, tried, convicted and sentenced offenders without recourse to civil courts and without regard to the limitations imposed by the statutes of West Virginia.

"We considered that the strike district was in a state of actual warfare," said Captain Morgan, "and we acted according to the procedure of the United States Army in time of war."

"But the constitution of the state provides," interjected Attorney Monnet, for the miners, "that the military shall be subordinate to the civil power, and that no citizen, unless engaged in military service of the state, shall be tried or punished for any offense that is cognizable by the civil courts of the state."

"My understanding was," replied Captain Morgan, "that during the state of insurrection which prevailed, the constitution of the state of West Virginia was suspended by the acts of those men who were burning, killing and destroying property.

"We believed that to perpetuate the state of West Virginia and restore the constitution was to use extreme measures."

A dozen pictures of men clad in prison clothing were identified by Major Pratt as those of men who had been sentenced by the military commission. One man was given a sentence of seven and a half years; several others were given three, four and five year terms.

"Was there any indictment against these men?" asked Senator Borah.

"No," answered Major Pratt; "they were arraigned on charges prepared by the judge advocate general."

Senator Borah elicited that Captain Morgan, as a lawyer, believed that there was no appeal from the decision of the commission, if approved by the Governor, except to the Supreme court of the United States.

"Then a man did not have to commit a statutory offense to make himself amenable to the action of your commission?" asked Attorney Monnet.

"No."

"You could arraign him for anything that in your estimation was an offense?"

"Yes, except that the Governor's proclamation specified statutory offenses."

Senator Martine ascertained that after the commission had heard the testimony in a case it went into secret session, executed sealed findings after the manner of a verdict, and sent them to the Governor. It was developed that forty-nine accused men were tried at one time by the commission.

"There was no opportunity given a man to secure a new trial, or bail, no possibility of a stay of execution; your decision was final," suggested Mr. Monnet.

"Yes."

"If you had sentenced a man to death, there was no way of stopping the execution?" asked Senator Borah.

"We did not contemplate imposing death sentences," replied the witness.

Adjutant General Charles D. Elliott occupied the morning session and part of the afternoon session. Tonight Senator Borah took up witnesses produced by the Mine Workers to testify as to charges that peonage obtains in the Paint and Cabin creeks sections. A hundred brawny miners came in from the hills today, and the attorneys for the Mine Workers weeded out the witnesses they wanted to call.

Following today's speedy work, the committee decided to divide up the inquiry tomorrow, allowing Senator Borah to proceed alone with the peonage investigation, and probably requiring Senator Kenyon to begin an individual inquiry into general conditions in the strike zone, while the remainder of the committee take up other branches of the inquiry.

TESTIMONY IN INVESTIGATION

Milwaukee Free Press

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Mrs. Mary Petrucci, a coal miner's wife, today told the federal industrial commission how her three small children met death at her side in the Ludlow strike massacre of 1914.

Women wept and tense faced men bent

forward eagerly, as the bareheaded, black clad woman, in low, passive tones, reflecting the deep melancholy of her face, recited the dramatic events of the night of April 20, when fire and machine guns swept the strikers' camp in the southern Colorado hills, collecting a toll of twelve children, two women and five men. It was a remarkable recital and a memorable scene.

Mrs. Petrucci is 24 years old. She was born of Italian parents in a Colorado mining camp. She was married at the age of 16 and had four children when the strike of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company employes was declared in 1913. She lost one child in March of the following year as a result of privations occasioned by the strike. With the grief of that loss still upon her she went to live in the tent colony at Ludlow after the strikers had been driven from the company settlement. There the final tragedy of her life was enacted.

She took the witness stand today with listless manner and haunted eyes. Throughout her testimony she alternately bit at her finger nails and twisted in her frail hands a cotton handkerchief.

Her sweet voice at no time rose above a conversational tone, and the matter of fact manner in which she told the story of her grief served only to bring out with more striking force its tragic import.

"Yes," she said in answer to Chairman Walsh's questions, "we had good times in the tent colony. I liked it there better than in the company camp. Over there the militia came up every day and insulted us. The Sunday before the fire was the Greek Easter. The men in the camp celebrated it. We had a baseball game, and that night there was singing, and the boys came with banjos and we had a good time."

Into this background of merriment she fitted the picture of the woe that followed.

"April 20 I didn't leave our tent at all," she said. "Our tent was No. 1, and right behind it was the maternity tent. A cellar had been dug in that tent and there several babies were born while we lived in the colony. We also had a cellar in our tent. It was about 6 o'clock that night. I was down in the cellar and smelled a fire. The children were playing around. I went up and discovered that the tent was all on fire. I seized my children, and taking one in my arms, I got another by the hand, and the other one took hold of my skirt and we ran out of the tent.

"When I ran out I saw a lot of the militiamen around. They hollered to me to look out and were shooting at me as I ran. As quick as I could I ran into the maternity tent and down the steps into the cellar."

"You are sure you saw the militiamen," asked Mr. Walsh.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the witness. "They were about twenty-five yards away."

"And could they see you?"

"I saw them. And they hollered at me; yes, sir."

She looked at Walsh with frightened eyes as if recalling in her mind the scene of the night and continued:

"There was a door down to the cellar inside the tent and there were earth steps. The door was left open as I went down, and I don't know how it came to be closed later. When I got down in the cellar there were three women and eight children there. I knew them all. I had my baby in my arms. It was six months old. The others were close to me and my boy had hold of my dress."

Twirling the handkerchief in her hands, the woman looked over at Mr. Walsh and in a voice from which all emotion seemed to have been drained, she said:

"He would have been 5 years old yesterday—my boy."

"You lost all three of your children there?" said Walsh.

"Yes, sir," she replied, soft and low. "I lost them that night."

And again she twisted the handkerchief into a knot. A woman on the front row of benches sobbed audibly. A shuffling of feet and the deep breathing of the spectators swept over the room. Mrs. Petrucci gazed dully at her questioner.

"We were in the cellar about ten minutes," she said, "when the tent over our head took fire. I don't know how it

started. It was not on fire when I went in. Pretty soon after that we all lost consciousness."

"But before that," asked Walsh, "didn't you try to escape?"

"It was all on fire over our heads," replied the woman simply.

"Did you do anything to save your children?"

"What could I? Oh, yes. There was a woman there with a blanket. I asked her to share it with me for my babies; one was 6 months, you know, and the other 2½ years, and my boy 4. She told me it was only big enough for herself."

Mrs. Petrucci sighed. It was the only display of emotion she made during the recital. That blanket—a corner of it might have saved one of the babies from the suffocation that quickly overtook all there. She sighed at the recollection.

"The next I knew," she continued plaintively, "was when I woke up at 5 the next morning. I ran out for water for my babies. They were lying there. I thought water would help them. I did not know what I was doing. I felt like I was drunk. Outside I saw guards walking down the railroad tracks. They were laughing. I kept turning back all the time. I was afraid they would shoot me."

Again the frightened look came into her dark ringed, black eyes. A score of women in the audience were weeping now. Save for their smothered sighs the room was in absolute silence. The clanging of a bell on one of the lower floors of the Metropolitan building rang out like a funeral note.

"I went to the railroad station," said Mrs. Petrucci. "I didn't know what I was doing. I asked Mrs. Horning to go look for my babies. She said she could not find them. Someone bought me a ticket for Trinidad. I was in bed there nine days with pneumonia. I did not see my children again."

A woman on the front row groaned and Mrs. Petrucci looked down at her with dazed eyes.

"Don't you know how the fire started?" asked Commissioner Weinstock.

"No, sir; the beginning of the fire was in my tent. It was about 6 o'clock. It was still light. It started outside."

"But when you went out didn't you see anyone?

"No, sir, only the militiamen."

For a full two minutes the commissioners gazed silently at the woman. Then finally Weinstock asked:

"When you went to the railroad station what did you think had become of your children?"

"I wasn't thinking of anything," replied Mrs. Petrucci, clasping her handkerchief to her breast.

Mother Jones took the woman in her arms as she stepped from the stand and led her away.

Andrew Carnegie will probably be called on Friday.

HEARING ON CITY ORDINANCE

New York Herald

If there is any general opposition to an ordinance to guard the public against the nuisance of smoking automobiles, it failed to develop at a public hearing in the matter held yesterday afternoon by the Committee on Laws and Legislation of the Board of Aldermen. One man appeared when opponents of the bill were asked to express their views, but he admitted that the ordinance would be a good thing if operative only in Manhattan.

He was Herbert G. Andrews, of the Committee on Laws and Legislation of the Long Island Automobile Club. He said the club favored the abatement of the nuisance, but would like to have the ordinance altered in certain respects.

In the form introduced by Alderman Nicoll the ordinance is identically the same as one now in force prohibiting smoking automobiles in the parks. It says that "no person shall run a motor vehicle in the streets and highways of the city of New York which emits from the exhaust or muffler thereof offensive quantities of smoke, gas or disagreeable odors," and that "any violation of the provisions of this

ordinance shall be deemed a minor offence and, upon conviction thereof before a city magistrate, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $10 or by imprisonment in the City Prison, or by both; but no such imprisonment, however, shall exceed a term of five days."

Mr. Andrews suggested that the word "offensive" be changed to "excessive" and that the fine be graduated — slight for the first offence and heavier for subsequent offences.

William H. Palmer, of the New York Transportation Company, a taxicab concern, said that it would be easier to determine the offence if the ordinance made some reference to the distance at which smoke extending from an automobile was unlawful.

In support of the bill there appeared many persons, including two women. Alderman Nicoll said that smoking automobiles were the cause of a great blue haze often to be found at places such as Columbus Circle and Forty-second street and Fifth avenue. The smoke penetrated stores, he said, and made it necessary for merchants to keep their doors and windows closed to protect their goods.

The alderman told of riding in a taxicab from Cortlandt street to Fiftieth street on Thursday afternoon and of passing one hundred and sixty-four automobiles, of which, he said, thirty were smoking.

Paris, London and Berlin have laws prohibiting the emission of smoke from automobiles, he said, and the law in force in Paris is even more drastic than his ordinance.

Dr. Holbrook Curtis corroborated Mr. Nicoll in his claim that smoke had a bad effect on the health of the people who inhaled the fumes. He said it was especially injurious to persons suffering from gastritis.

Mrs. John Rogers, as chairman of the Hygiene Committee of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, pleaded for the passage of the ordinance for the sake of little children, whose noses and eyes were affected by the smoke, she said. Mrs. Katherine S. Day, of the Women's Municipal League, also urged the passage of the measure.

Others who spoke in favor of the measure were Charles J. Campbell, counsel for the Hotel Association of the City of New York; Frederick G. Cook, president of the Fifth Avenue Association; John C. Coleman, of the West End Association, and William Kirkpatrick.

Mr. Coleman said that on the upper west side chauffeurs often vie with one another to see how much smoke they can emit and how much noise they can make.

The claim was made that the emission of smoke could be prevented without difficulty, and nobody contradicted the statement. Taxicabs were said to be the worst offenders.

HEARING ON PROPOSED ORDINANCE

New York Times

Nearly 500 persons living in New York who raise chickens on their fire escapes, in their backyards, or on vacant lots, for eating purposes or for their eggs, went by invitation to the offices of the Department of Health yesterday afternoon and made a mighty protest against the proposed ordinance to prohibit the raising of hens within seventy-five feet of the nearest residence or public building, and the keeping of roosters anywhere.

Their complaints against the hardships of the regulations under consideration were heard with great patience by Dr. Haven Emerson, Deputy Commissioner of Health, in charge of the Sanitary Bureau. Dr. Emerson had difficulty in keeping order at the meeting, because all the chicken owners were disposed to talk at once. On this account, too, many of those who probably had good arguments to use against the tentative ordinance were unable to get a hearing.

The lecture room on the fifth floor of the Department of Health Building was packed with chicken owners long before 4 o'clock, when the meeting was called to order by Dr. Emerson. The gathering was

composed of every kind of chicken raiser, from the head of a family which kept just two pullets for their eggs, to the fancier who boasted of the finest breed of fowl in large numbers. Seated on either side of Dr. Emerson were several members of his staff, including Dr. John Barry, Assistant Sanitary Superintendent of Queens, and Dr. John Sprague, Assistant Sanitary Superintendent of Richmond.

The meeting was opened by Dr. Emerson, who explained that the Sanitary Bureau had received more than 14,000 complaints on account of chickens since the first of the year. Furthermore, he asserted that inspectors were occupied one-third of their time investigating applications for permits to keep chickens, or complaints about them. He then started to read some of the hundreds of letters of complaint on the subject of chickens, when one of the owners interrupted:

"I don't think it's fair to take up our time with letters of complaint, because we already know what's in them. We want to find out what's the best the Department of Health can do for chicken raisers."

A member of a delegation from Sheepshead Bay said that the proposed seventy-five-foot limit would entirely wipe out chicken raising in his section, and he believed it would have the same effect in other suburban districts. He said:

"I have a plot 100 by 100 feet, and my house is constructed so that it would be impossible for me to keep chickens in accordance with the seventy-five-foot limit. The average suburbanite lives on a plot 50 by 100 feet."

The suggestion that the new limit would practically eliminate the chicken industry from this city, brought forth a chorus of groans not unlike that of Sing Sing when a convict is led from the death house to the electric chair.

Dr. Emerson was the target for a score of different questions from every part of the room, and, as the best way out of the difficulty, he asked all who had killed chickens on their plots to raise their hands.

"Don't you do it; you'll be fined," was the warning shouted by one of the chicken owners, and this was the signal for another series of groans.

It took the Deputy Health Commissioner some little time to restore order and to explain to the men and women that no police officers were present to start proceedings against offenders of the anti-chicken-slaughtering regulations.

One of the chicken raisers pointed out that the law was absurd in that it said that a chicken coop could not be kept within seventy-five feet of a factory.

"Is a chicken going to harm a factory?" he asked.

Dr. Emerson then tried to tell the complaining chicken owners that milk-bottling works, on the sanitation of which depended the lives of thousands of babies, were among the "factories" protected by the regulation. He also said that there was no intent in the seventy-five-foot limit to discriminate against chicken owners any more than there was to discriminate against saloons, which are required to be 200 feet removed from the nearest church or school. Here he was interrupted:

"You see a lot of drunken men coming out of saloons, but you never see a drunken chicken coming out of a chicken coop."

When Dr. Emerson asserted that 150,000 chickens were slaughtered in New York City every year in violation of the law regulating slaughter houses, several men and women jumped to their feet. All at once the men protested:

"But we slaughter them in a more sanitary way than the licensed slaughter houses."

When this period of excitement had somewhat subsided, a little woman arose quietly and, on the ground that she kept two chickens for their eggs, protested against further reference to the killing of fowls as "slaughter."

J. Howland Leavitt, Superintendent of Highways of Queens, endeavored to calm the chicken owners by assuring them that it must be the idea of the Department of Health to improve bad conditions without being too strict with those persons who complied with the health regulations.

"For instance," said Supt. Leavitt, "I

keep chickens within sixty-five feet of a school house. They do not disturb any of my neighbors, and there has never been any complaint about them, to my knowledge."

"Have you ever received a permit to keep those chickens?" asked Dr. Emerson.

"No," replied Mr. Leavitt, and the chicken owners were forced to laugh—for the first time.

On behalf of citizens of Queens and Richmond Boroughs in their districts, Aldermen Burden of Flushing and O'Rourke of Richmond made certain objections to the proposed ordinance. Alderman Burden said his constituents were satisfied with the present law, and only asked for adequate inspection. Alderman O'Rourke said it would be more in keeping with the Mayor's policy to apply home rule to chickens and leave each Assistant Sanitary Superintendent with jurisdiction in his borough.

The fears of the chicken raisers were somewhat allayed when Commissioner Emerson read a letter from one of their number suggesting a few modifications to the proposed ordinance. He took a vote on the suggestions and the majority indorsed them.

Before the meeting was closed the chicken owners voted their thanks to Dr. Emerson for his patience in hearing their complaints.

HEARING BEFORE COMMITTEE

Chicago Herald

Are women less brave than men in time of danger?

J. C. McDonnell, chief of the fire prevention bureau, precipitated the second chapter in the controversy yesterday when he appeared before the judiciary committee of the city council and reiterated his contention that public safety demanded the substitution of men for women ushers in Chicago theaters.

"Women ushers are not as brave as men when danger comes," he argued.

"Experience has proved that statement purely theoretical and absolutely untrue," responded the managers of playhouses which employ girl ushers.

"Women ushers are all right to hand out programs and show patrons to seats, but that is all," the fire prevention chief remarked.

And thereby Armageddon was set down in the midst of the theatrical world.

The first strategic move of the opposing forces—the girl ushers of Chicago—consisted in the organization of an effective fighting machine.

"The Girl Ushers' Anti-McDonnell League" it is called—and the name conceals little of the organization's plans of procedure.

"Our work is to us what other kinds of work are to other girls—our means of earning a livelihood," said Miss Marie Donlan of the Princess Theater, chairman of the league. "To the assistant fire chief the change from women ushers to men would mean only the vindication of an idea. To us it would mean the loss of our positions."

The campaign contemplated by the league has no place in it for consideration of the feelings of the fire prevention head.

"We shall ignore him with pleasure," volunteered Miss Blanche Lamb, head usher of the Garrick.

Here is the plan worked out by the members of the league's impromptu war council: A petition will be prepared and presented to Mayor Harrison by a committee selected from the membership of the league. The petition will recite actual instances in which girls have proved their bravery "under fire."

New friends sprang to the defense of the young women at the council committee meeting. They were Aldermen Coughlin and Dempsey. The former cited the instance of the Iroquois Theater fire, when "men ushers failed to prevent terrible loss of life." Alderman Dempsey said it would be wrong "to throw so many girls out of employment."

Girl ushers active in the new league include the Misses Eleanor Cline and Gertrude White of the Princess Theater, the

Misses Lucile Perkins and Blanche Lamb of the Garrick, and the Misses T. Crowley, D. Dennis and G. Kennedy of Powers'.

The council judiciary committee voted to defer action until after the managers of the theaters had been given an opportunity to be heard.

Meanwhile—who are braver, girls or boys?

Theatrical managers say girls.

Assistant Chief McDonnell says boys.

And you—?

STATE LEGISLATURE

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

JEFFERSON CITY, Jan. 21.—Opposition of Democratic politicians in St. Louis to a reform of the Justice of the Peace system in the city developed in the House yesterday over a bill modeled along the lines of the Municipal Courts bill, which has three times been killed through the influence of politicians who sought to perpetuate the present system in the minor courts of St. Louis.

William R. Handy, Democratic member from the Third District in St. Louis, yesterday succeeded in keeping the Justice of the Peace bill in the Committee on Municipal Corporations after the House had voted to request that committee to return the bill that it might be referred to the Committee on Justices of the Peace, to which it properly belongs.

Handy is a member of the Municipal Corporations Committee, and with the bill in that committee, it is always under his eye, and he is in a position to have a voice in determining whether it shall ever be reported. Through many sessions Handy has fought to kill the municipal courts bill.

The Justices of the Peace bill was introduced by John C. Harrison of St. Louis. Harrison is a lawyer and a former Justice of the Peace.

His bill provides that Justices of the Peace shall be elected at large in St. Louis and that each shall have jurisdiction throughout the city. It places each Justice on a salary of $3000 a year and provides for a reduction in the number of Justices from 11 to 7. Each Justice, the bill provides, must be a licensed attorney.

One clerk is provided for, to be elected by the Justices. There are to be such deputy clerks as are required. One Constable is provided for in the bill, his salary to be $2500 a year. Deputy clerks and Constables shall be paid $1800 a year each. In addition to his salary, the Constable is allowed 2½ per cent of all amounts collected by him on execution.

The bill does not require that all the justice courts shall be in one building, but provides that the Board of Aldermen shall provide suitable rooms and offices, which shall be centrally located.

The bill is opposed by ward politicians, as was the Municipal Courts bill in previous sessions, for the reason that it would abolish many jobs of Constables and would break up the political organizations in the Justice of the Peace districts in St. Louis.

Democrats are opposing it on the additional ground that under the present system the Democrats are able to elect some Justices and Constables, and they fear that, if such officers were elected at large, the Republicans would win all the jobs.

The controlling motive of the opposition, however, is the danger of breaking up the organizations through which political bosses are able to reward faithful henchmen or get jobs for themselves.

The requirement that a Justice must be a practicing attorney would end the present system, practiced in many of the districts in St. Louis, of ward politicians having themselves elected Justices of the Peace.

Harrison's bill was introduced a week ago. It was referred by Speaker Ross to the Municipal Corporations Committee, of which Handy is a member. Yesterday Harrison requested that it be taken from that committee and sent to the Committee on Justices of the Peace, of which he is a member.

Handy objected. He said that he was opposed to having the bill in Harrison's committee. Speaker Ross said that it was customary to refer a bill to any committee

the member introducing it desired, but Representative James J. Blain made the point that Ross had no power to take the bill out of the Municipal Corporations Committee.

Harrison then offered a motion that the committee be instructed to return the bill to the House. Blain objected to the form of the motion. He said that the committee should be requested, not instructed. Harrison changed his motion.

The Municipal Corporations Committee met yesterday afternoon. Handy was present. The committee voted to refuse the request of the House and to retain possession of the bill. The only Democrats on the committee voting to return the bill were Representatives White of Cole County and O'Brien of Wayne County.

Harrison said this morning that he would renew his motion and that he would ask that the House order the Municipal Corporations Committee to return the bill.

NOTE — *The second of the next two stories follows up the news of the introduction of an ordinance given in the first story.*

CITY COUNCIL MEETING

(1)

Philadelphia Ledger

(Condensed)

Authority for the immediate erection of a two-track elevated railway from Front and Arch streets to Rhawn street, Holmesburg, is granted in an ordinance introduced in Common Council yesterday by Peter E. Costello, of the 45th Ward.

Asserting that he had introduced the bill upon his own volition, Mr. Costello said that he did not even know whether it embraced the recommendations made by Director of City Transit Taylor for such a road. The people in the northeast want it, he said, and are certain that it will be a paying proposition. Republican Organization leaders are understood to be behind the measure. The bill relegates Director Taylor to second place in approval of the plans for the project. It provides that work shall be started within six months after the plans have been approved by the "Departments of Public Works and of City Transit."

Attention was called to the fact that the Costello ordinance, by clearing the way for the Philadelphia Rapid Transit to accept a Northeast "L" proposition by itself, might seriously hamper the projects of Director Taylor by eliminating one of the main features in the Taylor plans, which contemplate the new high-speed system as a unit. The deep significance of the ordinance, councilmanic observers said, lay in this fact.

In accordance with the agreement between the city and the Rapid Transit Company, the latter has first refusal of the franchise. If within 90 days after passage of the ordinance that company does not indicate acceptance or rejection, the Mayor shall, by public advertisement, request tenders for the construction of the elevated and report the same to Councils, "to the end that the said new company or the city of Philadelphia may proceed with the construction of the same."

The company submitting the successful tender is given six months within which to present complete plans for approval to the Departments of Public Works and of City Transit. Within six months after approval of such plans actual work of construction must be started.

In consideration of the franchise the company is to pay to the city 10 per cent. of its net profits in cash before any dividends are paid. The rate of fare is not to exceed 5 cents for a continuous ride.

The road throughout is to have an overhead clearance of 14 feet above street grades. From Front and Arch streets to Frankford, the Costello route is declared to be the same as that laid down by Director Taylor.

As provided in the ordinance, the route of the road is to be from Front and Arch streets, along Front street to Kensington avenue, along Kensington avenue to Frankford avenue, along Frankford avenue to Rhawn street.

Stations are to be established at Front and Arch streets, at Noble street, Girard

avenue and Berks street; along Kensington avenue between Somerset and Cambria streets, between Allegheny avenue and Westmoreland street and at or near Tioga and Adams streets; along Frankford avenue at Unity, Arrott, Bridge, Comly, Tyson and Rhawn streets.

The road is to be operated by electricity or any power other than steam. The ordinance was referred to the Committee on Street Railways, of which Charles Seger is chairman and Mr. Costello a member.

The announcement that an ordinance had been introduced for the construction of the Frankford elevated was a complete surprise to Director of Transit Taylor. He so told the audience he addressed last night at a mass-meeting in Tioga. He refused to discuss the matter at any length.

"After I carefully study that ordinance," he said, "and learn more about it, I will make a public statement. That will be tomorrow afternoon."

A resolution introduced by Select Councilman Harry J. Trainer, to grant permission for the use of the south side of Pier 16, South, for loading supplies by the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, was passed.

An ordinance for a "curb market" on Marshall street, between Brown and Parrish streets, also was passed.

A resolution providing for the extension of the Greenmount Cemetery, which recently passed Common Council, was objected to by William R. Rieber and, on motion of Louis Hutt, of the 29th Ward, was laid on the table.

A resolution was passed providing for the extension of Fairmount Park by the addition of a plot of ground at Rittenhouse street and Wissahickon avenue.

Resolutions were introduced providing for the appropriation of $26,000 for a bridge on Sherwood avenue over the east branch of Indian Run; for the opening of Beulah street from Shunk street to Oregon avenue, and Charles street from Bridge to Harrison streets; for an appropriation of $6500 for the improvement of Connell Park; for the opening of a playground and recreation centre between Frankford and Erie avenues, Venango street and the Pennsylvania railroad; and for $12,000 for the purchase of a Delaware wharf property on the south side of Pine street.

A communication was received from the East Germantown Improvement Association, calling attention to the dangerous condition existing along York road by reason of the absence of properly paved sidewalks, and urging better police protection. A letter also was received from Judge Barratt, urging that the Sons of the Revolution be permitted to erect a bronze tablet to the memory of John Nixon in Independence Square.

A plea also was received from the Mutual Beneficial and Protective Association of the Bureau of Water, requesting a 15 per cent. increase in salaries for employes now getting $1400 a year or less.

Select Councilman George T. Conrade, of the 5th Ward, introduced a resolution granting the use of Washington Square for the proposed "mongrel" or "yellow dog" show, to be held on December 19.

(2)

Philadephia Ledger

(Abridged)

Opposition to Councilman Peter E. Costello's ordinance proposing the early construction of an elevated railroad to Frankford, with the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company receiving first preference as a building and operating company, was sounded yesterday by prominent councilmanic leaders, Republican Organization colleagues of Mr. Costello.

In a joint statement setting forth that they had no knowledge of the Costello ordinance previous to its introduction last Thursday, Charles Seger, chairman of Councils' Joint Committee on Street Railways, and John P. Connelly, chairman of Councils' Finance Committee, declared themselves opposed to any ordinance which does not embrace transit facilities "on a broad basis" for the entire city.

At the same time Director of City Transit A. Merritt Taylor, after an analysis of the Costello bill, issued a statement de-

claring that the passage of such an ordinance would be "an unthinkable betrayal of a public trust," in that it would serve to defeat the plan of the department to connect every important section of the city with every other important section by high-speed lines for a single 5-cent fare. To hand over to any corporation at this juncture the Frankford "L," said Director Taylor, would be to "give away the most effective lever which the people have to secure adequate rapid transit for Philadelphia."

Protest against the Costello plan was forthcoming from many sections of the city in letters, in telephone messages and in visits to Director Taylor from delegations of citizens. The Philadelphia Navy Yard led the way by sending a delegation, headed by G. H. Williams, chairman of the League Island Improvement Association, who declared against a "one-legged proposition of any kind" and in favor of transit development for all Philadelphia. This delegation pointed out that Costello's bill contained no provision for transfers from the Frankford "L" and Market street "L" to Navy Yard lines, making necessary two 5-cent fares rather than the single 5-cent fare proposed under the Taylor plan.

Adherents of the Taylor plan pointed out that the Costello ordinance provided for extension of the Frankford elevated from Bridge street, Frankford, the northern terminal of the Taylor elevated, to Rhawn street, in Holmesburg. This, it was pointed out, was a projection three miles long through an undeveloped territory, which, however, contains choice building lots now held by realty corporations and private owners.

In the face of all the protest, Councilman Costello announced that Frankford, with one-third of the entire population of the city, was entitled to first consideration in transit development, and that it had been trying to get better facilities for 25 years. He said he was not considering the needs of Darby, Logan or any other section of the city. He did not care whether the Rapid Transit Company or an independent concern built and operated the line. Further, he had consulted no one in drafting his ordinance.

MEDICAL CONVENTION

New York Times

The man isn't born who can tell a lie under the close observation of physiological experts without an increase in the pressure of the blood, according to a statement made by Dr. Louisa Burns of the A. T. Still Research Institute of Chicago, at the final meeting of the sixteenth Annual Convention of the New York Osteopathic Society, yesterday afternoon, at the Park Avenue Hotel, Park Avenue and Thirty-third Street. Dr. Burns has drawn her conclusions from a long series of experiments, conducted in her laboratory.

It was pointed out to the three hundred osteopaths by Dr. Burns that any habitual liar could tell an untruth without betraying the slightest sign of deceit in the expression of his face or in the movement of his body. But the action of the pulse, she said, was far beyond the control even of the best liar. She explained that this was so because the pulse or pressure of the blood was influenced chiefly by the change of emotions, and the most finished liars, she observed, had sometimes the strongest emotions.

"The action of the blood pressure is an indicator to the person who is accustomed to work with it. By watching it you are able to get the true history of a case, even in spite of the reticence of the patient, in the same way in which you are able to find a hidden object in the game of hide and seek, when your search is guided toward that hidden thing by the warning, 'You're getting hot,' and away from it by the counter warning, 'You're getting cold.'

"When a patient comes to my office I always find it is better to work with him as he lies on a table. In order to avoid distracting his attention, it is better to sit quietly beside him rather than stand over him. He is engaged in a conversation at first simply about the nature of his complaint. Meanwhile I have found his pulse,

and as the conversation progresses, the patient soon forgets that his pulse is the one thing under observation. If the patient is asked about a certain thing which may have been true of his case, he will confirm your guess by the action of his pulse, even though he may evade your question. If he is trying to keep from disclosing this fact to you, the pressure of his blood will inevitably be increased."

Dr. Burns said that she was certain she could take a witness in a criminal case and find out absolutely to her own satisfaction whether he was telling the truth or lying. However, she would be unwilling to give testimony this way for conviction. Asked if a man of low mentality responded differently in the pressure of his blood from a man of higher mentality, Dr. Burns explained that he did, yet the truth and the lie were as easily distinguishable in one as in the other.

The management of pneumonia, scarlet fever, and typhoid fever with technique was discussed by E. C. Link, D. O., Stamford, Conn.; G. V. Webster, D. O., Carthage; J. A. De Tienne, D. O., Brooklyn, and J. E. Foster, D. O., Butler, Penn. "Osteopathy and Acute Conditions," was the subject of a paper by Dr. George M. Laughlin, M. S. D., D. O., of the American School of Osteopathy.

These were elected officers of the society: W. A. Merkley, D. O., Brooklyn, President; Louisa Dieckmann, D. O., Buffalo, Vice President; C. M. Bancroft, D. O., Canandaigua, Secretary, and Cecil Rogers, D. O., New York, Treasurer.

MEETING OF SAFETY COUNCIL

Chicago Herald

There is one railroad company in the United States that has solved the difficulty presented by boys who delight in "flipping" cars and "milling" locomotive turntables at considerable risk to life and limbs.

The remedy? Bribery, nothing less. Nicely embossed "Safety First" buttons, or, as a last and never failing resort, a swimming pool near the round-house.

This revelation of latest railroad safety methods was made yesterday at the closing session of the third annual congress of the national council for industrial safety at the Hotel LaSalle, by W. B. Spaulding of St. Louis, chairman of the central safety committee of the Frisco System.

"Every railroad has trouble with boys who 'hop' and 'flip' trains and play with the turntables," said he. "I am glad to be able to report that the Frisco road has solved the problem with success, so far as we are concerned. We awarded 'Safety' buttons to those who swore off on these juvenile pastimes, and when that failed, we installed swimming pools near the roundhouses, under railroad supervision.

"The swimming pool never has failed to work. All that is necessary to steer a boy away from dangerous pastimes is to provide a sane outlet for his excess energy."

The 500 members of the council, representing more than 1,000,000 workingmen throughout the United States and covering almost every line of industrial endeavor, unanimously adopted resolutions against the use of alcohol, in part as follows:

"It is recognized that the use of alcoholic stimulants is productive of most industrial accidents and works against the safety and efficiency of workmen.

"Therefore, be it resolved, That it is the sense of this congress that the members pledge themselves to the elimination of the use of alcoholic stimulants among the employes of their plants and factories."

M. A. Dow, general safety agent of the New York Central lines, thought "the public must be educated to believe that a railroad's safety rules are for their benefit, rather than to save the company damage suits." As evidence of the progress of the "safety first" propaganda, he cited figures of his company showing that for the year ending June 30, 1914, there had been 109 fewer deaths from accidents and 132 fewer injuries.

The inculcation of accident prevention should start in the kindergarten and continue through high school and college, in the opinion of Martin J. Insull, vice president

of the Middle West Utilities Company, Chicago.

"The public's extravagant disregard for the value of its safety is shown during the automobile season, when our papers constantly report terrible accidents invariably caused by suicidal carelessness," said he.

Melville W. Mix, president of the Dodge Manufacturing Company, Mishawaka, Ind., and head of the manufacturers' bureau of that state, placed the blame for 75 per cent of factory accidents on the disinterested and indifferent attitude of the employer toward his employe.

"Safety first is not a philanthropic movement on the part of employer to employe," said he. "Safety first is a hard practicality of business extension. That seems a hard statement, but it is not without its qualifications, as there is a blood-and-soul side of every phase of business life.

"We see wealthy magnates lay fabulous sums at the disposal of a world peace tribunal, and we see in what short space of time the martial strength of a continent may apparently forget the life-conserving principles to which they have subscribed. Do we see any such enthusiasm in the cause of commercial or industrial safety? Is the blood spilled at the lathe, the forge, the throttle or the grade crossing less red, less valuable than that shed on fields of battle?"

RAILWAY COMMISSIONS' CONVENTION

Madison [Wis.] Democrat

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17. — "More deaths are caused by improper ventilation of train coaches and waiting rooms than by train accidents."

The committee on railway service and railway accommodations so reported to the annual convention of the national association of railway commissions today.

"The noxious gases that fill coaches, especially sleeping cars, in connection with the peculiar character of dust therein, are most conducive to germ breeding where proper ventilation is lacking," the committee added.

In regard to the lighting of railway coaches, the committee said that this problem has been fairly satisfactorily solved on the trunk lines, but that on many branch lines the dingy, dirty oil lamp is still in evidence. A vigorous campaign against this condition is recommended.

Carelessness in providing drinking water at stations and on trains is noted, and it is recommended that railroad commissions abolish the stationary water cooler and prescribe a cooler with a portable container. Uniform methods of cleansing such containers, sanitary methods of handling ice, and sanitary drinking cups, to be provided free of charge for the public are also recommended and the placing of ice in the receptacle is deprecated.

The failure of suburban trains to arrive and depart on time is the cause of wide complaint, says the committee. Another source of complaint is the lack of adequate service on Sundays. The committee believes that at least one train should operate in each direction as a minimum Sunday service.

The committee recommends the elimination of the practice of paying freight bills carrying manifest over charges. Delays in handling and settling claims are also complained of, and the committee concludes that the best means of minimizing such delays is to require the railroads to pay interest on the true claim amount from the date the amount of the claim went into their hands.

On the question of substitution of steel for wooden cars, the committee recommends that the interstate commerce commission be given full power to prescribe the character of equipment to be used in interstate commerce.

CLUB VOTES TO DISBAND

Ohio State Journal

The Social Workers' Club is dead.

The end came peacefully at 10:10 last evening, after a protracted period of wast-

ing away. The immediate friends of the deceased were present at the last.

While a divergency of opinion existed among those called in to treat the patient, a majority seemed to feel that the demise was due to malnutrition and faulty assimilation. It was felt that the Social Workers' Club had failed to take its own medicine—it was not social.

At a consultation held last evening at the Y. M. C. A. 30 persons were present. They had appeared out of a list of 78 who had been advised that the end was near. The main question was whether digitalis and oxygen should be administered, or whether nature should be allowed to take its apparent course, unhindered. On a roll call six voted to let it die. Four voted for resuscitation. The remaining 20 did not care enough to vote, or were animated by high humanitarian motives which forbade holding out hope to a doomed patient.

The Social Workers' Club was born about five years ago. It was a healthy infant at first, with strong pulse and regular respiration, and took nourishment regularly once a month. Social experts from all over the country came and told it how to get along. It passed through its second summer and teething period without serious disorder. The third year it showed a difficulty in digesting all that it heard. Under treatment this disorder did not disappear, but seemed rather to augment. A series of special dinners drained its vitality to the lowest ebb.

One of the reasons advanced for this condition last night was that the family income was not sufficient to support the child as it required, two other children, the Council of Churches and the Philanthropic Council, having divided the natural resources.

Miss Blanche Green prescribed a treatment of play, but it did not meet with general approval. She said it wasn't Gowdy that brought people down town last night, but just a desire to play. She confessed to an occasional desire for a game of mumbly-peg. "Social workers, who are trying to reform the world, have forgotten how to be social," she said.

Rev. H. W. March was inclined to the belief that the treatment had been regular and academic throughout. He thought that if the patient had to die, no criticism could lie against those who attended in its last hours. Prof. H. R. Horton was inclined to adopt the Green diagnosis, but thought a return to the treatment administered during the first two years might prolong life.

The other children, the Council of Churches and the Philanthropic Council, survive, and kind-hearted neighbors will look after them until they adjust themselves to the new condition of things.

OLD CLOTHES MEN'S MEETING

New York Sun

Around the corner from the weather-beaten Church of the Sea and Land in Henry street yesterday afternoon there was a buzzing of voices which grew in time to a loud and angry chorus and drew all the children of the quarter. The children thought there was a fight, but the policeman who was passing the time of day with a café keeper whose name ended in "opoulos," knew better, grinned and went on about his business.

The old clothes dealers, whose profit lies in shambling through the better residence streets in the early morning and shattering the quiet with their singsong appeals for trade, were meeting to denounce Gen. Bingham, Commissioner of Police. Since last Monday, when the police muffled the strident voices of the "cash-for-clo'" men as a consequence of his belief that there was entirely too much unnecessary noise in this town, the dealers have accumulated bitterness in their insides.

Therefore yesterday afternoon in the hall at 49 Henry street they howled their woes against the walls and let out pent up sounds. Principally, it appeared, their wrath was directed against the Police Commissioner. He was a tyrant. He was a czar. He was several distinct and wholly different kinds of things which could only be expressed in Yiddish. English was quite unequal to their necessities. But the aris-

tocrats of their trade who gabble at the corner of Bayard and Elizabeth streets came in for full scorn. Why were these allowed to buy and sell with appropriate outcries and calls when the itinerant pedlers were muzzled by the law?

At Bayard and Elizabeth streets is the great old clothes exchange of New York city—of the whole country, for that matter—where any day in the week you will find in the open street several hundred old and bearded men, with green frock coats that sweep to their knees, dealing in cast off garments and shoes. The Jewish women of the East Side, thrifty souls, go there to trade cloth, ironware, dishes, ribbons, anything they can spare, for hats or coats or trousers or shoes that their men might wear. Old clothes brokers from the South—as far south as Atlanta—haggle with the dealers of the East Side, and take back to their homes great packs of clothes bought cheap in money, dear in words.

It was the complaint of the Old Clothes Dealers' Protective Association, the itinerant pedlers, that the police mandate against noise has not been applied to the market place at Bayard and Elizabeth streets.

The voice of Ikey Cohen, veteran hawker, rumbled toward old Jacob Jahr, president of the association, who sat high on the rostrum, high hat over his ears, pulling at his gray streaked beard, and lost itself in the recesses behind a great seven branched candlestick.

"No more I must gif my calls," he complained with outspread hands. "If so much as I gry, 'Gaaaa-ssh! Ol' Clo's. Gaaaassh!' a bolisman he koms from Bingham and grabs my arm by him and he says, 'Gut id owid! If you make a holler you'll be peenched!'" [Applause.]

And all around the long room, a place of prayer and meditation on the Jewish Sabbath, the men nodded their heads solemnly grunting in their beards, saying in Yiddish:

"Truly, that is the way we have found it. How is a citizen to prosper in these days, I ask you, my friend?"

Old Louis Stein, pedler for twenty-five years, and reputed to be rich, orated in English after his own fashion.

"Der city it owes us a liffing? Say you so? Vell, then. How vill beoples know vat we vant unless ve make cries? Uddervise, ve might as well chump in der river! Ledt us write to Bresident Roosevelt! He vill tell Mister Bingham [very scornfully was this said] where to make a gedt off!" [More applause and a great stamping on the floor.]

Along toward evening, when the meeting of the 400 old clothes pedlers had run for three hours, and nearly everybody had had a say, most of them comparing New York to St. Petersburg, the advantage lying entirely with the latter capital, they decided to send a delegation to Commissioner Bingham to-day to beg that they be permitted once more to seek trade with their tongues. They agreed among themselves to call very softly, only twice or three times in any street, if the General would permit them to open their mouths. Also, they intend to ask that the permanent exchange at Bayard and Elizabeth streets be muffled if they are to be kept quiet.

The House and Wagon Pedlers' Association, which takes in all the fruit and vegetable venders, met last night at 304 East 101st street and decided to send a committee of their own to the Commissioner. They, as well as the old clothes merchants, said that business has fallen off at least 50 per cent. since the anti-noise order was put into effect.

FRIENDS' ANNUAL MEETING

New York Evening Post

"If it does not seem like hurrying our business," said the clerk of the meeting, "we will now hear read the letter from the Philadelphia Meeting." And the soft stillness of the Yearly Meeting in the old Friends' Meeting House on Fifteenth Street, softened into even greater stillness and quiet, to listen. The voice of the clerk, his grave, slow courtesy, and his wish for no unseemly haste, were in perfect blending with the old, buff room lighted only through

the great, square-paned windows below and above the gallery, through which the green of the old trees in the yard could be seen, in perfect harmony with the gentle, kindly, gracious spirit of the people gathered there, for communion with one another.

"Let us miss no opportunity of expressing the love we feel one for another, one for another," said one of the eight women who sat on the facing seats, an old lady with silvery hair under her black bonnet. The words, "one for another" might have been the text of the morning, not alone of the woman who first spoke them, but of all the words which were said.

Another woman spoke. She was an English woman who, with her husband, represented the London Meeting. "Why do we not have a crusade for love?" she asked. "War goes on, and we do nothing about it. If this love which we have in our hearts could be irradiated about the world, war could not be possible. Thoughts of love, if sent out by us steadily and consistently, must reach to the ends of the earth, as the ripples which a stone makes in a pool."

But the war was little touched upon. That, with almost all of the more important business of the meeting, will be taken up in the later meetings this afternoon, tonight, Wednesday afternoon, and Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings. This morning was held apart almost entirely for the text "One for another."

It could almost have been a country meeting. The old, square, red-brick building on 15th Street hears little of the noise of the city. This morning there was little sound but the stirring of raindrops on the panes. And the unhurried, quiet time was given up to greetings and welcomes, messages to those who could not come, the reading of messages from Friends in other places, and slow emphasis on the kindly details of their fellowship one for another.

The meeting was opened when the eight women and the five men had taken their places on the facing seats and exchanged their silent handclasps, with which also the meeting closes. They were, truly, the elders of this house, the ones who can remember farthest back into the times when all the women, and not just three or four, wore close Quaker bonnets. A tiny woman in gray rose twice from her facing place to confirm what had been said. Some one had greeted the members of the London Meeting and recalled her own warm welcome at that meeting many years ago. The little old woman rose swiftly, and, looking down at the English people, said, with infinite dignity and sweetness in her voice, "We are very glad to have these Friends with us. I also remember the very cordial welcome I received from the London Meeting." The very slow, quiet words had the sound of deep ceremony, of the conferring of great and unforgettable honor upon these visitors from another country.

There was a prayer for strength "to partake of Thy Spirit," a poem read which said, "Has the Gospel of Peace then failed us, That such a thing can be?" and many suggestions concerning appreciations, sympathies, letters, to be sent. Resolutions, called minutes, were gently put, and a soft voice would come from somewhere, saying, "I should approve that," followed by a chorus of "So should I."

In the Gymnasium are the old books, the record of the things which the oldest Friends remember, and of things which happened so far back in the years that May was spoken of as Third Month instead of Fifth. This was in the oldest book of them all, unbound until recently, with yellowed, stained, finely written pages, the "Paper of Advice" sent by George Fox to the Quakers of Long Island. It was brought there by John Burnyeat on the twenty-ninth day of the then third month, 1671. Records of all births, deaths, marriages, removals, are here since 1672, long before other denominations or governments began to keep such close watch of statistics. For birthright membership is the very basis of the old faith, the heritage which comes down from father to son through the centuries and which keeps the bonds so close that bind the families and the friends of Friends, one to another.

Out in the meeting-room, with the sight of the leaves and a red brick wall outside the high windows, there is little to make

one know that the old yellow leaves were written so very long ago, after all. Perhaps in those old days there were no white and purple lilacs in the front of the room to nod and drowse and sweeten through the long hours. Perhaps then there was not so much true kindliness as has come with the years of Friendliness. To-day, when one of the oldest women rises from her place to speak, an old man says gently, "Elizabeth, thee need not rise to speak unless thee prefer." He might not have done that in the old days, but surely her answer would have been the same, "Thank thee, Charles, but I prefer to stand when I speak," with just a hint of reproof in her tone.

CHAPTER VII

SPEECHES, INTERVIEWS, AND REPORTS

Type of story. Speeches, lectures, addresses, and sermons may be considered in the same class with interviews and reports, because all are alike in being some form of utterance. Hence news stories of them consist largely of reproductions of the words and ideas of some person. A speech and a report differ only in the fact that one is spoken and the other is written. An interview, likewise, may be regarded as an informal address delivered to an audience of one. When an interview is given in question and answer form, it resembles cross-examination in a court story more than it does a speech.

As reproductions of utterances, news stories of speeches and reports must be largely informative. Except for an occasional opportunity to describe the speaker or the audience, they offer practically no field for human interest development. In interviews, on the other hand, it is possible to bring out the human interest element in portraying the character and personality of the person interviewed (cf. "Interview," p. 135). Otherwise interviews, like speeches and reports, are largely informative (cf. "Interview with Official," p. 133).

Purpose. To reproduce as accurately as possible the ideas expressed by a speaker, by a person interviewed, or by the author of a report is obviously the only object in writing a news story dealing with such material. Four common faults that endanger the accuracy of news stories of this type are carelessness in taking down what is said, the playing up of statements that taken from their context are misleading, unintentional distortion due to giving disproportionate space or emphasis to some points, and misrepresentation because of political partisanship or other bias. All quotation, direct or indirect, should be accurate not only in substance and form but also in spirit. A statement taken verbatim from a speech, interview, or report, may be played up in the lead in such a way that it does not give the actual thought or purpose of the original. By confining his news story to only one or two phases of the subject discussed, a writer often gives an erroneous impression of the whole speech. Distortion and suppression of speeches, interviews, or reports because of political or other bias is indefensible.

Treatment. Since news stories of this class must consist largely of direct and indirect quotation from an utterance, the problem of presenting news of this kind is usually that of condensing, summarizing, and combining different parts of the available material into a unified, coherent whole. This requires effort and skill.

In writing up interviews and speeches the reporter has a chance to portray clearly and attractively the speaker and the circumstances, thus stimulating the reader's interest in the utterance (cf. "Interview," p. 136). As the purpose of an interview is to present the ideas of the person interviewed, the reporter's questions, which are a necessary means of obtaining an expression of these ideas, are suppressed in many stories. In other stories, the questions are embodied in the answers or are repeated by the person interviewed. There is a growing tendency, particularly in signed stories of interviews, to give the reporter's questions.

SPEECH

Kansas City Star

Switzerland is a haven of peace in a weary waste of war. Why? Charles H. Grasty answered that question Wednesday in his address before the City Club. It is because Switzerland, a valorous David, inspires respect from the Goliaths that surround the little republic. And Switzerland has said that it would defend its neutrality with all its strength.

Switzerland is the best equipped for fighting—size considered—of all the nations. Every man from 20 to 48 is a trained soldier. Those who are unable physically to qualify are formed into trade and professional groups and are available for supplementing the work of the army.

The system is compulsory, but it is also a voluntary system, since it was installed by the direct vote. The people of Switzerland decided that they were free citizens of a free republic, and that it was their duty to keep it a free country. Every man is more than willing to do his bit, and the service is held in such high respect that bankrupts and criminals are denied the privilege of taking part in the national defense. Instead, they are required to pay a special tax in lieu of service.

It is surprising how little time each man is required to contribute to the army. He enlists at 20, and that year he spends from sixty to ninety days in training, according to the branch of the service to which he is attached.

From then on he spends two weeks a year, for a period of years, in brushing up the military knowledge he gained and in acquiring new training. That is all. There is no rigid system that compels him to give up from two to five of his most fruitful years to service with the colors. It's a free man's system, conducted by free men.

The system begins in the public schools, where every boy is compelled to take athletic training. Several hours a week are spent teaching the youngsters military subjects, so that when the boy reaches his twentieth year he is a piece of fine timber. His body is strong, and he has some knowledge of what discipline means. Every boy gets the preliminary training, even in the private schools.

At 20 he enlists in the "elite" or first line. For two or three months he receives intensive training. They make real work of it while it lasts, but they are over with it quickly.

The rudiments of military life are drilled

into the new recruits without any waste of time or money.

Soldiers and corporals, after the first year, go back every year for two weeks' training until they are 27 years old, and then they are through, except for a final training trip when they enter the second line division, which begins at the age of 33. Noncommissioned officers and subalterns go back every year during their first line service, and once every four years in the second line service, which lasts until the age of 41. From 41 to 48 years is the age division for the third line.

Officers are not appointed through civil authorities but are selected for merit and by examination after they have completed the special courses offered by the government for those who desire commissions. The officers give more time to their studies than the privates, and they assemble quite often for war games and tactical discussions.

That is all there is to the system. There is no standing army, no military class, no terrible burdens of taxation. There is a general staff, a few officers to look after the details of recruiting and a number of instructors—less than two thousand men in all who are connected permanently with the army.

Yet in 1912 a fighting force of 490,430 men was available out of a total population of 4 million. The expense of the whole system that year was $8,229,941, or $16.77 a man.

In the United States in 1913 94 million dollars was spent on the army—ten times and more above what Switzerland spent—and all it paid for was a scant ninety thousand fighting men. An army less than one-fifth as large as Switzerland's cost more than ten times as much.

As an economic proposition it would appear that compulsory service was a better bargain in defense than the American system as it exists today.

The strong point of the Swiss system is that it renders every man available for defense without imposing a burdensome tax on the country. The Swiss citizen becomes an actual, tangible part of his country. He takes pride in the citizen army, and in many cases the government fosters semi-official societies that aim to give additional training to those who care for it.

The beautiful thing about the Swiss plan is that it works. Surrounded by thundering cannon, Switzerland is at peace.

NOTE — *Following the lead given below was a verbatim report of the speech.*

SPEECH

New York Times

Strict neutrality, extreme caution in the publication of unconfirmed news, and "America first" were the keynotes of a speech by President Wilson that aroused great enthusiasm among newspaper editors and publishers from all parts of the country at the luncheon of The Associated Press at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday.

Each telling point the President made in his speech, every word of which he seemed to weigh before uttering, was applauded by the audience of more than 300 at the tables and by a gallery of about 100 men and women.

The importance attached to his clear statement of the neutrality policy of his Administration was reflected in a request made by Melville E. Stone, Secretary and General Manager of The Associated Press, just before the Chief Magistrate was introduced, that all newspaper reports of the President's speech be based on the verbatim copy to be taken by a stenographer and supplied to all of the newspapers and news-gathering associations represented.

Frank B. Noyes of The Washington Star, President of The Associated Press, praised President Wilson's masterful maintaining of true neutrality, and said that the President had borne his great responsibility nobly. The applause that the laudatory remarks received would have done justice to a Democratic Nominating Convention. All arose and drank a toast to the President, and arose again when the orchestra struck up "The Star-Spangled

Banner," and again when the President stood up to speak.

In introducing President Wilson, the guest of honor, Mr. Noyes made brief reference to the scope of The Associated Press, saying he believed that, in scope and importance, it was "the greatest co-operative non-profit making organization in the world." Its function, he said, was to furnish its members a service of world news untainted and without bias of any sort.

"To insure this," he said, "we have formed an organization that is owned and controlled by its members, and by them alone; one that is our servant and not our master. So we are here today, Democrats and Republicans; Protestants, Catholics, and Jews; Conservatives and Radicals, Wets and Drys; differing on every subject on which men differ, but all at one in demanding that, so far as is humanly possible, no trace of partisanship and no hint of propaganda shall be found in our news reports.

"Because of its traditions and its code, and perhaps also because of the never ceasing watchfulness of 900 members, it has come to pass that few people on earth are capable of giving the management of The Associated Press any points on maintaining a strict, though benevolent, neutrality on all questions on which we can be neutral and still be what we are—loyal Americans. We know, too—none better—that the genuine neutral, the honest neutral, is always the target of every partisan, and we find some solace in the fact that this is now being demonstrated to the world at large.

"Today, however, we willingly lower our crest to one who has demonstrated in these agonizing times his mastership of the principles of true neutrality, and who, fully realizing the dreadful consequences of any departure from these principles, has nobly borne his terrible burden of responsibility in guarding the peace, the welfare, and the dignity of our common country.

"Our distinguished guest, who so honors us today, may surely know that in the perplexities and trials of these days, so black for humanity, he has our thorough, loyal, and affectionate support.

"God grant him success in his high aims for the peaceful progress of the people of the United States."

After the toast and cheers and hand-clapping, the Grand Ballroom became silent as the President began speaking.

SPEECH

Madison [Wis.] Democrat

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The place of united pan-America in the situation which will confront the world at the end of the European war was pictured to the Pan-American Scientific Congress today by Director General John Barrett of the Pan-American union.

The delegates were electrified by his prediction of an evolution of the Monroe doctrine into a pan-American doctrine for a mutual defense against aggression from overseas.

He defined such a doctrine as meaning "that the Latin-American republics, in the event that the United States were attacked by a foreign foe, would, with all their physical and moral force, stand for the protection and sovereignty of the United States just as quickly as the United States under corresponding circumstances would stand for their integrity and sovereignty."

Wherever the pan-American delegates gathered the director general's declaration was discussed with the greatest interest and it was regarded generally as one of the outstanding events of the congress, pointing the way to a new pan-American unity.

"Both victor and vanquished in the European war will be hostile to America at the close of hostilities," said he. "The former will say it won in spite of the attitude of the United States and the other American republics, and the latter will say it lost because of the attitude of the United States and its sister republics.

"In the mind of everybody interested in pan-Americanism is the question, 'What is going to happen to pan-America when this war is over?' Immediately there is the reply: 'The American republics must stand together for the eventualities that may possibly develop.'

"While everyone would deplore any agitation or suggestion that a European nation or a group of European nations following this struggle should undertake any territorial aggrandizement in the western hemisphere, or in any way take action that would contravene the Monroe doctrine, it must be borne in mind, and cannot be for a moment overlooked, that whatever way this war results there may be little or no love for the United States and the other nations which form pan-America.

"No matter, therefore, how just and fair the nations of America have been in their efforts to preserve their neutrality and in no way interfere on either side of this conflict, the war passions and the war power of the peoples and the governments of the victorious group of nations may force a policy toward pan-Americanism, toward the Monroe doctrine, and toward their relationship with individual countries of the western hemisphere which will demand absolute solidarity of action on the part of the American republics to preserve their very integrity."

SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT

Kansas City Star

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 8.—Half playfully, half earnestly, President Wilson told three thousand people at Richmond, Ind., this afternoon that this nation is heeding what is "none of your business"—Europe's affairs. In place of this, he counseled serious deliberation on America's business, its future and its part in the betterment of mankind. The nation, he said, must maintain its equilibrium; it must face, too, the problem of the future now that the administration has endeavored to break the shackles on American business.

The President said: —

"You know I have been confined for a couple of years at hard labor and am out on parole for a day or two, but I want to say this, my fellow citizens, that it is very genuine pleasure to me to get abroad again and stir among the people I so dearly love.

"Because the one thing we have to think about down in Washington is the best thing to do for you and the thing that you want us to do for you, and that is a mighty hard thing to find out, particularly when you are not thinking about your own affairs and are constantly thinking about what is none of your business, namely, what is going on on the other side of the water. I say that in playfulness, but I mean it half in earnest.

"It does not do, my friends, to divert our attention from the affairs of this great country.

"The duty which this country has to perform to the rest of the world largely depends upon the way in which it performs its duty to itself.

"I have always thought with regard to individuals that if a man was true to himself, he would then be true to other persons; and I believe that that applies to a great country like ours, that a nation that is habitually true to its own exalted principles of action will know how to serve the rest of mankind when the opportunity offers. That is a very deep philosophy of life which it is very thoroughly worth while living up to.

"We have been trying at Washington to remove some of the shackles that have been put upon American business; but after you have removed the shackles you must determine what you are going to do with your liberty. And there are many tasks to perform for mankind. There are many things to be bettered in this world which we must set ourselves to make better. So what I want to say to you now is merely this:

"Let us seek sober, common counsel about our own affairs, and then when the time comes, when we can act upon a larger field, there will be no mistake as to what America will do for the peace of the world, having found her own peace and having established justice in her own mind."

ADDRESS

Chicago Tribune

For many years Glencoe boasted a wonderful spring of pure water gushing from

a bluff and running in crystalline beauty down to the lake. The spring was constant even in the dryest seasons. It always ran a generous, spirited stream, clear and cold. Then along came the village manager, a new official in the new order of things—H. H. Sherer, appointed to put the affairs of the suburb on a business basis.

In a curious moment Mr. Sherer shut off the water in the mains. Then he went back to the "spring" and awaited results. In forty minutes the perpetual spring ceased to flow.

Glencoe had been paying 7 cents a thousand gallons to pump the water that ran off into the lake night and day the year around.

The story of the spring was a part of Mr. Sherer's address last night before the Wilmette Civic association. He explained the work of village management as a business enterprise and told of important savings gained.

LECTURE

New York Herald

"I don't believe in the public cooking of milk, or in the public cooking of anything else to be used in the home," said Dr. Thomas Darlington, formerly Commissioner of Health in this city, during an illustrated lecture last night at the headquarters of the Agora, a civic association which is a branch of the John F. Curry Association, at No. 413 West Fifty-seventh street.

Unsanitary conditions under which milk was detected being brought into this city during his administration of the Health Department were described and shown in detail by Dr. Darlington, as well as the conditions under which the milk is pasteurized in up-State and local dairies.

"Pasteurization may be good, but personally I do not believe in it," he said. "The object of pasteurization is the destruction of bacteria which it may contain by a process of heating the milk to from 140 to 160 degrees. It is not a process of boiling, but merely of bringing the milk to a percentage of heat at which the bacteria will be destroyed.

"In my opinion the home and not a public place is for the cooking of food products which are to be used in the home. It can and should be done just as well there as in any other place."

An absolutely perfect milk supply is impossible in this city, according to Dr. Darlington, at a retail price of less than twenty cents a quart. To add to this the cost of pasteurization, he said, would raise the price still higher.

He pointed out that the excessive cost of production under conditions that would result in absolutely pure milk would make the retail price almost prohibitive.

LECTURE

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

WASHINGTON, February 6.—Telling of times when dog meat—and the meat of starved-to-death dogs at that — tasted better than any porterhouse steak he had ever eaten; picturing a region where the average velocity of the wind is fifty miles, where a bunting flag goes to shreds in a few minutes, a flag of stoutest canvas is threshed to pieces in an hour, and a flag of tin is battered out of shape in the first gale, so that sheet iron is the material that must be used; describing sea elephants that weigh sometimes as much as four tons each and measure 25 feet in length, Sir Douglas Mawson has presented before the National Geographic Society one of the most remarkable stories of polar exploration that has ever come from those regions.

In his account of his researches along the great Antarctic continent discovered by Rear Admiral Charles Wilkes—the same Admiral Wilkes who figured in the historic Trent affair, in which he, during the American civil war, held up the British packet Trent, and removed from her, Mason and Slidell—Sir Douglas paid tribute to the explorer and his work.

Mawson and his party undertook the work under the patronage of the Australian

Government. The steamer Aurora, formerly plying in American waters, was the ship that carried them away. A midway base with a wireless relay station through which the party could keep in touch with civilization, was established at Macquarie Island, which was on the old sailing ship route between Australia and Cape Horn and whose beaches are lined with the wrecks of many a ship. The main base was established at Cape Dennison, on the Antarctic continent, and a second base several hundred miles further east.

Pictures were brought back by Sir Douglas showing the nesting places of a number of birds of passage who go to the Polar continent to nest and whose eggs have never been seen before. The birds and sea elephants were absolute strangers to fear, and would inspect the camera man with as much seeming interest as the camera man inspected them.

The character of the winds that blow on the edge of the Antarctic Continent was graphically shown by the fact that the men had to lean out upon it, at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees, to walk in the ordinary wind, while no camera could record anything but a blank when the blizzard was at its height.

The hut which was the headquarters of the party had one window, which was in the roof. The breath of the men and the steam of the kitchen caused this to become frosted over to the thickness of 5 inches. Men going out to take the records of the climatological instruments had to break the ice that froze before their faces, from one side of their hoods to the other, and pictures showing how their faces were covered with great patches of frost bite, told an eloquent story of suffering.

But the scene was not all somber. The cellar was a natural refrigerator, and consisted simply of the space under the floor of the hut. When the cook wanted a piece of meat he would send a dog down to get a penguin or a leg of mutton, and would take it away from him as he came out. One day the dog got away with a leg of mutton, which was rescued only after a chase of two hours, and then it was so damaged that the party voted to give it to the dogs, after all. Reading matter was in great demand. One of the party read the Encyclopedia Britannica through to the O's.

Upon one occasion Sir Douglas set out with Mr. Mertz and Lieut. Ninnis on a coast charting expedition. After going about 200 miles Ninnis and his sledge were lost in a great crevasse. Hours of calling brought no response, and the smashed-to-pieces sledge at the bottom told a painful story of his fate. Thereafter Mawson and Mertz turned around and started back to camp. They ate all the dogs, one by one, as they died by starvation.

Finally there was only one dog left—Old Ginger. "Old Ginger was a noble animal," said Sir Douglas, "and he was game to the last. But when he died of that sheer hunger of the Antarctic wilderness of ice and snow, Mertz and I had to eat his carcass. We ate the bony parts first, breaking every bone so as to get out the marrow. Raw dog meat may not sound attractive at a distance, or when one is this far removed from the ultimate hunger in which the stomach seems to attack its very self, but there it tasted as good as anything you ever ate.

"Finally Mertz began to sicken and to weaken, and in a few days,—January 17 it was,—he died. I almost turned cannibal, so starved out was my condition, but with it all I buried him, and then started back on the 100-mile journey that lay between me and safety. Sore of body and sick of mind, it was more by crawling than by walking that I was able to get back to camp only to see the Aurora disappearing over the horizon. It left provisions for me, however, and six men to search for me. Nothing but Providence saved me from the fate of Mertz and Ninnis."

Sir Douglas showed pictures of beds of coal that tell of a time when tropic summer once reigned in this great home of the blizzards, and others revealing great ice cliffs with the stratified snows of a hundred winters upon them, each stratum standing out as clearly as though it were of sedimentary rock.

INTERVIEW WITH OFFICIAL

Indianapolis News

WASHINGTON, October 28.—That the United States, in a business and financial sense, can now view the war in Europe without serious apprehensions is the opinion of George E. Roberts, director of the mint, one of the keenest economists in the government service. Mr. Roberts talked about the situation today and made it plain that despite many disadvantages he sees no danger to this country.

"The situation with respect to cotton," said Mr. Roberts, "is the chief drawback. With the market for cotton limited and prices low, the south suffers seriously and the effect is felt on the entire country. The effects of the cotton situation, on the other hand, are to a considerable extent counteracted by the fact that in the north good prices are commanded by wheat, corn, live stock and other products of the northern farms.

"This country may expect to be fairly prosperous during the period of the war in Europe. Capital will be dear and this will tend to prevent the starting of new enterprises. We can not have really good times unless money can readily be obtained for new enterprises.

"I do not expect to see money available for the building of railroad improvements and extension and new lines. I do not expect to see new business enterprises to any considerable extent started while the war lasts. I expect to see business in many lines already established run along about as usual. In certain directions it will be improved.

"The European countries, which are now at war, will go on putting out one issue of securities after another. It is a question how much of that they can float without compelling holders of American securities abroad to dispose of our securities. On the whole, I should expect most of the ready capital in this country, which under the conditions would be hunting for investments in new enterprises, to be absorbed for some time to come in taking up American securities parted with by foreign holders."

Mr. Roberts doubts whether the stock exchanges will soon reopen. He says one strong influence against it is the banks which have made loans on the basis of securities. They do not want, on the one hand, to call in their loans, and, on the other hand, they do not want to incur any danger of seeing stocks and securities they hold as collateral quoted at low figures. He thinks it will be a considerable time before the exchanges are reopened. He pointed out that it would be impossible long to dam up traffic in securities.

"Already they have in New York the 'gutter market,'" said Mr. Roberts. "I am informed that the volume of business done in this way is considerable, and it will grow. You can not stop for any length of time the business of exchange. If the exchanges are closed the buyer and seller will find some other method of coming together."

Due in part to the fact that the new federal reserve system will release a large volume of reserve money, and in part to the fact that the bankers and the country generally have recovered from the first shock of the war and now confront it without fear, Mr. Roberts thinks the banks will have plenty of money to lend. He looks for little disposition to lend money on new enterprises; but, on the other hand, he believes there will be plenty of money to advance to meet the needs of ordinary business and to extend the loans of the average borrower.

As for the settlement of American indebtedness to Europe, concerning which there has been much discussion of the shipment of American gold abroad, Mr. Roberts thinks this problem will be adjusted. He pointed out that it would be partly adjusted by the growing volume of sales to Europe. It will be partly adjusted by the individuals who owe the debt, and who obtain extension. In one way and another the volume of the debt will be whittled down so that, according to Mr. Roberts, this problem is not at all insurmountable. As for the cotton situation, he hopes to see this worked out by the pool.

INTERVIEW WITH EDUCATOR

Indianapolis News

Exemplification. Two short breaths and a stutter and then as follows: e-x, ex; e-m, em, exem; p-l-i, pli, exempli; f-i, fi, exemplifi; c-a, ca, exemplifica; t-i-o-n, shun, exemplification; there's your exemplification.

"Correct, Johnnie," and the schoolmaster, with a spelling-book in one hand and a lamp in the other, sends Johnnie to the head of the line and walks on through the dimly lighted country school building, pronouncing "jaw breakers," teaching the youth to tread the flowery paths of knowledge, and in all ways carrying out the plans of a good old-fashioned country spelling match.

Many men and women now well advanced in years learned to be good spellers largely by means of spelling matches supplemented by special spelling exercises on Friday afternoons. But Fassett A. Cotton, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has some new ideas in regard to the best methods of teaching spelling, and this subject received considerable attention in the course of study which Mr. Cotton is now preparing, and which is to be used in the schools of the State during the coming year.

"Spelling," says Mr. Cotton, "can not be taught incidentally. It must have the systematic attention of the teacher as a separate subject and his constant care in all written work. While oral spelling is a helpful aid in fixing forms, it is generally conceded that written spelling must receive the larger stress. The eye rather than the ear must be trained. Indeed, correct spelling must be made an eye and muscle habit. Constant drill in writing correct forms of a word serves to build it into one's very physical make-up.

"There are certain laws, a knowledge of which is valuable in teaching spelling. The work should be inductive; that is, words spelled according to these laws should be presented in groups and the children led to construct the laws. There is a certain economy in learning the laws, because through them a group of words may be learned as easily as a single word. The fact that there are exceptions to the laws by no means destroys the claim for economy. There are two sides, then, to the spelling process, the mechanical and the rational, and the teacher must keep them both in mind. They go together. Both are essential. The return to the use of a spelling book indicates a belief in the need of more systematic work in oral and written spelling."

In regard to the subject matter of spelling, Mr. Cotton believes that here, as in other subjects, the dominant community interest should be taken into consideration. Each community, Mr. Cotton points out, has its own vocabulary. The assignment in spelling, he says, should be worked out as carefully as the assignment in any other subject, and, as in every other subject, the home life should dictate the point of departure.

The assignment may from day to day, Mr. Cotton suggests, consist of lists of ten or twenty words covering the entire range of life in the community. The teacher may ask the class to hand in a list of ten words that are names of kitchen utensils. If there are five or six in the class, it may be that twenty or more different words will be named. Such a device furnishes the fairest test of the child's ability to spell these words, because he suggests them to himself and is not aided by having them pronounced. The teacher should correct the lists and hand them back, and then the twenty different words should be used as a spelling lesson and made the basis of a permanent list. Similar lists may cover other home departments, industrial departments, or farm life, and there may be lists covering the vocabulary of the social, the civil or governmental, the religious and the school life of the community.

The assignment may take another form, Mr. Cotton suggests, and accomplish the same purpose. The teacher may have it in mind to teach inductively the meaning of the word synonym. He gives the following list of words: farmer, grower, cultivator, agriculturist and husbandman. He then has the pupils pronounce each word, tell

the meaning, use one of the words in a sentence and substitute as many words as possible for it. Other groups of farm words may be used in the same way.

While Mr. Cotton concedes that the teacher must select, in the main, his own devices for teaching any subject, he offers the following suggestions for teaching spelling:

"The words to be taught should be the words needed in the school vocabulary and in life.

"The work should be based as much as possible upon the laws governing spelling, and should be done inductively.

"Constant drill is essential, and absolute accuracy in all written work must be insisted upon.

"It is a good practice to keep a list of words most commonly misspelled and point out and emphasize in some attractive way the difficulties in spelling these words.

"Word building and word analysis are excellent devices.

"The use of words in sentences different from those in which they are found in the text-book is good practice for the vocabulary of the pupil.

"It is especially important that pupils should learn to use in sentences of their own construction the many simple words which are alike in their pronunciation, but which differ both in their spelling and in their use. The teacher will find it advantageous to make the list of homonyms in the spelling book the basis for language exercises as well as for spelling lessons.

"The new speller should be in the hands of each and every pupil. The work is outlined by grades in the book. No pupil should be promoted till he has mastered all the words in the grade in which he is working."

INTERVIEW WITH WOMAN PHILANTHROPIST

Kansas City Star

A little woman, her shoulders laden with the burden of a great effort to rid the world of poverty, came to Kansas City this morning. She is Mrs. Joseph Fels, widow of the Philadelphia philanthropist and manufacturer. With Daniel Kiefer, chairman of the Fels fund, and Mrs. Kiefer, Mrs. Fels is touring the principal cities of the United States in the interests of the idea to which Joseph Fels devoted his life, the taxation of land values. The philanthropist died last February.

Mrs. Fels's eyes kindled when the war was mentioned to her at the Savoy Hotel this morning. She was dressed simply in black, but the soberness of her attire was eclipsed by the animation of her features when she was given the opportunity to plunge into the subject to which she is now giving her life.

"The war," she cried softly. "It would n't have come about if Europe had been listening. 'More land,' the nations say; 'more land,' with a wealth of it within their own borders owned by great landlords. Yet they must fight to extend their boundary lines.

"Is it possible to think that the good Lord would make a world in which there were more people than could be provided for? It is that idea that keeps us fighting on to make people realize. Freedom for each individual to earn his own living; we ask only for that. Tax the land; take the taxes off produced necessities; force landlords to quit holding empty land for the profit that comes from other people coming to live around it. Do you know that Philadelphia has 40,000 empty lots—not on the outskirts but in the city? London has 50,000 of them. 'Congestion,'—we speak of that, but what congestion would there be if every man could till the soil, and if selfishness and greed were not allowed to appropriate the earnings of others?"

The diminutive figure of Mrs. Fels seemed to grow as her voice let escape in its tones something of the passionate conviction which she feels in the rightfulness of the land value taxation propaganda.

"The world has had enough of charity, a poor patchwork of a poor system of civilization. We are trying to prevent the need of charity, trying to spread justice and freedom, to free the worker from the landlord's

domination and give him opportunity. For us opportunity is freedom."

Before the death of Mr. Fels, the philanthropist spent a good deal of time in England. Mrs. Fels still resides there half of the year.

"England has a king," she said, "but fundamentally the English government is more democratic than the United States. We call ourselves a democracy, but in reality we are a plutocracy. The idea of a democracy is a fine thing to hold up before the eyes of the people, but in the present circumstances it is only to blind them to real conditions."

Mrs. Fels is of German descent, but her sympathies and her blame for the war are with all of the fighting nations.

"I am sorry for all of them," she said, "but I know that all are implicated. Perhaps some good will come out of it. If the people of the warring nations are made so poor that the nations will have to take extreme measures to exist, the great estates of Europe will be thrown open to intensive farming and to all the other methods of adding to productiveness."

Daniel Kiefer, chairman of the Fels Fund, told some facts that Mrs. Fels appeared too modest to relate.

When Joseph Fels was living he proposed to match dollar for dollar any fund that was raised in the United States to forward the single tax propaganda. He did the same thing in fifteen other countries. In this country in the last five years the Fels Fund has given more than ½ million to less than half that amount raised by others.

Mr. Kiefer explained that Mrs. Fels was giving herself to carrying on the movement in which her husband had shown so great an interest.

"Giving myself and all I have and am," added Mrs. Fels. This afternoon Mrs. Fels spoke at Central High School and at Swope Center. She will speak at the City Club at 8 o'clock tonight. A reception for Mrs. Fels by the Council of Clubs will be held from 3 to 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. Fels will speak again at a public meeting at the City Club at 8 o'clock tomorrow night.

INTERVIEW WITH OPERA SINGER

Chicago Daily News

Mme. Tamakai Miura hid behind a baggage truck and pressed her fingers into her miniature ears. It was her first visit to Chicago.

"Ooo!" exclaimed Mme. Miura. "Ooo!"

The Twentieth Century limited was backing out of the LaSalle Street Station.

"She is the first Japanese grand opera singer in the world, the first to sing in America and one of the best sopranos in the company!" shouted the press agent above the roar. He led the way to Mme. Miura. She stood half frightened and half amused, seeming like a figure that had escaped from a Japanese print and got lost in a Meissonier landscape. For Mme. Miura was still dressed in her native costume. She might have just wandered off the stage from a scene in "Madame Butterfly" in which she is going to sing for the Boston Opera Company.

She wore a purple robe, with a dull red and gold girdle. It enveloped her in folds and a dull pink scarf covered her patent leather colored hair. American shoes, an American handbag and American furs testified to her acquired cosmopolitanism.

"I like come here and sing," said Mme. Miura, removing her fingers from her ears. "I been in London and all over the world. I am only singer in Japan. In Japan women don' sing so much or do anything. They have no suffrage an' only listen to the nightingale and the wind blow through the cherry tree. But art will liberate the ladies of Japan."

Mme. Miura glanced coquettishly at a Japanese man who stood near her.

"What you think?" she inquired of him.

"He is my husband," she explained.

Becoming more accustomed to the baggage truck and the Twentieth Century, Madame Miura continued:

"When I come to America I all the time 'fraid people don't like me because I hear about Japanese not being much liked, but when I come to New York everybody like me and is most nice to me. And I am sure

everybody in Chicago like me. It is so full of noise, is it not? All America is full of noise.

"I like most American scenery which the railroad show me. It is better than English or German scenery, because in English scenery all the trees look like doll trees and in Germany all the trees look like they have been straightened with mower of the lawn. In American scenery everything is big and wild and maybe full of animals, is it not?

"And there is so much. I pass miles and miles in my ride, more than whole Japan."

Madame Miura's English required the greatest concentration on her part. She paused and thought and then resumed.

"Opera is new art in Japan. We have only very few singers. Because women have no great chance, but now maybe they have. I study in London and Berlin. I have sing before king and queen in Albert Hall. I sing Irish song, Scotch song, Italian and French song and English song. Isn't that nice?"

NOTE — *The following three telegraph stories show three different forms for a group of several interviews on the same subject, which in this case was a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission granting the railroads the right to charge higher freight rates. As originally published, these stories followed stories from Washington, D.C. giving the details of the decision.*

GROUP OF INTERVIEWS

(1)

Milwaukee Free Press

CHICAGO, Dec. 18.—Wholesale merchants and shippers of Chicago were elated today at the decision of the interstate commerce commission. Here is what some of them say:

JOHN G. SHEDD, president Marshall Field & Co.: "Everyone should rejoice over the action of the interstate commerce commission. I regard this decision as marking the turning point in the business situation, and expect to see hereafter a marked advance on the road of prosperity by all lines of American industry."

JULIUS ROSENWALD, president of Sears-Roebuck & Co.: "Representing one of the largest shippers, I am glad to say that we rejoice in the decision. I believe it will have a far-reaching effect. It will help the whole United States and stimulate business all over the land."

JOHN V. FARWELL, president of the John V. Farwell Co.: "I am glad the application of the railroads for an increase in freight rates has been granted, as I believe the decision will be an essential factor in stimulating and encouraging all branches of business in all parts of the United States."

(2)

Chicago Tribune

New York, Dec. 18.—Howard Elliott, president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad company, and chairman of the board of directors, commenting on the decision of the interstate commerce commission, said:

"Careful calculations indicate that the increase in the gross freight earnings of the New Haven road, because of the decision of the commerce commission, will be less than $250,000 per year, and probably not much in excess of $200,000 a year on the present volume of business. So far this fiscal year, the freight earnings of the company have decreased $1,399,000.

"We are gratified to have the commission recognise the necessity of increasing freight rates and we are glad to have even this modest increase."

A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central lines, made the following statement:

"As nearly as I can learn from preliminary reports, the commerce commission has granted an increase on perhaps a little more than one-half of the tonnage, but to the extent that the increase has been granted it will help the railroad situation. It should also promote general public confidence for the future.

"The commission has recognized not only the needs of the railroads but the effect upon the railroads of the present

peculiar conditions. The increase granted will not solve the transportation problems of the day, but we are thankful for the help given and will endeavor to make the best possible use of it."

(3)

Chicago Tribune

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18.—"The granting of the 5 per cent freight increase will have absolutely no effect upon the passenger increases," declared George W. Boyd, general passenger traffic manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad company. "We want to establish the two departments of our road on an independent basis, and to do this we need the passenger increase as much as the freight increase."

"I am glad for any decision that would bring prosperity to the people of Pennsylvania," was the only comment of Gov.-elect Martin G. Brumbaugh.

The commission will aid in smoothing the way to prosperity, in the opinion of Alba Johnson, president of the Baldwin Locomotive works.

OFFICIAL REPORT

Boston Transcript

Twenty-five States are represented in a crusade which the lawmakers and school authorities of the country are waging against the high school fraternity, according to a report which has just been issued by the United States Bureau of Education. Of these, thirteen States have passed legislative enactments hostile to the secret orders, while the school boards of important cities in the other twelve States have adopted like measures within their own jurisdiction.

All States having laws on the subject provide a penalty of suspension or expulsion from school for all those who join these orders. The most drastic laws were passed by Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska, whose legislatures made it a misdemeanor for anyone even to solicit members to these organizations. Michigan and Ohio made it a misdemeanor for a school officer to fail or refuse to carry out the anti-high school fraternity law. Other States which prohibit these orders are California, Indiana, Kansas, Mississippi, Oregon, and Vermont. Massachusetts empowers the Boston School Committee to deal with the secret-society problem in its own way, while Washington gives the same latitude to the school boards of its larger cities.

The more important cities whose school boards have passed regulations restricting or forbidding high school fraternities, are Denver, Meriden, Chicago, Covington, New Orleans, Lowell, Waltham, Worcester, Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Butte, Oklahoma City, Reading, Salt Lake City, Madison, Milwaukee, Racine and Superior. The commonest penalties are suspension, expulsion, or debarment from athletic or other teams of the school.

The United States Bureau of Education's report also cites some of the more important court decisions, every one of which upholds the school authorities in dealing rigorously with the high school fraternity, on the ground that the measures so taken are authorized as a part of the school board's discretionary powers. Most courts cited, however, will not allow the offending pupils to be barred from classroom exercises, although they can be barred from participating in all athletic or other contests.

REPORT OF SCIENTIST

New York Evening Post

LONDON, August 1.—Boiling over a slow fire is the happiest death a lobster can meet; so it has been determined at the Jersey Marine Biological Station. The experiments were carried out by Joseph Sinel, a well-known biologist, for the Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose members associated the prevalent method of killing lobsters with mediæval torture.

Lobsters, says Mr. Sinel, are extremely difficult to kill. Piercing the brain does not seem to cause the lobster more than

temporary annoyance, since his brain is a mere nerve ganglion the size of a hempseed. He has to be killed all over. To throw him into boiling water fails to do the work either mercifully or quickly, since he struggles violently to escape for about two minutes.

The pleasantest way to end a lobster's troubles, Mr. Sinel finds, is the old-fashioned way of placing him in cold water and bringing him to a boil. As the water warms, he becomes merely lazy and rolls over as for a sleep. By the time the water reaches the comparatively mild temperature of 70 degrees, Fahrenheit, he becomes comatose. At 80 degrees, he is dead. To use a human illustration, the biologist says it is like a person succumbing to a heat wave, with loss of consciousness and a painless end.

REPORT OF FEDERAL OFFICIAL

San Francisco Chronicle

WASHINGTON, January 15.—Asiatic immigration, the "Hindoo propaganda," and particularly immigration to Continental United States from Hawaii and the Philippines, are discussed at length in the annual report of Anthony Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration, made public here today.

"I believe it is quite generally conceded that immigration from the Far East is detrimental to the welfare of the United States," says the report, "not because it has heretofore been so extensive in numbers, but because of its peculiar effect upon the economic conditions and the possibilities of an almost unlimited increase in volume if left unregulated and unchecked. Our Oriental immigration problem, arising more than a quarter of a century ago, has never been satisfactorily solved; the exclusion laws need many amendments, not in purpose but in prescribed method.

"The Hindoo propaganda, as yet in its infancy, is calculated to give much trouble unless promptly met with measures based upon, and modeled to take advantage of our past experience in trying to arrange practicable and thorough, but at the same time unobjectionable, plans for the protection of the country against an influx of aliens who can not be readily and healthfully assimilated by our body politic."

Of immigration by way of the insular possessions the Commissioner says: "It will be observed that 15,512 aliens came to continental from insular United States during the last seven years—10,948 from Hawaii, 3,950 from Porto Rico and 614 from the Philippines—and that of these, 10,740 landed at San Francisco, 3,910 at New York and 631 at Seattle.

"Aliens coming from Porto Rico have been handled with a fair degree of success, but those coming from Hawaii and the Philippines have given the service a great deal of trouble, the former with regard to the admission of aliens to the territory and their subsequent migration to the continent, and the latter with respect to the coming of aliens to the mainland from the Philippines only, the immigration service having nothing to do with respect to the admission of aliens to these possessions.

"It has been regarded as desirable to encourage the settlement in Hawaii of European aliens, and correspondingly to discourage the settlement there of aliens from the Orient, the idea being that the former does, and the latter does not, tend toward the 'Americanization' of the territory, which already has a large Asiatic population. Failure to retain the immigrants secured through the exercise by the Federal Government of a very liberal policy, is believed to be due to the fact that the conditions of work and labor are unsatisfactory and the standard of wages too low."

Of the flow of immigration the Commissioner says:

"Immigration, judged from the results of the year, has apparently reached the million mark, and unless some affirmative action is taken by the Federal Government to restrict it, or steps are taken by European and other nations to reduce the steady stream of persons leaving the various countries of the Old World, we need hardly expect that the number annually

entering the United States hereafter will fall far below 1,000,000."

Immigration to the United States for the fiscal year aggregated 1,218,480, only 66,869 less than for the year 1907, which showed the greatest tide of immigration in history. As 633,805 aliens left the United States during the year, the net increase of population through immigration was 769,276.

Of the alien applicants for admission to the United States during the year, 33,041 were excluded on various statutory grounds, the debarments being 66 per cent greater than for the previous year.

The suggestion is made tentatively that some diversion of the immigrant fund be made to protect the immigrants after their landing in this country, in an effort "to relieve industrial centers by securing employment for the surplus labor found therein, whether native or foreign, either on farms or in other rural occupations or in settling people on lands." Such relief would be, the report says, of benefit to all the people.

CHAPTER VIII

EXHIBITIONS, ENTERTAINMENTS, AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Type of story. News stories in this division may be grouped in two classes: (1) those of display, such as exhibitions, shows, fairs, and parades, and (2) those of banquets, holiday celebrations, and other special occasions, such as college commencements. Although the subject matter covers a wide range, the method of handling the news is much the same.

Purpose. The aim in these stories is not only to portray attractively the events and scenes but to bring out the spirit of the occasion. There is generally a dominant note in all these events, and the effectiveness of the description can be greatly heightened by selecting those details that bring out this note. The selection and presentation of details from the point of view of their value as showing the mood of the occasion results in a story of much greater interest than does the mere recording of the different incidents. Accuracy in news stories of this kind, therefore, is not simply faithfulness to fact, but truth of sentiment. Untruthfulness lies in adding fictitious details in an effort to heighten the appeal, and in substituting sentimentality for true sentiment.

Treatment. The chief problem in writing these stories is to select picturesque and significant phases from the large mass of available material, and to reproduce the scenes and incidents with vividness. These events offer one of the few chances in news writing for pure description. In general the description is of the so-called dynamic type, in that all of the details are selected with the purpose of bringing out one impression rather than of giving a complete picture.

In descriptions of holiday celebrations an emotional appeal is possible because every festival and holiday has its own particular sentiment. Christmas is distinctly the children's day and is characterized by generosity. Memorial day is marked by patriotic reverence for dead heroes, Fourth of July by patriotic jollification, and Thanksgiving day by the idea of feasting. For banquets and similar occasions in which the spirit of good fellowship is the dominant note the descriptive method in a lighter vein is particularly appropriate.

When speeches and toasts are delivered in connection with these events,

they are treated like other speeches and are fitted into the story as incidents of the occasion, or, if they are of sufficient significance, they may be played up as the feature.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW TO OPEN

New York Times

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce will open its Fifteenth Annual National Automobile Show in Grand Central Palace next Saturday, Jan. 2. The Show Committee of the N. A. C. C., which has the exhibition in charge, consists of Col. George Pope, H. O. Smith, Wilfred C. Leland, and S. A. Miles, manager. Instead of opening at night, the doors will be unlocked at 2 P. M. Displays of goods conservatively valued at more than $3,500,000 will occupy the 150,000 square feet of floor space on four floors of the building. About 50,000 more square feet of floor space is available this year than in previous seasons.

There is a total of 338 exhibits. Gasoline pleasure cars will be shown by eighty-one manufacturers; six companies will show electric cars, and thirteen will display motor cycles. The remaining 238 exhibitors are makers of accessories. More than 400 complete cars will be shown. These will be found to range in price from $295 to $7,500. No commercial cars will be exhibited, but there will be a special information bureau for commercial vehicle manufacturers.

In order to make a beautiful setting for the cars and show them to advantage, the interior of the palace has been converted into a Persian palace. The decoration color scheme is white, gold, and crimson. The lobby of the building will be decorated to resemble a California garden.

Following the custom of former years, Wednesday, Jan. 6, has been set aside as Society Day, upon which double admission will be charged. There will also be a Theatrical Day, Monday, Jan. 4, upon which representative players will be guests of the management. The exposition will remain open for one week, until Jan. 9. On the first day the doors will open at 2 P. M., and on other days at 10 A. M., with the exception of Sunday, when the building will remain closed.

POULTRY SHOW

New York Evening Post

The twentieth annual exhibition of the New York Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association was opened several hours before daybreak this morning with appropriate barnyard pomp and ceremony. One of the 6,500 fowl assembled in Madison Square Garden, with bold disregard for the conventions of city life, started things at 3 A. M., and in an instant the whole family was flapping its wings and crowing sociably one to another.

Even though it was only the light from an arc lamp outside, which the birds mistook for the rising sun, they resolved to make the best of it, and at noon all the inmates were in excellent voice.

The great arena, filled row upon row with every variety of domestic fowl, resounded with echoes of the farm.

It was one long, continuous cock-a-doodle-doo, that gave the impression that all the barnyards of the world had suddenly been combined in one.

A flock of white Wyandottes, looking very pompous, supplied the baritone parts of the medley, while occasionally a peevish falsetto cackle could be discerned issuing from the bantam household. Melodious squawks from several turkey gobblers, who had escaped the axe this season, added to the hoarse cackle of numerous ducks, helped to fill in the gaps.

One change was noticeable to-day in the absence of Canadian-bred birds. In former years, fowl from across the border have been among the most interesting in the

exhibit, affording a basis for comparison of the poultry of the two countries.

But, owing to the strict quarantine regulations now in force, officers of the New York State Association found it impossible to include this feature in this year's show. The fact that there are no Canadian entries is accountable for the smaller number of exhibits, some six hundred Canadian specimens having been withheld by the Canadian fanciers. The reason, it was stated, was the prevalence of disease among cattle at the present time. The Canadian inspectors had announced that they would not allow consignments shipped to the exhibition to reënter the country.

All States north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi have sent specimens to the exhibit, while a number of Southern and Western States are represented also.

On the main floor the entire space is devoted to fowl, of every variety, displayed in steel cages. The centre of the arena is occupied by a small tank, used as a duck pond, and grouped around this are several large cages, containing specially rare specimens. The balcony, circling the enclosure, is devoted to pigeons and pet stock, including guinea pigs, rabbits, and white mice.

Along with the poultry display, there is the usual accompaniment of farmyard devices, brooders, incubators, and patent feeders, which occupy booths in various parts of the main floor. John, a fine white Wyandotte cock from Jersey, was on hand to-day to do his share in exhibiting a device for grinding bones. He was hitched to a miniature mill, in which he had been trained for months to make the circuit like a horse. But everything at the Garden was so different, and so unlike life in the peaceful Jersey farm, that the rooster had an attack of stage-fright and couldn't navigate the turn. He crouched down in the traces and refused to budge, while the demonstrator applied persuasion and a horsewhip to coax him on.

But the trained hens, who were there to show how a combination "feeder and exerciser" worked, lived up to expectations, and gave an admirable performance. They were caged in a shed with a miniature turnstile in it, and every time they took a few steps, the stile was sure to move, bringing down upon their heads a shower of corn.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR

Boston Herald

SALEM, N. H., Aug. 21—Fair skies, weather of ideal coolness, the grand circuit races, a horse show of unusual excellence, pedigreed cattle and blue-blooded poultry, fruit and vegetables that made the onlooker hungry, in fact, all the accessories of half a dozen county fairs rolled into one—not forgetting the Looney Lane and its leather-lunged ballyhoo men—lured to Rockingham Park today a crowd variously estimated at between 60,000 and 80,000 persons.

Whatever the correct figures of attendance may have been, it is certain that the grand stands were jammed solid with cheering humanity, that men, women and children of all ages and types swarmed like a colony of ants through the various exhibits, and that automobiles of every kind known to the trade were paraded all over the parking space.

It was a happy, good-natured crowd, in which the millionaire rubbed elbows with the farm boy, and those who came by trolley had just as much chance for enjoyment as those who came in the most expensive touring car. To be sure, the horse is the star performer at Rockingham fair, but that is no reason why the other features should be overlooked, and they were not.

This was Governor's day on the program, but in reality it might better have been described as Everybody's day. At least, that is the way it looked to the visitor. Gov. Samuel D. Felker of New Hampshire was on hand, of course, with Mrs. Felker and members of his staff.

He was received fittingly with the customary brass band accompaniment, was whisked across the track in a miniature procession of automobiles and escorted to the grandstand. There he made an appropriate speech, or went through an ani-

mated pantomime, the impression differing with the distance the listener was from him. At any rate, the crowd judged him by his good intentions and applauded heartily. Gov. Foss was unable to be present, but was well represented by Mrs. Foss and his two pretty daughters.

"Something doing every minute" seems to have been the motto of the fair management, and the motto was well observed. Apart from the racing, the fair has enough attractions to keep a visitor busy for a couple of days at least, and then said visitor would be better satisfied if he could possess himself of an extra set of eyes.

The effect of the place is kaleidoscopic, or rather that of a talking moving picture run wild. It is a perfect jumble of color and sound. Bands are playing, husky barkers are shouting, bulls are bellowing, cows are lowing, sheep are baaing, hens are cackling, auto horns are tooting—all off the key but in a pleasant discordance.

And people—as an exhibit of the plain people and of the varnished people, too, the place has few rivals. There is the man from back in the hills, whose bucolic chin whisker wags in rapture over some particular breed of hogs, and there is the landed proprietor, who is as interested as an amateur in some particular strain of stock. You see an overalled individual drawling casual orders to a stolid yoke of oxen, and then, turning again, you come upon Arthur Waldo in the pink of sartorial neatness, sizing up a prize sheep.

There is contrast everywhere. If you are looking for the latest in horsey fashion, stroll about the grandstand, and if you want to see what the agriculturist considers a good all-purpose costume, run down to the sheds. Young America with his best girl is much in evidence in the vicinity of the ice-cream cone and lemonade stand, and Old America is there, too, just as young as any of them.

Away over behind the grandstand are the cattle sheds, where one may fill his eye with as many different kinds of cows, bulls and oxen as he ever imagined. There they are—the Jerseys, the Guernseys, the Holsteins, the Ayrshires, and whatever other kinds there be, all beautifully groomed, with horns polished. Some are decked with blue ribbons and some with red, and some which have no ribbons at all appear about as good as their rivals. Out in the field to the rear, quiet men take technical notice of good points of competitors, and make the awards without any fuss.

Judges are everywhere. They are busy with cattle and they are busy with hens and with geese, with hogs—there is a whole exhibit of blue ones—with fish, with fruit, with vegetables, with embroidery and with needlework. By the way, the housewife should not be overlooked, for the skill of the woman of the Rebeccas and the Granges, either with the needle or the cookstove, is not to be despised.

There is much to attract the serious-minded, and for those who are not so serious there is the Looney Lane. It is a long lane, a good half mile, if not more. And there is to be found about every side show that ingenuity has yet devised.

The streets of this midway are dense, and the business flourishing. You can try your luck on a "beautiful, blue-eyed baby-doll," or a teddy-bear, on umbrellas, on rings, on stickpins and a variety of other useful commodities. You can visit strange oriental houris, see the wild girl, or pay your money for some allurement that is "for men only." Lady wrestlers, diving girls, freaks without number, even the "original cigarette fiend" are all to be viewed "for the trifling and inconsiderable expenditure of one dime." But what's the use—they are all there with "spielers" to match.

With the exception of the races, probably the most interesting feature was the horse show. Yesterday's program was one of unusual excellence, and ran through several of the most striking classes of saddle horses and hunters and jumpers.

The Lawson cup, presented by Thomas W. Lawson, for gig horses not under 15.1 or over 15.3 hands, went to Sir James, Alfred G. Vanderbilt's entry. Glen Riddle's The Virginian carried off the Copley-Plaza cup in the Corinthian class, and Mr. Riddle was again fortunate in capturing the Andrew Adie cup in the class for hunt teams of three each.

One of the prettiest classes of the afternoon was that for park four-in-hands with lady drivers, which was won by Mrs. P. T. Roche of Leominster, after a skillful exhibition. Another spectacular number was the tandem race, a one-mile dash on the race track, which was won by P. T. Roche.

OPENING OF MARKET

New York Times

Crowds of many thousands filled Washington Market yesterday to celebrate the formal reopening of the building since it has been reconstructed and converted into a model market of glass, marble, porcelain, enamel, and nickel flooded with light from a series of large overhead windows.

The ceremonies began with the arrival of a procession with a band at its head, city officials in automobiles following and the forty exempt firemen with their antiquated engines bringing up the rear. The main floor and galleries were thronged, and hundreds of persons had to be turned away while the speechmaking was going on.

Mayor Mitchel said that the reopening of Washington Market as a modern institution was only a step in the plan to dot the city with model markets.

"The new Washington Market," he said, "is a link in a chain of retail markets which I hope that the city will some time own and control. Such a system of retail markets will be a part of a still more comprehensive system of food distribution. The entire plan will comprise wholesale terminal markets which will receive supplies of all kinds for distribution with the least possible handling and waste and will have a marked effect in keeping down the cost of living.

"We want to reduce the cost of bringing food into the city, and this can be done by means of better transit facilities with terminal markets to increase the convenience of the people of this city in buying at retail in some of the finest and most sanitary markets in the world. The plans are only now in the process of formation and I hope that the people will support the city officials in bringing them to completion."

George McAneny, President of the Board of Aldermen, briefly reviewed the history of the market and of its reconstruction.

"This building was a disgrace to the city four years ago," he said. "But the new building is offered as a promise that this in time shall be the standard of all markets of the city. The start toward the reconstruction of Washington Market was made six years ago by the money saved through other economies. We saved nearly $500,000 from the $3,000,000 given to us to use and $43,000 of this saving went toward the remodeled market."

The history of Washington Market and a detailed explanation of the great improvements that had been made were given by Matthew Micolino, President of the Washington Market Merchants' Association. Others on the speakers' platform were Ralph Folks, Commissioner of Public Works; Simon Steiner, one of the oldest dealers in Washington Market, and Mrs. Julian Heath, President of the National Housewives' League.

Borough President Marcus M. Marks, Chairman of the Market Committee, who called up on the long-distance telephone from San Francisco when he was at the exposition to settle some of the details of the market and to decide on the date of its opening, told yesterday of the visits paid to the old market by Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales and by Presidents Grant, Garfield, Arthur, and Cleveland. He added:

"Presidents bring honor, but residents bring business. I wish you both—business and honor. The oysterman, Cornelius Vanderbilt, was among those who in early days helped to make the market a success. In the old building the business had been carried up to more than $5,000,000 a year, and I prophesy that your business will run up to $10,000,000 a year."

Controller Prendergast said that the new market ought to arouse the people of the city to the possibilities of having a fine market system.

"We have been trying to solve the market problem through three or four unrelated departments," he said, "but nothing

can be accomplished without central authority. Last Spring we asked the Legislature for authority to amend our charter to provide for a Department of Markets, but it refused. I think this was a great mistake. We shall make the same application again this Winter. If the new Constitution goes through we will ask the Board of Aldermen to pass a bill creating such a body."

During the week the special exhibits will occupy places in the galleries. Up in the gallery is a woman suffrage booth, from which printed arguments in favor of giving women the vote were distributed yesterday, with oral arguments for those who stayed to listen. In another corner of the gallery the National Security League had an exhibition of modern small arms and various charts showing the low rank in military strength held by this country in comparison with other powers. The National Housewives' League had a booth from which advice on reducing the cost of living was issued and various patent foods were advertised.

Today will be given over to an exposition of the pure food principles for which the market stands. The speakers will be Alfred W. McCann, Joseph Hartigan, Commissioner of Weights and Measures; John Boschen, Sidney H. Goodacre, and Frank H. Hines. Tomorrow will be suffrage day and Thursday the day of the National Housewives' League. Friday and Saturday will be market days, with reduced prices on everything.

OPENING OF TUNNEL

Chicago Record-Herald

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 2 a. m.—Just at midnight an electric train, jammed to its capacity with marveling passengers, slipped out of the Nineteenth street station, darted down beneath the Hudson River and, a few moments later, pulled into the terminus at Hoboken, N. J.

This train was the first actual passenger train to run through the new $60,000,000 tunnel and submarine system which connects New York and New Jersey, and which had been officially opened at 3:40 o'clock yesterday afternoon, by the pressure of the presidential finger on a gold-mounted telegraph key on President Roosevelt's desk at the White House.

At the instant the signal flashed over the wires from Washington, the power was thrown into the machinery and the first official train of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company, which constructed the tunnel, started on its way.

Governor Hughes of New York, Governor Fort of New Jersey, city officials and railroad men of prominence, 800 altogether, were in the official party.

The official train carried eight cars, all of them filled to overflowing. Millionaires joined the ranks of the straphangers on this occasion, E. H. Harriman among the number, while further down the same car Cornelius Vanderbilt was propped up against a door jamb.

Under the bed of the river midway through the tube the train hesitated for a moment where the boundary line between New York and New Jersey was marked by a chain of glittering incandescent lights. The two governors arose and clasped hands, and then the train dashed on and climbed out of the big hole into the Hoboken depot of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

There a jollification meeting was held over the successful accomplishment of a task which has been repeatedly attempted, but without results until William McAdoo took hold. Governors Hughes and Fort were the chief speakers and there were short addresses by representatives of the railroads and of the cities interested. President Roosevelt sent a personal letter to President McAdoo, which was read.

The letter follows:

Feb. 17, 1908. My Dear Mr. McAdoo:—Now that a beginning is to be made in opening for operation the Hudson tunnel system, I write to express my regret that I cannot be present in person, and my high appreciation of what you have accomplished. The tunneling of the Hudson River is indeed a notable achievement—one of those achievements of which all Americans are, as they should be, justly proud. The tunnel itself and the great

buildings constructed in connection therewith represent a work of extraordinary magnitude, represent extraordinary difficulties successfully overcome, while difficulty and magnitude are even surpassed by the usefulness of the achievement. The whole system is practically below tidal water, and this makes it much the greatest subaqueous tunnel in the world. It is a bigger undertaking than any Alpine tunnel which has yet been constructed, and the successful completion represents the moving of New Jersey bodily three miles nearer to New York in point of time and immensely increases the ease of access from one state to the other. You who have brought this great achievement to a successful conclusion ought to be most heartily congratulated. It is the kind of business achievement which is in the highest degree creditable to the American people, and for which American people should feel and publicly acknowledge their hearty gratitude. Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

After the oratory, the guests were escorted through the imposing system of underground terminals at the New Jersey end of the tube, and then the official party retraversed the tunnel to New York.

Last night, the celebration of the event, which is believed to be the first step in a great system of tunnels under the Hudson, was continued with a banquet at Sherry's. The regular service began with the starting of the first train at midnight.

President Roosevelt pressed the button which formally opened the tunnel at 3:40 o'clock eastern time, yesterday afternoon, immediately following the receipt of this telegram from President McAdoo:

The first official train of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company, under the Hudson River, awaits your signal and pleasure.

UNVEILING OF STATUE

New York Evening Post

With the unveiling on Monday of the new statue on Riverside Drive, Jeanne d'Arc takes her place permanently in New York city. New York is not the most natural of settings for Jeanne d'Arc, burgerette of Domremy-sur-Meuse, warrior, woman saint of France, but since she is to be here, the Drive is a good place for her. There is an open sweep of view there, and hills beyond. And, in early mornings, and at twilight when the lights on the river begin to show coral in the blue-gray mist, something very like the spirit of the city is made visible.

It is this same characteristic—the seeing of the invisible, the touching of the intangible—which is in the statue and makes it what it is. Anna Vaughn Hyatt, its sculptor, sees only the spiritual in Jeanne, and in her work she holds indefinitely for us the moment after the finding of the consecrated sword, which Jeanne holds high over her head as she stands erect in her saddle, her head thrown back in exaltation. The horse is all but prancing. There is something of certainty and joyousness about the whole which could be inspired by nothing purely material or temporal. The upward gesture of the sword is not without meaning—it is the natural movement of a person who has had a great revelation, a deep creative instinct. She is holding the sword up to God.

The idea of the statue for this city, to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jeanne in 1412, and to be made by an American woman sculptor, is about six years old, and originated with J. Sanford Saltus and George Frederick Kunz. They are, respectively, the honorary president and president of the Joan of Arc Statue Committee, founded December 4, 1909, of which Gabriel Hanotaux and Pierre Loti, membres de l'Institut Français, are the honorary vice-presidents. The work has taken time and it has been well done. Besides the Committee of twenty-four members, and the sculptor herself, there was an architect, Prof. John V. Van Pelt, a landscape architect, Carl F. Pilat, a consultant on armor, Bashford Dean, Ph.D., curator of armor at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Cass Gilbert, adviser of architectural competition, a jury on architectural competition, and a Committee of the Municipal Art Commission on Whole Design.

The whole idea has been a combination of the American with the French. Miss Hyatt herself is of French descent and has studied largely in France. The very foundation of the statue is made of stones from the Tower of Rouen, in which Jeanne was confined.

And the dedication at 2:30 on Monday afternoon, at Riverside Drive and 93d Street, to which twenty-one societies and institutes, both French and American, will send delegations, bears out the idea well. These delegations will come from the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, the Alliance Française de New York, the American Numismatic Society, the Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, Fédération de l'Alliance Française aux Etats-Unis, Fine Arts Federation, France-America Committee, Jeanne D'Arc Home, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Museum of French Art, Institut Français aux Etats-Unis, National Academy of Design, National Sculpture Society, New York Historical Society, Société des Architects Diplomés par le Gouvernement, Société Nationale des Professeurs Français, Society of Beaux Arts Architects, Society of the United States Daughters of 1812, Society of the War of 1812, Sons of the American Revolution, Sons of the Revolution.

The service of dedication will open with the American National Anthem played by the French Band of the Lafayette Guards. The Very Rev. Théophile Wucher, pastor of the French Church of St. Vincent de Paul, will give the invocation, Dr. Kunz the address of welcome, and J. Sanford Saltus the address of presentation. The statue will be unveiled by Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, one of the Committee members, and the unveiling will be followed by the French National Anthem and salute. After the statue has been received in the name of the city by Park Commissioner Cabot Ward, a letter of congratulation from President Wilson will be read and addresses will be made by J. J. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States; Robert W. de Forest, LL.D., president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; McDougall Hawkes, president of the Museum of French Art, l'Institut Français aux Etats-Unis; Professor Delamarre, secretary-general of the Federation de l'Alliance Française aux Etats-Unis, and J. Alden Weir, president of the National Academy of Design. If the weather is not fair on Monday, these exercises will be held in the American Museum of Natural History.

President Wilson's letter which will be placed in the pedestal with letters from Governor Whitman and leading city officials, says:

"My dear Dr. Kunz:

"I hope that on Monday, December the sixth, you will convey to the Joan of Arc Statue Committee my warmest congratulations upon the successful completion of their work.

"Joan of Arc is one of those ideal historic figures to whom the thought of patriotic people turns back for inspiration. In her seems to have been embodied the pure enthusiasm which makes for all that is heroic and poetic.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,

"WOODROW WILSON."

This statue is the fifteenth equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, but it is the first one made by a woman. Thirteen of these are in France, and one in Philadelphia. The figure of the Maid was modelled after Clara Hunter Hyatt, the sculptor's niece, but the face is idealistic, giving Miss Hyatt's own conception of the way Jeanne looked. The horse was modelled in Paris, but the final work for the statue was done in Miss Hyatt's Studio in Annisquam, Massachusetts, where she worked almost entirely outdoors. A model of this statue has been placed in the Cathedral at Blois where Jeanne was confirmed and a bronze copy will be placed in front of the Cathedral as soon as the money can be raised.

Especially numerous are the statues and memorials of Jeanne in and around Domremy, now called Domremy-la-Pucelle in her honor. A statue of her by E. Paul, erected in 1885, stands in front of the village church and above the door is a mural painting by Balze representing her as she listened to the Voices. In the garden of the

cottage where she was born, near to the church, is a group by Mercié showing her as she left her home led by the Genius of France, and over the door are the royal arms of France and those given to Jeanne and her family. In a niche above is a kneeling figure of a girl, made about 1456, and the cottage has become almost a museum, filled with small belongings of Jeanne herself. It is hard to come back from Domremy-la-Pucelle to the corner of Riverside Drive and 93d Street. But, even here, the Maid may feel not entirely homeless. She brings her joy and her certainty with her, and at twilight, if she glances out over the river to the hills, she may find, where the lights show coral through the mist, a glimpse of things unseen.

NOTE — *The next two stories, which describe a pageant parade, should be compared with reference to style and tone.*

AUTOMOBILE PAGEANT PARADE

(1)

New York Herald

More than three thousand automobiles, many of them handsomely decorated and illuminated, helped to impress upon throngs of spectators in the city streets last night the fact that great strides have been made in the development of both pleasure and service vehicles. The pageant, which was a feature of the Tercentenary celebration, also gave to thousands an hour of brightness and pleasure.

The parade started in Harlem, and, after covering the principal streets there, swept down town and passed the reviewing stand in front of the New York Public Library. Governor Glynn and Mayor Mitchel reached the stand at the head of the column. They were accompanied, the Governor by his staff, and Mayor Mitchel by prominent citizens.

As both officials had other engagements, they left before the second division arrived, but they enjoyed seeing the motorcycles dash past, many in grotesque decorations.

As one of the motorcycles sped down Fifth avenue below Forty-second street it encountered a big automobile. Policemen managed to draw them apart.

One of the amusing features of the division was the musicians riding on motorcycles. They had on war bonnets and were escorted by a band of Indians.

One young woman in white duck trousers, coat and cap, her costume being the counterpart of that of her male companion, attracted a good deal of attention, as the two sped past the official stand.

The celerity with which this division went down Fifth avenue led spectators who filled the three stands—the Governor's at the south, the Mayor's in the centre and a third at the north of the block—as well as the thousands forming a solid mass along the streets, to believe that the pageant would move quickly. But a wait of almost half an hour ensued after the passing of the "Indians."

At last the intercepted line of decorated automobiles began to appear, and for more than an hour there was an unceasing flashing of brilliant lights, massed flowers, bunting, pennants and flags, all of which formed attractive decorations.

"Neutrality" was greeted with applause when an automobile filled with young women dressed in the national colors whizzed by the judges' box. "He Comes Up Smiling," showing an unusually tall man wearing bathroom attire, who frequently plunged into the depths of a huge bathtub, brought forth shouts.

The suffragists had four automobiles in one division. These were decorated with "votes for women" colors and pennants and big banners across the tonneau with "Victory in 1915" in black letters on yellow or blue.

Louis Annis Ames acted as grand marshal and William G. Poertner was marshal. The judges of decorated cars were George W. Breck, W. A. Boring, Alan R. Hawley, William W. Knowles, Harry H. Good, E. A. McCoy and William H. Page. The associate judges of the automobile division were Alfred Reeves and C. F. Clarkson; of the motorcycle division, F. V. Clark and

J. L. Sauer, and of the advertising, O. J. Gude, William H. Jones, Russell Field, A. M. Van Buren and George B. Van Cleve.

A reception to Governor Glynn and Mayor Mitchel was held after the parade at the Automobile Club of America, No. 247 West Fifty-fourth street.

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(2)

New York World

Have you ever been in a smoking car when the man in the seat ahead was trying to prove that forced draught does not improve the natural perfume of a rubber plant in a cigar make-up? If you have not it will be impossible to bring to you from last night the atmosphere of the automobile parade in celebration of New York's three hundredth business birthday.

The fact that many of the automobiles were charmingly decorated proved nothing except that one can never tell by the band what sort of smoke it is wrapped around.

Take a pretty light blue scarf of oil smudge and weave it about festoons of parti-colored incandescent globes suspended along the sidewalks, and you have the scene at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street last night, as the parade snorted past the reviewing stand in front of the public library.

The plan was to have Gov. Glynn and Mayor Mitchel sit in the stand and watch the parade go by. But the Governor and the Mayor had so many other engagements last night that they started with the parade, arrived half an hour before it, and got away before the parade arrived at the reviewing stand.

Fortunately, however, most persons in the automobiles did not know that, and the men saluted just as correctly, and the women bowed just as sweetly, as if the rulers were on the job—so nobody could see that it made much difference that they were not.

Officials in charge said that the reason the motorcycle portion of the parade arrived about half an hour before the next section was that the motorcycles could not stop or they would tip over. The fact that there were several long gaps in the parade was due to no fault of theirs, the officials added.

The gaps gave spectators—when they weren't thinking how chilly it had got all of a sudden—a chance to observe how neat and roomy the Fifth avenue roadway looks when there is no traffic on it. Many persons thought this the most remarkable sight of the evening.

More than 2,000 automobiles and trucks and 1,000 motorcycles were in line. Prizes worth more than $6,000 had been offered —$5,000 worth by the Tercentenary Commission.

By way of proving that some persons will try anything once to win a prize, women in some of the most beautifully gotten up cars failed to put on the same amount of clothes they would fail to put on if they were going to the opera. Nobody denied that this was a fetching idea in automobile decorations—but it was cold enough last night to wear at least a necklace, which, indeed, some of those women did.

Among the floats was one advertising a make of auto tire. Two gigantic human shaped figures, made of tiring—or whatever they call the stuff they make tires of —wobbled about on a big float. Then there was a man who kept coming up smiling from the depths of a big bathtub. When one saw him at a distance one was thrilled, but on nearer view one perceived that he was really wearing tights.

The Peace Float, the Santa Claus Ship (which The World is going to send to Europe laden with presents for the fatherless), The World's own float, showing the way New York got its news three hundred years ago and the way it gets it to-day (in The World, of course), the Woman Suffrage automobiles, and private machines covered with flowers, were among the entries which drew applause from a quarter million persons who banked the line of march from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Madison avenue through numerous other streets, including Broadway and Fifth avenue to the point of dispersal at Columbus Circle.

It might be mentioned that Ralph De Palma, automobile racer, carrying officials in his car, and under instructions to hustle from the tail to the head of the parade, bumped into a touring car at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue. The touring car lost a mudguard.

A reception for Gov. Glynn and Mayor Mitchel, who are Honorary Presidents of the Commission, was held in the Automobile Club of America after the parade.

MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

New York Times

Eight hundred white-haired veterans of the civil war paraded yesterday under faded and bullet-riddled flags in the Memorial Day procession along Riverside Drive from Seventy-fourth Street to Ninety-second Street. Because it was the fiftieth anniversary of the end of their days on the battlefield, because the Grand Army men had felt the vibration of patriotic feeling in the atmosphere, and because it was a perfect day, the soldiers of the civil war, in spite of the waste in their ranks which old age had made in recent years, turned out yesterday in greater number than they have at any Memorial Day procession in the preceding three years.

The weather brought out great crowds along the Drive and in other parts of the city where Memorial Day exercises of one kind or another were held. With the sky cloudless and the sun shining brilliantly, breezes from the Hudson River kept the marchers and the spectators cool and put life even into flags which shells and time had almost reduced to ribbons.

Probably more than 50,000 people had gathered along the line of march. As the crowd was larger it was also more enthusiastic than usual. The big demonstrations were, of course, for the game old men and the pathetic ruins of their colors. In spite of the fact that the majority of them had passed three score and ten and that many crippled by old wounds and age had to carry canes, they responded quickly to tactical orders from their commanders and as a body moved with the precision of a smooth-running war machine.

Receiving cheers and shouts of encouragement at every block, they were kept busy smiling and saluting. They passed thousands and thousands of American flags, as a large proportion of those in the crowd carried small ones. Flags were hung out of windows all along the Drive.

The flag display throughout the city yesterday, as well as along the line of march of the procession, was the greatest the city has seen since Spanish war days at least. Along many of the residence streets flags hung in clusters. Along Broadway, wherever there was a flagpole, there was a large flag out, while small ones by thousands flapped from windows and thousands of tiny ones stuck out of buttonholes.

Special cheers along the line of march were given for the twelve doughty old Zouaves who appeared in faded red baggy trousers with the characteristic jacket and tasseled fez. Also the crowds approved noisily of occasional ranks of veterans who appeared with swords drawn and the blades flashing brightly.

One of the marchers who was cheered all the way along the route was George Sebech of Reno Post, No. 44, who carried medals for service both in the Mexican and in the civil war. He marched sturdily, and continually saluted and waved his hat at the ovation he received. He said:

"I am 98 years old, but I'll be marching here ten years from now, when these Spanish war boys are getting gray."

A platoon of mounted police formed the head of the column and was followed by a battalion of regular troops of the Coast Artillery. Next came the First Division of the National Guard, commanded by Major Gen. John F. O'Ryan. Following were the survivors of the Grand Army, headed by the Grand Marshal, Commander Sherburne C. Van Tassel, who rode a bay charger. The members of his staff were Adjt. Gen. Joseph B. Lord, Past Grand Marshals William E. Van Wyck, George M. Barry, Samuel Mildenburg, Isidore Isaacs, George H. Stevens, George S. Drew, Simpson Hamburger, and William Kirch-

ner, Assistant Adjutants M. B. Wood, John H. Wood, Charles W. Brown, H. J. Kearney, Frank J. Schleder, Harry B. Dennison, E. K. Fassett, William H. Elliott, Captain Howard M. Graff, Chief Aid and Aids David Loria, Hugh Fitzpatrick, Henry Holmes, Charles Farmer, Daniel D. Lawlor, Theodore Joffe, and George Blair.

The guard of honor to the Grand Marshal included Farragut Naval Post, No. 516; Farragut Fleet, Port of New York; the Monitor Association, Port of Brooklyn; the Ella Bixby Tent, No. 18, Daughters of Veterans, and Adams Goss Post, No. 330.

There were four divisions of Grand Army Posts, and in the other divisions marched several columns of Spanish War veterans in khaki and blue flannel, numerous fife and drum corps, bands and semi-military organizations.

In the reviewing stand at Eighty-ninth Street were Rear Admirals C. D. Sigsbee, General N. W. Day, General Anson G. McCook, Colonel George E. Dewey, Colonel James E. March, General Horace Porter, Colonel C. Blakewell, and Captain J. B. Greenhut, besides many city officials and prominent men.

CHRISTMAS

Washington Times

Santa Claus, Inc., President of the Christmas Cheer Corporation. Organized in the District of Columbia under charter of December 24, 1915.

It had to come. The job was getting too big for one jovial, rotund man, and he was afraid he would miss some chimneys. So Santa, this year, is a captain of industry, operating in every home in the District of Columbia, and in institutions as well, and so far the Sherman anti-trust law hasn't got him.

Sleighs were too slow. Anyway there isn't any snow. Bells were too noisy.

The motor truck has taken the place of the sleigh. And instead of depending upon his own efforts, Santa has enlisted practically every organization, every lodge, every society, every church, every settlement house and every mission, and thousands of individuals in his gigantic Christmas cheer enterprise.

Like all great magnates, Santa is not seen by his workers. But his spirit presides over the entire project, and societies, clubs, groups and individuals are working busily in his name.

Every church, for example, is planning its annual Christmas celebration. An effort is being made this year to have every church provide for the poor in its territory, and, instead of the erstwhile custom of giving gifts to its own members, many Sunday schools have applied to the Associated Charities for names of families to whom they might carry Christmas dinners and other gifts.

For the homeless of the District the Salvation Army, the Gospel Mission, and the Central Union Mission are giving turkey dinners, to be followed by Christmas trees for those children where the home Christmas might not be as happy as it should be.

At the Associated Charities volunteers are busily working today arranging baskets to be taken to the homes of families on that organization's list, and in every case the Christmas dinner will be accompanied by some gift more lasting, such as a quantity of coal or clothing. These gifts are paid for from special contributions to the Christmas fund, and they are in addition to the fourteen "opportunities" by which the Associated Charities, co-operating with the newspapers of the city, hopes to make fourteen homes happy throughout the year.

At both the Central Union and the Gospel Missions turkey dinners will be served, and at the Salvation Army there will be a Christmas breakfast in addition to the dinner.

In enlarging the scope of his work and his force of helpers, Santa Claus has not forgotten that he is primarily the patron saint of children. One of his principal helpers is the Santa Claus girl, whose home at 70 Seaton place is piled high with gifts for those children whose names have been furnished through charity organizations, or

by friends, and by letters written to Santa Claus.

Dolls, drums, engines, skates, sweaters, and everything in which the child heart delights are piled high at the headquarters of the Christ Child Society, 929 G street, awaiting distribution among poor children. This year there are 2,000 names on the list to receive presents.

Miss Mary V. Merrick is in charge of this work, and she has been assisted by Miss Charlotte Campbell, Mrs. James Gowel, Miss Florence Roach and Miss A. Ives. Scores of dolls were contributed by the doll guild, of which Miss Leta Montgomery is director. Sewing circles have given large quantities of clothing and the American Security and Trust Company has provided vans for the distribution of the bundles.

Entire Government departments will celebrate Christmas; other Government bureaus, business houses, and military posts will have community celebrations.

An unusual celebration will take place this evening in the office of the chief clerk of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. All week the clerks have been buying small gifts suitable for children. Names of all the clerks who are "playing the game" will be placed in a hat this evening, and then drawings will be made for the presents. After the gifts have been drawn, and the joke at the expense of the recipients appreciated, all the toys will be turned over to some institution, and any left over will be sent to the home of the Santa Claus girl. This plan was conceived by and carried out under the direction of Miss Mary A. Carpenter.

Over at Fort Myer Uncle Sam's soldiers will decorate a Christmas tree in the gymnasium under the direction of wives of officers at the post, to be exhibited on Tuesday for the benefit of the children of the retired soldiers and those of men now on duty at the Philippines.

Not only the poor, but those who are away from home, will have plenty of provision made for their Christmas cheer. At the Y. M. C. A. the usual visitation will be made to the rooms of all young men, and during the day there will be Christmas activities of various sorts by the clubs and departments of the association.

The Young Women's Christian Association has planned a day which, it hopes, will drive homesickness from the heart of any girl who is away from her home at this season. The building at 619 Fourteenth street will be open from 3 until 9 o'clock. A Christmas party will be in progress during that time. Games will be played, Christmas carols will be sung by the Y. W. C. A. Choral Club, and a tree will yield gifts for everyone. Refreshments will be served.

In addition to the distribution of baskets to be made by the Salvation Army and the missions, Almas Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, is to give away 500 Christmas baskets, Central Union Mission will distribute between 400 and 500 baskets and Gospel Mission will send about 500. Boy Scouts have been enlisted in the work of distributing these gifts.

The observance will spread to inmates of District institutions. At the workhouse at Occoquan men will be given a holiday and a special dinner, and they will attend a special Christmas service tomorrow afternoon. At the District jail a special dinner, which includes turkey, will be served.

At the Petworth School playgrounds there will be a community Christmas tree celebration tonight at 7 o'clock. A large tree will be decorated with lights, and school children will form a chorus to sing Christmas carols. This celebration will be under the auspices of the Petworth Citizens' Association.

This afternoon there will be a Christmas entertainment at Washington Barracks, when Kris Kringle will appear with a bag laden with toys and good things for the children. The tree will be on the platform of the post exchange building. A musical program will be given by the post band.

At the Central Presbyterian Church, where the President attends services, gift-bringing as well as gift-giving was a feature of the Christmas exercises. For that reason the services were held on Monday, and gifts brought at that time are being sent to the Lynchburg Orphanage, the Mountain School, at Grundy, Va., and the Red Cross

war fund, to the city missions, and several charities of the city.

At the Neighborhood House, Friendship House, and Noel House, there will be Christmas trees, and celebrations extending until New Year, with daily features, such as entertainments, plays, musicales, and other provisions for the children of those neighborhoods.

Students from Washington who are attending colleges and schools away from Washington began to pour into the city today, and enlivened the crowds on F street. Washington schools and colleges have closed for the holidays. Many activities have been planned for the holidays by students at George Washington University. Teas, dances, suppers, banquets, and theater parties are among the functions planned by fraternities, student societies, and groups of students.

CHRISTMAS IN CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Providence Journal

"Hey, you, I got more Christmas presents 'n you did. An' I gotta pitcher taken thing with a snake in it. Wot'dju git?"

"I gotta chu-chu, an' a lotta other stuff and things. An', an', I gotta dawg."

This was the conversation, no, only a part of the dialogue, which passed between Little Jimmie Trupper and Mildred Conner at the Rhode Island Hospital yesterday afternoon, after Santa Claus had entered through the window and dispensed his good cheer from a tree which stood in the centre of the children's ward.

Jimmie has been in a form for months, being treated for spinal trouble. He could only move his hands, roll his head and laugh. But, oh, how he did laugh, and sing, too. And little Mildred, she was strapped to a board. Mildred has not advanced far enough to be taken off the board and put into a form; but she, too, could move her hands and roll her head and laugh and cuddle her "dawg" to her bosom.

The ward contains 39 children at present, suffering from injuries and being treated for various ailments. Perhaps some of them will never have another Christmas. But if you had closed your eyes and heard them laughing and singing, you would never have thought you were in a hospital. Many of them were able to sit up, and so that they could all be in one room, two were put in some beds. Those who could sit up had little red wrappers over their nighties, and propped up around the sides of the room, they looked for all the world like little animated red holly berries.

Santa was delayed. He told them he had gotten as far as the grounds, and then, having forgotten one present, had to drive 5000 miles back to his ice-covered palace. And then, when he returned, Jerry, one of his reindeers, had fallen into the pond in front of the hospital, and it had taken two hours to fish him out; honest, it did.

But, oh, what a reception he received. Thirty-nine little bed-ridden tots singing "Jingle Bells" when he bounded in the window. Singing, did we say? Could they sing? You should have heard them. Angels never sang sweeter. They warbled and caroled, just as if they were as free as the birds, instead of being inmates of a hospital ward.

And, my, what a tree! It touched the ceiling, and its boughs hung down with its heavy burdens. Only a Christmas tree can bear such products—and such trees as that one don't grow everywhere and don't bring such cheer. There were dolls and games, houses and boats, dogs and cats, stoves and balls, and bags and bags of candy. The tree was decorated with chains and strings of pop corn and Santas which had been made by the children themselves.

The presents were given out first, and then came the candy and oranges. The bags of candy were torn open, almost greedily, and there was a general sticky munching.

"Aren't you afraid you will make yourself sick eating so much candy?" Richard Lynch was asked.

"No, I ain't," he replied. "I never gits sick."

Richard has been in a form a long time now, and so, of course, he's not sick. Alfred Morrisetti was in the next bed, and be-

tween crammings of sweet stuffs, they compared their much-valued presents.

"Didja see my ball?" asked Richard, as he held up a rubber ball which he will hardly be able to get the full benefit of for a long, long time yet.

"Yes, but it ain't half as nice as my bug," Alfred replied, holding up a wriggley creature which shivered and shook as it was waved about. "I'm goinna call it Hinny 'cause its all on hinges."

There was little Mary Hayes, another spinal case, who received a set of dishes and a broom and a dust pan and insisted she was going to play "keeping house." Each present was better than the other, and there were many for each patient.

Flitting from bed to bed, winding up toys and adjusting pillows was Miss Laura B. Anderson, the nurse in charge of the ward. Along with Miss Anderson was Miss Margaret Smith, the children's teacher, who taught them the songs they sang, and makes herself much beloved by the young charges entrusted to her care.

Many convalescent adult patients were present, having been helped in from other wards. They were all remembered, too, as well as the children, when the candy and fruits were passed out by Dr. H. D. Clough, who played the part of Santa Claus. Several trustees, a number of the house staff and visiting doctors, with their wives, were also present.

Music was furnished by Miss Virginia Boyd Anderson's Orchestra. Piano solos were rendered by Dr. N. B. Cole and instrumental duets by Drs. Cole and W. O. Rice. A vocal quartet was also made up of Drs. Cole, Rice, H. G. Calder and B. H. Buxton. In every part of the programme the children joined and clapped until one would have thought their little hands would be sore.

Early this morning the nurses visited various parts of the hospital singing carols. The choir from Grace Church will sing at the hospital this afternoon and St. Stephen's choir will be there Sunday afternoon. Today the children will have another presentation, when they will be visited by their parents and friends.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

New York Times

Just as the strolling players of old England put up their booths in the public square, so the players of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre arranged a stage for a pantomime last night in Madison Square. The play, it had been announced, would begin at 9 o'clock, but many of the players were unable to get away from engagements at uptown theatres on time. Meanwhile the crowd grew.

It was a long wait. The arc lights in the park had been turned off. The clouds, which were hanging so low that their soft masses could be seen flying past the light on the top of the Metropolitan tower, threatened to pour down a shower at any minute. All of the lights on the giant Christmas tree near by had been turned off, except the star, and the wind whistled and moaned in the tree as it tossed the waving green branches. Only a band which was concealed behind the stage kept any liveliness stirring.

Finally, at 9:30, concealed lights on the stage lit up the blue scenery and the pantomime began. The name of the play was "The Seven Gifts, a Fantasy of Christmas Giving." The principal characters were the Wanderer, the Majordomo, the Emerald Queen, Jack-in-the-Box, the Lowly Man, his Son, the Rich Man, the Haughty Lady, the Humble Woman, the Brave Man, the Strolling Player, Pierrot, the Moon Lady, and the Dear Child. Placards at the side of the theatre announced the action of the play so that all might understand.

The trumpeters signaled for silence. The crowd of about 2,500, which stretched on all the paths as far as Fifth Avenue, became still. Chimes sounded as the Wanderer, an old man with a pack on his back, clad in garb of brown, blue and yellow, came from among the spectators. He saw the stage with its closely drawn curtains. What was it all for, he mutely questioned, and started to pull the curtains of the theatre within a theatre to investigate, but at that moment out stepped the prologuist and answered his question by telling mutely,

"The theatre is for you, Wanderer, and for you and you and you," to the audience, "and for all who come to share this fantasy."

Then the inner curtain slowly rose and disclosed the court of the Emerald Queen with her attendants. In the course of the play seven gifts were brought to her. The first was Jack-in-the-Box, which part was taken by Tom Powers, who danced for the Queen. Then the Lowly Man and his son brought in a scraggly little Christmas tree, which, however, being the best they had, was acceptable to the Queen. The Haughty Lady brought flowers, but would take no notice of the Lowly Man and his son.

The Richest Man in the World brought to the Queen many treasures, but when a bubble blew across the stage and the Queen wished for it, neither he nor his attendants could capture it. Finally, when he managed to touch it, it burst.

Then the Humble Woman came with her bird, but when a cage was brought for it she set it free, refusing to give it into captivity. The Haughty Lady was very much touched and became repentant of her proud action. The Bravest Man in the World then entered and had an amusing fight with Jack-in-the-Box, who simulated a tiger. Then came the strolling players with their play.

Scenery was set up and a pretty story of Pierrot and the Moon Lady enacted.

The Moon Lady first appeared as an old hag to whom Pierrot offered food. But she wanted kisses, for only by the kiss of one who had never kissed a fair lady could she regain her maidenly form. Pierrot was evidently the one to do the job, for as soon as he kissed her she became the beautiful Moon Lady once again and Pierrot fell madly in love with her. He chased her, but she eluded him, wafting her veil tantalizingly in his face. At last, when the sun rose, she was forced to leave him altogether, and Pierrot was quite broken up about it.

The seventh gift was from the Dear Child, who presented her own doll, somewhat the worst for wear, to the Queen. But this gift came from the heart and was worth all the others. The Queen told her that she might take what she would of the many presents that had been brought. Looking at all the gifts her eye finally lighted on the bright star at the top of the great tree in the square. She said she wanted that, and as the Queen and courtiers followed her gesture the huge tree burst into light. The Queen dismissed the others and departed herself.

Turning, the child saw that the room was empty, and there was her gift on the throne. She took the doll to look at each present, but the doll, too, refused them all. Then the child placed the doll on the Queen's throne, to play at being Queen, while the lights on the stage grew dimmer and dimmer, as the fantasy ended.

Many left because the narrow paths of the park were crowded, but had there been one wide-open space, ten times the number could have seen the play.

LAST DAY FOR STRAW HATS

Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin

Died, on August 31, 1909, at 60 minutes past 11, S. Traw Hatt, aged 92 days and some minutes, at his late place of abode at 41144 Cranium place. Deceased was a prominent figure in the downtown district, being usually accompanied by a band. His démise was not unexpected but was nevertheless a shock to many who were accustomed to take chances with the lake breezes until far into autumn. Hatt and Dame Fashion were closely allied during the summer silly season, but his departure from this existence apparently is not mourned by the fickle despot, who herself had foretold that September 1 would see the last of Hatt. Hatt, despite his unmistakable masculinity, was frequently mistaken for the mysterious Miss Dolly Dimples of The Evening Wisconsin, and it was a common sight to see him madly pursued by a score of irate but prominent citizens in the vicinity of Grand avenue bridge on a windy day. It probably was because of Hatt's close proximity to many classic brows that he was so popular in various Greek boot-black

establishments, where the swarthy sons of Hellas spent ten minutes at a time in putting him through oxalic baths with the hope of insuring longevity and pristine luster. Hatt's only near relatives are Miss Peach B. Asket and Mrs. Sue P. Bowle. Appropriate requiem services will be held at the board of trade today. Interment will be in the family attic or a handy ash barrel. Inscribed on the tomb will be the legend:

"We loved our Straws but oh you Felts."

BANQUET

New York World

In response to the toast, "The Land o' Cakes," Andrew Carnegie, speaking last night at the St. Andrew's Society banquet, practically rolled all the cakes there are into one big doughnut, bit off the entire rim for Scotland, and left England, Ireland, America, Asia and Africa to divide the hole among themselves.

Entirely surrounded by Scotch flags, Scotch music, Scotch whiskey and gentlemen in kilts, Mr. Carnegie looked the most pleased man in the world as he got up to speak. He had just led the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and "God Save the King," and remarked in his first paragraph that he hadn't much voice left for his speech.

But, with Scotland for a text, he managed to talk brawly for about twenty minutes, and by the time he was back in his seat Scotland had claimed everything in sight.

"Scotland is a land of small population, but her sons, though few, are deep," said the Ironmaster. Everybody laughed at that, but Mr. Carnegie held up a deprecating hand and said that he wasn't trying to be funny, that he was seizing the occasion to make known just a little of what Scotchmen had done for the world.

Whereupon he harked back to the fifth century, at which time he declared mankind began to look to the land o' cakes for pattern and example.

Running then somewhat rapidly down the centuries, he maintained that for all those years Scotland had been supreme in three branches above all others: religion, politics and education.

Nobody on earth, for instance, ever had more religious liberty than Scotchmen have always had. The humblest cotter over there was as free to worship His Maker in his own way as was His Majesty the King. Mr. Carnegie had observed that much in Scotland in his boyhood and had been forcibly struck with it every time he had been back since.

In America, to sum up on the count of religious liberty, there is as much liberty as in Scotland, but no more, and, anyway, America borrowed the idea from the free kirk.

When he came down to political greatness, Mr. Carnegie gave his hearers a shock. The United States owed its Constitution to a Scotchman, Judge Wilson, and Mr. Carnegie proved it by quoting a letter which he said George Washington had written Wilson, saying "we owe the American Constitution to you."

Quickly slipping in Alexander Hamilton, making him as Scotch as possible and crediting him with everything that hadn't been already cornered by Judge Wilson, Mr. Carnegie then got along to the matter of education, and showed that Scotland, as copied by America, led the world.

Witness John Witherspoon, of the early days of Princeton, America's model educator ever since. On account of him and for all the aforesaid reasons, said Mr. Carnegie, a Scotchman always feels at home in the United States; Scotland is his mother, America is his wife, and there is nothing inconsistent in his loving both.

Besides Mr. Carnegie, the speakers of the evening were Hamilton Mabie, Gen. Leonard Wood, E. Theodore Martin, Irving Bacheller, Julius M. Mayer, Dr. Alexander McGregor and Harry Lauder. Lauder responded to the toast "Honest Men an' Bonnie Lassies"; Gen. Wood, to the "Army and Navy."

A bagpipe band played alternately with a string orchestra, and a lot of the Scotsmen present came in kilts and bare legs.

It was noticeable, though, that most of the latter wore long fur overcoats and went home in closed automobiles.

In addition to Lauder, Messrs. John Reid, E. Theodore Mayer and George A. Fleming, all well known Scottish singers, enlivened the evening with ballads. A few of those present were:

Robert Foulis, Frank W. McLaughlin, Rev. David G. Wylie, Alexander McGregor, of Boston; Lieut.-Col. Allan C. Bakewell, Dr. Neil MacPhatter, Rev. Anthony H. Evans, D. D., Evert Jansen Wendell, Gen. John T. Lockman, Edgar L. Marston, Rev. George Alexander, Robert C. Ogen, Courtenay Walter Bennett, British Consul-General at New York; J. Edward Simmons, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N.

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

New York Times

The crippled children of Public School 2, Primary, almost believed that they were the butterflies and bees and flowers that they impersonated in the playlet of "Cinderella in Flowerland" in the auditorium of Public School 62, at Hester and Essex Streets, yesterday afternoon, for the entertainment of the primary children of other schools in the neighborhood. And a happy woman was Mrs. Elizabeth Waldo Schuarz, Principal of Public School 2, Primary, who has taken the crippled children's annex under her special supervision. As the children sang and haltingly danced on their unstable little legs she smiled and almost wept by turns.

Other grown-ups in the audience, too, had recourse to handkerchiefs as children dressed as butterflies fluttered in, some with creaking braces on their legs, singing:

Lightly, lightly winging, on the breezes swinging,
Airy little fairies, full of grace and glee,
Dancing with the sunbeams, weaving dainty day dreams,
Could mortals be as light and free? Airy fairies we!

It was the old story of Cinderella, but the characters were flowers, Sunshine, Bonnie Bee, the good old Godmother, and Mother Nature. Cinderella was a daisy bud, and because her petals had not yet unfolded she had no fine dress to wear to the ball of Prince Sunshine. Cinderella was Marie Schatter, who is well on the road to recovery from a bad case of curvature of the spine. The stepsisters, Hollyhock and Tiger Lily, were proud indeed, although they did limp a little.

Mother Nature, the good fairy godmother, however, summoned Bonnie Bee, who, in his efforts to call the sunshine to open Cinderella's petals, quite forgot that he had a tubercular knee. When the sunshine did come and Cinderella's petals opened up, she smiled as only a little girl who has suffered much can smile.

At the ball the part of the Prince was taken by Celia Weller, who has not lost hope that her back may some day be straight. Among the flowers was a little girl, all in white, who carried a bunch of blossoms almost as big as her stunted self.

The play from the ball on followed the time-honored version. In the final scene, where the Prince finds his true love by the try-on of the tiny slipper, all the thirty children in the play came upon the stage.

In spite of their physical handicaps, the children put great spirit into the play, much to the credit of the educational system that lifts little sufferers into Fairyland.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL ENTERTAINMENT

New York Mail

A sweet-faced woman stood beside the crib of little Jack MacIntyre in the surgical ward of St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children this afternoon, and watched him hold court with the little queens of Fairyland, whom De Wolf Hopper had imported from the Majestic theatre. Above the crib was a copper plate bearing the inscription, "In Loving Memory of Katherine Harris Wilkes," and it was between this plate and the happy group paying homage to little Jack that the woman divided her attention. Sometimes it seemed as if tears were re-

sponsible for the glistening in her eyes, but this impression died away when her gaze rested on the little man in the crib.

He was a happy little fellow, and his smile was contagious. Even the staid little members of the "Pied Piper" chorus, exalted to the pinnacle of dignity by being permitted to take part in a "benefit performance," melted before it. They had approached his crib shyly, but the effusiveness of his greeting was irresistible.

"I was goin' home to-day," he gurgled, "but I'm goin' to stay now for the show. I like shows, I do, and I like"—this with an arch smile—"I like girls, too."

"You little dear," said Miss Marguerite Clarke, who plays the part of Elvira in the Hopper show. Jack accepted this tribute complacently, for when one is four years old and the pet of an entire hospital staff, homage becomes almost commonplace.

"Which of these little girls do you like best?" queried the smiling nurse, who was chaperoning Jack's guests. Now Jack's last name is MacIntyre, and he proved right then and there that he was a bona fide "Mac," blarney and all.

"I like," he said, and his eyes roved smilingly over the entire party, "I like 'em all."

This diplomatic answer won so much commendation from the little girl guests that it is probable that Jack would still be holding court if the performance planned to gladden both him and his little comrades had not been scheduled to start at 1 o'clock sharp. Chirps of impatience from other parts of the ward warned the party that their visit must be cut short; so the little fairy queens left Jack and prepared for their entrance on the miniature stage which had been erected in the middle of the big room. Only the sweet-faced woman who had stood silently beside the crib remained, and Jack turned his beaming face upon her.

"Are you happy, dear?" she said.

"Sure," he chuckled; "there's goin' to be a show. Ain't you never seen a show?"

The woman turned from him a second and looked up at the inscription on the plate above his crib. Then she looked down at his smiling face again and said:

"It's been a long time since I have seen one, dear, but I'm going to watch the show here to-day with you. May I?"

"Sure," he said. And then he stretched his tiny arm through the bars of the crib and laid his moist little hand in hers—"You and me, together."

LAWN FETE

Kansas City Times

A quaint old fashioned garden, gay with rose trees and wistaria-twined archways, a garden which blossomed in a day, was the setting for the delightfully costumed fete given yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the little sufferers of Mercy Hospital. Girls in primitive Yorkshire peasant garden smocks assisted in the welcoming of those who came to see the pageant and to give their mite for charity. Little ones of every age who followed the "pied piper" were reproductions of the children of Kate Greenaway. Flowered chintzes gave aid to the blossoms in the garden in adding to the color effect.

It was a fete for the delight of all the grownups, but it really belonged to the little Miss Muffets and their brothers and sisters. This little bit of a Mother Goose child was there in the person of Mary Belden, who looked so bewitching in her flowered ankle-long frock demurely laced in front with velvet ribbon, her fascinating mob cap and strapped white slippers that even then she might have been in a terrible fright of the wicked spider had it not been for the wonderful mitts she wore. They were quaint and black, and Miss Muffet's pride in them apparently gave chase to her timidity.

Riding a pony with all his might was little J. W. McGarvey. A pale blue long-tailed coat had he, and a stunning high hat sat proudly and securely on his head.

Betty Banks wore a long yellow postilion coat over her pretty white frock and also a big black riding hat.

Far from contrary and altogether fascinating were the "pretty maids all in a row," and even the original contrary Mary might have been forgiven for her contrariness had

she appeared in the frock this Mary (Miss Virginia Aikins) wore. Her costume was a checkered one in many hues, banded about the bottom with velvet ribands. Her big, big hat in Leghorn and her extensive lace collar gave her a very important air.

The pretty maids were decked in flowered frocks of gayest chintzes, bobbing poke bonnets and Maud Muller hats. Ribbon streamers mingled with their curls and gave to the costumes a graceful touch.

The two little Pussy Cats were attractive little kittens in posied skirts and black coats.

Almost too heavy for little Jacky Horner was the big Christmas pie. But the broadly checked long trousers and the checked "runabout" composed a very stunning suit.

Too pretty to tumble in were the costumes of Jack and Jill, Virginia and Penelope Smith. Jack's suit of sprigged chintz and Jill's plaid swirling skirts were topped by a high hat and a bright bonnet with plaid bands. With his faithful crook, a gay yellow suit and a cocked hat Little Bo Peep took his way after his sheep very energetically.

"The Merchantmen" were costumed in velvet doublets and hose. These were in bright blue and rose and green and purple. Their velvet Beef-eater hats were true to the type and very becoming to the wearers.

Outside the garden the grounds were turned into Arcady where booths were created into miniature kingdoms, the prettiest of the young matrons and girls presiding. Miss Felice Lyne and her assistants, Mrs. William Perry, Miss Virginia George, Miss Dorothy George, Miss Helen Furguson, Miss Katherine Harvey and Mrs. C. N. Seidlitz, jr., were at the refreshment booth. Miss Lyne sold the cigarettes there.

Miss Josephine Bird, Miss Elizabeth Marsh and Miss Ada Lee Porter served at another booth near.

All these young women wore the picturesque garden smock and some type of hat which properly accompanied it.

Pretty peddlers everywhere were dressed in airy summer frocks with skirts of great expanse, ruffle trimmed and suggestive in every way of the picturesque Victorian era. They were selling sweets and flowers and balloons. To the lot of Mrs. Kenneth Dickey fell the task of disposing of the balloons. Mrs. Dickey wore a white net gown trimmed in velvet bands and a large hat with transparent brim. A silk sport coat added a bit of color. Among the other venders who plied their trade for charity's sake were:

Miss Annette McGee, Miss Florence Haight,
Miss Virginia Beeler, Mrs. List Peppard,
Miss Elisabeth Dodge, Miss Helen Foran,
Miss Catherine Firey, Miss Ada Lee Porter,
Miss Madeline Dickey, Miss Josephine Bird,
Miss Gwendolyn Green, Miss Elisabeth Marsh,
Miss Flora Markey, Miss Elisabeth Cook,
Miss Dorothy Johnston, Miss Helen Mace.

JUBILEE SERVICE IN CATHEDRAL

New York Evening Post

It is seldom that New York goes to church in honor of a foreign potentate, and a royal monarch at that. Yet some thousands filled St. Patrick's Cathedral to-day to listen to a solemn high mass, celebrated with all the stately pomp of the Roman Catholic ritual, in honor of the diamond jubilee of his "Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, of Bohemia, of Dalmatia, of Croatia, of Slavonia, of Galicia, of Jerusalem, Archduke of Austria, Count-Prince of Hapsburg, Seigneur of the Wendish March, Grand Voyvode of Servia," and any number of additional titles.

Archbishop Farley sat in his high seat at the left of the chancel, surrounded by monsignori in violet, while the glimmer of many-hued cassocks, the rustling of stoles, and the shimmer of the purple gowns of the acolytes filled the broad altar with a constant play of shifting colors.

Through windows, high up, the cold early-winter sunshine poured, warmed by the gracious tones of the panes, and mingled with the yellow light of the candles on the high altar. At intervals along the nave and in the side aisles bunches of electric lights twinkled dimly.

The church filled rapidly, and by the time the first premonitory rumbles of the organ started the echoes flying back and forth among the lofty arches, the front part, clear across the transept, was full, and scarce a pew throughout the entire body of the edifice that did not have its quota of the devout.

Not all were Austrians or Hungarians, or any one of the myriad nationalities ruled over by the aged Emperor-King; not all were Catholics, either. Many were there simply to do honor to a man who had ruled the most scattered country in the world for sixty years, the span of an ordinary man's life.

In the front pews sat the diplomats and guests of honor, with here and there among them the glitter of a uniform or a decoration. An Austrian in the full uniform of his country's service, his glazed, yellow-plumed shako on his arm and sword clanking at his heels, strode up the centre aisle to a pew. His stiff pompadour and little moustache reminded one of the slim lieutenants who haunt the cafés of Vienna and Buda-Pest. While one felt instinctively that he would have been out of place on Fifth Avenue, somehow his strange uniform fitted in with the atmosphere of the church.

The organ started and the procession of altar boys, acolytes, priests, and deacons appeared. Candles glimmered, rose and fell, to the organ's swelling prelude. With the clergy ranged in orderly rows before the altar, the chant of the Te Deum was taken up by the archbishop. Then the celebrant of the mass, the Rev. John Hauptmann, and his deacons, the Rev. Urban Nageleisen, and the Rev. Rudolph Nickel, clad in shimmering gold vestments, advanced and commenced the preliminary ceremonies of the mass.

It was all very beautiful and imposing, and the vast congregation sat spellbound through the scene, while the clergy, the celebrants, and the masters of the ceremonies, the Rev. J. V. Lewis and the Rev. A. Blaznick, conducted the rites.

Later, there were sermons by the Rev. Ambrose Schumack and Father Mateus. Father Schumack spoke in English with a marked German accent, taking for his text "Fear God, honor the King." He told of the work of Francis Joseph, of his long and stormy reign.

"On this glorious day," he said, "it would hardly be fitting to go into the sadnesses of his life. We may pass over the wars, bloody and terrible, into which he was dragged; we may pass over the tragedies in his family history. He is an old man, who has ruled his country for sixty years, and who has kept her, until to-day, whole and strong. He has kept her so, largely, I think, because of the aid which he has been afforded by Divine Providence. 'Fear God; honor the King.' That is a motto which can hurt none of us."

One could not avoid a quiver of historic interest at the words. Perhaps never, since the days when Clinton's grenadiers garrisoned New York, has a clergyman preached from such a text.

Father Mateus, who followed Father Schumack, spoke in the Magyar tongue. Many there were in the audience who leaned forward attentively in their seats, drinking in the unwonted words. To them it was like a breath fresh from the fatherland. But the majority of the audience could only appreciate the priest's fine delivery, which sent his resonant words clanging distinctly into every farthest corner of the building.

At last, Father Mateus climbed down from the pulpit, and the service was continued. And then, when it was nearly time to go, the whole congregation rose and joined with the choir and the priests in singing the mighty "Volkshymne," which runs:

Gott erhalte, Gott beschütze
Unsern Kaiser, unser Land!
Maechtig durch des Glaubens Stuetze,
Führ' er uns mit weiser Hand!

Lass uns seiner Vaeter Krone
Schirmen wider jeden Feind;
Innig bleibt mit Habsburg's Throne
Oesterreichs Geschick vereint.

Besides Mayor McClellan and his secretary, others who attended were Patrick McGowan, president of the Board of Aldermen; Lawrence Grosser, president of the

Borough of Queens; Louis H. Haffen, president of the Borough of the Bronx; Bird S. Coler, president of the Borough of Brooklyn; Thomas F. Murphy, assistant postmaster; Robert Watchorn, immigration commissioner; Samuel S. Koenig, secretary of State-elect; Rear-Admiral Goodrich; Gustave Lindenthal, Judge Hough of the United States District Court, and the justices of the Supreme Court, Charles H. Truax, Henry Bischoff, jr., Leonard A. Giegerich, John W. Goff, Mitchell E. Erlanger, Lorenz Zeller, and W. H. Olmstead. The city magistrates were represented by Henry Steinert and Peter T. Barlow.

Practically all the diplomatic representatives of the various governments maintaining consular offices in this city were present, including the Austrian consul-general, Baron Otto Hoenning O'Carroll; the Austrian consul, Georg von Grivicic; Karl Buenz, the German consul-general; Leg. Rat Karl Gneist, German consul; the Count Hannibal Massiglia, Italian consul-general; Courtenay W. Bishop, English consul; Étienne Lanel, French consul; Baron A. Schlippenbach, Russian consul-general; Kokichi Midzune, Japanese consul-general; John R. Planten, consul-general of the Netherlands; Julius Clan, consul-general of Denmark; Jose Joaquim Gomes dos Santos, Brazilian consul-general; Jose V. Fernandez, consul-general of Argentina; Ricardo Sanchez-Croz, consul-general of Chili; Wallace White, consul-general of Paraguay; Juon J. Ulloa, consul-general of Costa Rica, and Ramon Bengoeches, consul-general of Guatemala.

The officers of the Austrian Society of New York, Emil Fischel, Dr. Edward Pisko, Dr. Karl Weiss, and Leopold Selzer, together with many of the members, were likewise present.

UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT

New York Evening Post

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 17.—Seven hundred and seventy-eight degrees were conferred upon students of the class of 1914 at the 213th commencement exercises of Yale University here to-day. The ceremonies were held in Woolsey Hall, in the presence of a great and distinguished academic gathering. Twenty-one honorary degrees were conferred, among them that of doctor of laws on Romulo S. Naon, Ambassador from the Argentine to the United States, and now one of the envoys in the mediation proceedings at Niagara Falls.

The same honor was awarded to Surgeon-Gen. William Crawford Gorgas, who yesterday received the degree of doctor of science from Princeton. In view of the centennial celebration of the Yale Medical School, it was natural that the number of medical men to receive honorary degrees should be much greater than usual.

The gathering of the candidates for degrees was preceded by the customary procession, formed in Vanderbilt Court, through the central green and thence through College Street to Woolsey Hall, while the Trinity Church chimes on the Green and the band which headed the procession played "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The formal exercises included music conducted by Prof. Horatio Parker, dean of the Music School. Three of the numbers were composed by Jean Sibelius, who was among the recipients of honorary degrees. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York City, a member of the Yale Corporation. Prof. Wilbur L. Cross, of the Scientific School, presented the candidates for honorary degrees.

For work done in the various departments of the University the 778 degrees were conferred as follows: In Yale College, 287 bachelors of arts, 313 bachelors of philosophy; in the School of Divinity, 27 bachelors of divinity; in the School of Law, 29 bachelors of laws, 6 masters of laws, 2 doctors of laws, 2 bachelors of civil laws; in the School of Forestry, 24 masters of forestry; in the Graduate School, 32 doctors of philosophy and 30 masters of arts; in the Sheffield Scientific School, 1 degree of electrical engineer, 2 of civil engineer, 8 of mechanical engineer, 4 of engineer of

mines; in the School of Fine Arts, 1 bachelor of fine arts and 2 bachelors of music. The prizes in all departments were announced yesterday, and the chief honors were published in the *Evening Post*.

Of the men receiving honorary degrees, the following were awarded the degree of Master of Arts:

Edwin Howland Blashfield, mural decorator, winner of many prizes, and editor of Vasari's "Lives of the Painters."

Edward Robinson Baldwin, M.D., right-hand man of Dr. Trudeau at Saranac Lake, and an American authority on tuberculosis.

William Herbert Corbin, '89, honored because of his important work as Connecticut Tax Commissioner.

Capt. Charles Franklin Craig, M.D., '94, an officer of the United States Medical Corps, who has distinguished himself chiefly by work on malarial and tropical diseases.

John Howland, '94, professor of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University.

James Hartness, president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, inventor of useful mechanical parts, instruments, etc.

Henry Hun, Ph.B., '74, well-known neurologist and formerly president of the Association of American Physicians.

Elliott Proctor Joslin, '90, a physician of note in Boston, who is connected with the Harvard Medical School.

Fred Towsley Murphy, '97, professor of surgery in Washington University, St. Louis.

Oliver C. Smith, president of the Connecticut Medical Society, and a leading surgeon of Hartford.

William Francis Verdi, M.D., '94, a leading operative surgeon of Connecticut.

Miss Mary Emma Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College.

Jean Sibelius, the leading Finnish composer, was honored with the degree of doctor of music. The degree of doctor of science was conferred upon Edgar Fahs Smith, provost of the University of Pennsylvania and a well-known American chemist, and upon Richard Pearson Strong, Ph.B., '93, professor in the Harvard Medical School, an authority on tropical diseases.

Sidney Gulick, professor of theology at Doshisha, author of "The Social Evolution of the Japanese," and influential adviser of the Japanese and American Governments on matters of race adjustment on the shores of the Pacific, received the honorary degree of doctor of divinity.

The following received the degree of doctor of laws:

William Crawford Gorgas, surgeon-general of the United States, chief sanitary engineer of the Panama Canal, and a member of the Isthmian Commission.

George Wharton Pepper, an eminent lawyer and a citizen vitally interested in the work of Christian unity and missions.

Rómulo S. Naón, Ambassador of Argentina to the United States, formerly Minister of Education, and a jurist of note.

John Kimberly Beach, '77, formerly of the firm which for many years has been the counsel of the University, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and professor of mercantile law and admiralty jurisprudence in the Yale Law School.

Peter Ainslee, leader in the Church of the Disciples, worker in the cause of Christian unity, and the author of the standard history of his communion.

A commencement week made historical by the endowment and promise of further endowment in its centennial year of the Yale Medical School, was brought to a close by the exercises to-day. In every way, this week marking the completion of the 213th year of the conferring of Yale degrees is generally regarded as a notable one. On the class reunion side, the usual bizarre effects have been gained by the adoption of class costumes. Various classes appeared as polo players, Colonials, British soldiers, and Chinese mandarins, and some two hundred members of the academic triennial class were decked out as playing-cards. Many classes report record attendances, those back for regular reunions including numerous distinguished sons of the University. One gathers the impression that this year's commencement has brought back greater numbers than any previous occasion, barring, of course, the bicentennial celebration, in the fall of 1901.

Two innovations were tried out this year on the social side of commencement week. The so-called "1492 Dinner," inaugurated

some years ago to provide a Tuesday evening dinner for all returning graduates not included in regular reunion classes, was taken over by the class secretaries' bureau and rejuvenated under the more formal title of the "United Graduates' Reunion Dinner." Held in Woolsey Hall, where the Newberry organ was used to accompany the singing of old Latin hymns, and where the surroundings were conducive to a more informal and intimate gathering than in the University Dining Hall, the dinner was a success under the new auspices. Charles W. Littlefield, '03, of New York, presided, and two of the speakers were John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York, and Dudley Field Malone. At the end of the Tuesday evening reunion celebration, a general alumni gathering on the College campus brought men of all classes together. This meeting was an improvement on last year's gathering, spectacular fireworks, general singing, and athletic contests being the features of the programme.

The final event of the Yale commencement of 1914 was the president's reception in Memorial Hall this afternoon.

NOTE — *The following two stories show how the same incident was reported in a Chicago morning paper and in a New York evening paper of the same day.*

COMMENCEMENT INCIDENT

(1)

Chicago Tribune

Champaign, Ill., June 17.—[Special.]—Discipline at the University of Illinois is not what it used to be in the days when they decided to make an example of Porter Gray, the boy who wouldn't go to chapel.

Chapel cutting in those times was considered a pretty serious offense; yet here was the Gray boy back on the campus today with the full knowledge and consent of the faculty.

And more than that, the faculty—regardless of the fact that it wasn't much more than twenty-nine years ago that he was suspended—patted him on the back, defied the rules of dignity by joining the student body in an oskey wow, wow, and wound up by making him a bachelor of science.

Those of the town folk who saw Porter the day he packed up his other shirt and collar and marched defiantly into exile remarked on his changed appearance on his return. The hair that fringes the new bald spot on top of his head is gray, he has become exaggeratedly round shouldered, and he can't see without the aid of thick lensed glasses. But that, says Champaign, is what fast city life will do to any youngster.

Porter had not been back at school long before he met another bad boy—a chap named Harrison Coates Earl, who got into trouble with the university authorities and left as hastily as his classmate, Gray. Harrison has changed a lot, too. He has put on flesh, and he says that even without the recommendation of his alma mater he got a good position in Chicago as a municipal judge.

The new school educators in charge at the university treated Harrison Earl as they did the Gray boy—only it was a bachelor of literature they made him.

The two disciplined classmates had been wandering around the campus unrecognized amid a swarm of hurrying, nervous seniors. They met at the bursar's office.

"Here's $5—my diploma fee. I'm Gray, '85," jerked Porter through the wicket, when a hand thumped against his back.

"Gray, '85, eh; little Port Gray? Why, you're suspended for cutting chapel. You'd better get off the campus before they catch you."

Gray, '85, whirled around. He recognized the heavy handed speaker.

"Harrison Earl," he cried. "Do you mean to say they're taking you back, too?"

"Not Harrison, but Judge Earl, if you please," said the other severely. "Your guess is right. They've called me back to get my degree. In a few hours I'll be a bachelor of literature. I don't know, though, that it's going to help me any in

the law, but I'll be glad to get it just the same. How about you?"

Gray shook his head.

"I'll be a bachelor of science when they get through with me at the exercises," he answered. "The degree might have done me some good—twenty-nine years ago—but I don't think it'll be of any great assistance to me now. It might make me eligible to the University club. But they probably wouldn't want me there. I'm a professional masseur."

Back in the early '80's seniors at the state university didn't go in for caps and gowns at commencement, but it never did take Porter Gray long to pick anything up. After looking over the new fangled outfits on display along the campus, he went into a shop and rented one for himself.

In cap and gown he paraded into the university auditorium with the rest of the candidates for degrees. In the section to which he was ushered he found a dozen familiar faces, all seamed with wrinkles like his own, and most of them adorned with spectacles. The owners of the faces remembered him, too, as he was whispering greetings.

"Will Brown—you still alive? Bob Dunlevy—why, Bob, you need a shave. Joe Holt, did you come all the way from California for this?"

To those of his old schoolmates who hadn't read of the university's intention of calling it quits and conferring on him the degree held back for twenty-nine years, Gray explained the reason for his return.

Gray told how, after losing his battle for reinstatement in the courts, he had decided to cut himself off forever from the university; how the alma mater had forgotten his existence, and then, with the unearthing of some old records, had "discovered" him and offered him a degree.

"If they had not said the first word I never would have taken it," Gray protested. "If I had it to do all over again I would not change my course. I was an agnostic, and I am one still. They couldn't drag me to chapel if I thought I could put the time to better use with my books."

(2)

New York Evening Post

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., June 17.—Suspended twenty-nine years ago because he was an agnostic and would not attend chapel, Porter Gray, of the class of '85, received his degree of bachelor of science from the University of Illinois to-day.

Gray was working his way through the University back in the eighties. It was his ambition to become a Government entomologist. He was forced to take leave of absence for one year to earn money to complete his course.

In spite of his narrow means and close attention to his studies, Gray began to acquire a campus reputation as the man who never went to chapel. Attendance was compulsory in those days. Selim H. Peabody, then president of the University, called Gray on the carpet, but the student was firm.

"I am an agnostic," he said. "I will not go to chapel."

"Write a statement that chapel attendance is repugnant to your religious convictions, and that will suffice," said Dr. Peabody.

"I will not. I have no religious convictions; I am an agnostic. I simply will not attend chapel," said Gray.

He was suspended forty days before he was to have been graduated.

President Edmund J. James, of the University, came upon the papers in Gray's old and forgotten case a short time ago when he was engaged in rounding up the old alumni for a home coming. He wrote to Gray in Chicago, and urged him to visit the University.

Gray, embittered by a vain fight that had taken his last dollar years ago and had ended only in the State Supreme Court, to compel the University to give him his degree, replied curtly that all he wished the University to do was to forget him. President James wrote again that chapel rules were obsolete now, and that they wanted to give Gray his belated degree. Gray came here to-day, and from a big crowd of undergraduates he will hear for

the first time the cheer of Illinois. College yells were not much known in Gray's day here.

UNIVERSITY CLASS DAY

New York Sun

The Columbia seniors had an honorary valedictorian at their class day exercises yesterday afternoon whose name was not on the programme but whose presence on the platform called for ten minutes' continual cheering. Fifty years after he had been graduated, and upon the eve of his retirement from the university, Dean John Howard Van Amringe became an honorary member of the class of 1910, and yesterday, when the class was celebrating its last reunion as undergraduates, Van Amringe, '60, made a farewell address to the class.

When the class marched out of the gymnasium at the conclusion, the white haired dean and the senior president went out side by side, on the "pilgrimage" to Hamilton Hall, where the class ivy was planted.

The exercises were held early in the afternoon in a room thronged with the relatives and friends of the graduates, who marched into the gymnasium dressed in academic cap and gown. Robert Scarborough Erskine delivered the president's address of welcome. Francis N. Bangs, a son of Francis S. Bangs, who had much to do with the abolition of football at Columbia five years ago, was the class historian, and he divulged class secrets. He made the statement that a ballot of the class showed that forty-one of the eighty-seven members have more than a passing liking for beverages stronger than water, while fifty-two delight in using tobacco. Bangs did not go any further into the intimate history of the class.

Harry Wilson of Sioux Falls, S. D., was selected the most popular man in the class, the one who has done most for Columbia, the most likely to succeed, likewise the noisiest, and the biggest politician. Howard Delane was chosen the best all around man and the best natured; he was elected the recipient of the alumni association prize to the most faithful and deserving student, which is the highest honor a senior at Columbia can gain. John Mentil was elected the best athlete; that distinction he gained with ease because he has been captain of a championship basketball team and is on the varsity baseball team. Clarence Renton won the rather doubtful honor of being the biggest fusser and likewise the most foolish man in the class. Sidney Glide took first place in the race for most conceited and grouchiest while Arthur Schuarz was designated the laziest, biggest sport and biggest bluffer.

The statistics of the class as a whole showed that the average height was 5 feet 10½ inches, the average weight 151 pounds and the average age 21 years 5 months, making the 1910 men the youngest set that has been graduated from Columbia in some time. Most of the members of the class were born and live in New York, although every part of the country is represented. Thirty-one men intend to study law, ten will take up engineering, nine have chosen medicine and eight will go into business. The others were hazy as to just what they were going to do, or were too modest to tell about their plans. More than half the class is Republican, and there are only ten Democrats. One man declared himself a "Bryan Republican."

The class decided that Prof. Hervey was the best teacher and the hardest professor to bluff. Prof. Charles Arthur Beard was elected the most popular professor, and William Clinton Densmore Odell, a brother of the ex-Governor and a professor in the English department, was elected the most polished. The history department was considered the best in the university, while the French department increased its lead in the contest for the least desirable, getting the fifteenth successive annual vote for that honor.

Benjamin Berinstein, one of the two blind men in the class, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, with Thomas Alexander, Paul Williams Aschner, Ernst Phillip Boas, Mortimer Brenner, Louis Grossbaum, John Dotha Jones, Russell Thorp Kirby, Herman Joseph Muller, William de Forest

Pearson, Edward Heyman Pfeiffer, Maurice Picard and Rollo Linsmore de Wilton.

Berinstein stood at the head of the list. He has studied for the last year in the law school, having completed the first three years of his course in the college last June. James Henry Mullin, the other blind member of the class, received commendation for his work.

Condict W. Cutler read the class poem, and the class prophecy was delivered by C. Homer Ramsdell of Newburgh, N. Y. Geddes Smith of Paterson, N. J., made the ivy oration, after William Langer and Dean Van Amringe had delivered their valedictories.

William Allen White will deliver the annual Phi Beta Kappa address in Earl Hall this afternoon, on "A Theory of Spiritual Progress." In the morning the seniors and the faculty will play the annual baseball game on South Field.

CHAPTER IX

ILLNESS AND DEATH

In this class of news stories are included those concerning the illness or death of persons known in the community or in the world at large, as well as those dealing with illness, surgical operations, and deaths that are sufficiently unusual to be matters of general interest. Stories of this kind are primarily informative in character, but the importance of the personal element permits effective human interest development. Pathetic phases of illness or death sometimes give value to news that otherwise would be of slight interest. The seriousness of the subject demands dignity of treatment.

In writing an obituary the purpose should be not only to give biographical facts but to bring out the significance of a personality. A well written obituary is a constructive interpretation of the meaning of a person's life and work.

ILLNESS

Kansas City Star

New York, Nov. 23.—Ye Olde Caxton Book Shop, Brooklyn, was closed long after 7 o'clock yesterday morning. Nobody stirred behind the brown paper curtains which hung on a coarse string over an improvised cross wall of musty old volumes, their titles long ago hidden beneath a layer of dust.

Solicitous neighbors, tradesmen of the block, children on their way to school peered eagerly, but vainly, through the rain-streaked window, beyond careless rows of less ancient authors and orderless festoons of classical sheet music. Mere solicitude increased to anxiety, and anxiety to fear that an old man, loved by the neighborhood, had died among his treasures.

Some one told the police and two men came to force the door, with an ambulance surgeon from the Bushwick Hospital, ready to give him aid if needed. Richard Wright was not dead, but how much longer he would have lasted if help had not come is uncertain. He lay there on a rude couch, home made and stretched across cases of books in the back of his store. Hunger, added to the natural weakness and feebleness of his 78 years, had almost claimed him for its victim.

"No, no," he feebly said. "Don't take me to the hospital; I'm too old. I don't want to cause trouble to anyone. I want to die quietly among my books."

Nailed against one of the bookcases was a small notice on black tin, "We refer all needy cases to the Brooklyn Charity Bureau."

INDIAN DYING

Milwaukee Free Press

Tse-Ne-Gat is very weary.

Soon he must go on the long, long journey, following the shadowy trail of all his people.

For the white man's plague has laid its ruthless hand upon him, and the white man's plague has done what the white man's rifles and the white man's courts could never do. It has broken the spirit of Tse-Ne-Gat, and the heart of sorrowful old Ma Old Polk.

It was while he waited for the white man's court to sit, that the plague came to Tse-Ne-Gat. Justice the white man gave him, but with justice came the plague. This is the story of it:

Tse-Ne-Gat, so the government said, murdered Juan Chacon, Mexican sheep-herder, and for the slaying Tse-Ne-Gat must be hanged. Cowboys and ranchers rode into the hills to take him, and Tse-Ne-Gat, his father and a few followers fought them off. They had sworn that they would not yield to all the armed forces of the United States, for they knew Tse-Ne-Gat had not killed the sheep-herder, and the Ute should not die a shameful death unjustly.

Then Gen. Hugh Scott, U. S. A., rode into the hills alone. He promised that the Indian should have justice, and Tse-Ne-Gat was content. Out of the hills he rode with Scott, out of the hills and into the white man's jail. There he waited until the white man's court should sit to grant him justice.

In the jail were other prisoners, and the great white plague stalked silently among them. Tse-Ne-Gat, pining for the hills and the arroyos and the great open spaces of the Ute reservation, was a shining mark for its unseen fatal arrows. So Tse-Ne-Gat began to cough the cough that all men, white or red, fear most of all, for it has not even the swift mercy of the rifle bullet.

Attorney W. J. Kershaw, when the call for his help came from Colorado, left his office in the Germania building* to appear as counsel for Tse-Ne-Gat, and before the court of United States Judge Robert E. Lewis, in Denver, he acquitted him. And Tse-Ne-Gat was free to go back again to the reservation. Only, the order of the court could not free him from the white man's plague, which the white man's jail had given him.

* Milwaukee.

So Tse-Ne-Gat and old Ma Old Polk went to a hospital, near Denver. Tse-Ne-Gat made for himself a long whistle from the green stalk of a plant. On it he whistled, imitating the calls of the birds he knew, and so well did he do it that the birds answered and came to the yard of the great hospital. That sight the other sufferers there loved, the sight of Tse-Ne-Gat wrapped in his blanket, whistling softly to the birds that gathered at his feet to eat of the crumbs he scattered for them when they answered his call.

More troubles came. The white man's doctor said that he might not smoke and live. His cigaret was banished. Ma Old Polk was determined that he should not smoke, so she fought the craving with him as she watched him. Neither did she smoke, for his sake, and from the deprivation she suffered more than he, only she could slip out to the reeds by the river now and then when the demand seemed irresistible.

Back at the reservation, Tse-Ne-Gat felt better. The call of the woods grew stronger, and one morning Ma Old Polk awoke to find that her son and his gun were missing, gone no one knew where. That night he returned, exhausted and broken, until he could scarcely bear his gun. He wrapped himself in his blanket, too tired even to whistle for the birds. It was two weeks before the watchful mother heard of the rabbits Tse-Ne-Gat had shot but had been forced by weakness to throw away before he brought them home.

That is the story that has come to Milwaukee and to Tse-Ne-Gat's attorney here, who cannot help him in this fight. Tse-Ne-Gat still goes walking, but not so far. He walks as one weary of long traveling. Sometimes he disappears for half an hour or more. If the doctors suspect that he is following the example of his mother and stealing the smoke he loves so well, they say nothing. They have nothing but sympathy for Tse-Ne-Gat.

Tse-Ne-Gat has sympathy, too, for the judge who gave him justice. For he has learned that on the very day that the story of his own rapidly failing life had

been reported to Judge Robert E. Lewis a telegram had come to the judge, telling him that his father, Col. Warner Lewis, was dead. Col. Warner Lewis was the only survivor of an Indian massacre in 1863 near where Coffeyville, Kas., now stands. And it was the son of that sole survivor of Indian vengeance who gave justice and freedom to Tse-Ne-Gat.

SURGICAL OPERATION

Milwaukee Sentinel

The surgeon's knife instead of the reformatory; an operation in place of an application of "the rod."

Is this the manner in which wayward youths are to be made good?

The strange case of Anton Heim, a 14 year old Milwaukee lad, at least lends emphasis to the vast possibilities for the skilled surgeon as a reformer of certain criminally inclined persons.

As he came from a good family, there seemed to be no hereditary reason why Anton should be addicted to stealing and other mischievous acts. His case was a puzzle until physicians learned that at the age of 5 he had been the victim of an accident in which a door had fallen on him and caused a dent in his skull, and it was their theory that the consequent pressure on the brain might have unsettled his mind and thus affected his actions.

The operation was performed on Oct. 19 in Trinity hospital by Dr. W. C. F. Witte.

Since then Anton's taciturn, irritable disposition has given way to ambitious and honest traits. The operation has not only meant much for Anton Heim, but is full of significance as to possibilities along these lines.

Another case is cited by a Milwaukee physician wherein a Norwegian youth who received a skull injury in his childhood before coming to America, has been relieved through a similar operation and been changed from a dependent to a self-supporting man.

"Persons suffering from such skull injuries," explained the physician, "are irritable, depressed and subject to an idea that they are being persecuted. This Norwegian lad previous to the operation was thoroughly shiftless. Now he has been holding a position for three years and has recovered his ambition and desire to work and save money."

SURGICAL OPERATION

Philadelphia Inquirer

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 19.—By massaging the heart of a colored boy who was apparently dead, doctors in the Emergency Hospital succeeded in reviving him.

The boy was under the influence of chloroform, and the surgeon was operating on an infected knee, when respiration suddenly ceased. The pulse died and finally stopped; the body became cold, the limbs rigid. Artificial respiration was resorted to, but there was no responding pulsation of the heart. After six minutes of suspense, during which the physician resorted to every possible method to revive the patient, he realized that there was only one chance to save the boy's life.

With delicate skill he opened the boy's abdomen and for seven minutes massaged the patient's heart with his fingers. Finally, when he was about to give up all hope, the boy took a faint voluntary breath, and for several minutes the heart pulsated gently. Plying the heart with his fingers to stimulate circulation of the blood, the physician after eighteen minutes had the heart pulsating normally and knew that he had succeeded in his almost miraculous operation.

For a day and a half following the operation the boy remained in excellent condition and every hope was held out for his recovery. But the infection of the knee had spread to the left side and had infected the glands of the neck. Blood poisoning set in and, despite all efforts to save him, the boy succumbed.

The operation on the heart is regarded by medical students as unique in the annals

of medicine. It also opens up a new field in surgery, and means, physicians say, that many persons who expire while under anesthetics may possibly be revived by such methods.

Within a few months several eminent physicians of this city will conduct vivisection tests to determine how far the heart massage can be carried. Dogs will be placed under anesthetics and allowed to succumb, it is said, so that physicians may determine after how long an interval an animal apparently dead may be restored by heart massage.

SUDDEN DEATH

Chicago Inter Ocean

While joking with several fellow employes over the recent baseball trade between the Chicago American league baseball team and the New York American league team, Robert Nash, 118 Webster Place, a clerk employed by Sprague, Warner & Co., 600 West Erie street, dropped dead from heart disease yesterday in his place of employment.

Herman Schweitzer, 2849 Christiana avenue, a department manager, and J. B. Willott, 508 Melrose avenue, were hoaxing Nash about the trade. They told Nash that the Chicago team had obtained Chase of the New York team, a "hoodoo," and that they would be unable to win any more games.

Nash laughed at their joke and walked to a chair. He fell to the floor, and was dead when a physician arrived.

Nash was one of the oldest employes of the Sprague-Warner company. He had been in the grocery company for thirty-seven years. Heart disease is believed to have caused his death.

ENGINEER'S DYING REQUEST

Boston Herald

CHICAGO, Dec 21—Charles W. Walter, veteran conductor on the Nickel Plate Railroad, died yesterday on his run from Bellevue, O, to Chicago, and members of the train crew fought snow and slippery tracks to carry out Walter's last request that No. 1 be brought in on time, thereby preserving his record of never having been late.

Walter took the train at Bellevue, where he lived, at 7:55 a m yesterday. An hour later he became ill and placed the train in charge of Samuel Wilson, an extra passenger conductor.

"Be sure and bring her in on time, Sam, and keep my record clean," Walter requested. Stops were shortened to a minimum. The engineer kept the sand running on the slippery rails, and his fireman hardly took his hands from the shovel.

Near Leipsic Junction, where doctors and ambulance awaited, Walter died. No. 1 pulled into the Lasalle-st Station, Chicago, on the dot. To the dispatcher, who was surprised to see him report instead of Walter, Wilson said: "Charlie has made his last run, and be sure to put it down we're on time."

WOMAN DIES ALONE

Kansas City Star

Police officers forced their way into the home of Miss Mary R. Wilson, daughter of John H. Wilson, a former mayor of Kansas City, at 961 Cane Street, shortly before 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and found her dead in bed in her room on the second floor. Dr. Harry Czarlinsky, county coroner, said that the cause of death was pneumonia brought on by exposure.

Since the death of her mother seven years ago, Miss Wilson had lived in the big house on Cane Street alone. She kept no servants and her only companion was a pet dog, Danny. Miss Wilson, who was more than 50 years old, had ignored the advice of friends, who believed she should live with relatives.

She was last seen alive Thursday night, when Mrs. B. F. Strong, wife of B. F. Strong, the vicar of St. James Church, who lives at 965 Cane Street, noticed her moving about in the rear of the house with a lamp. Friday passed without either Mrs.

Strong or Mrs. Albert Hart, the neighbor north of the house, seeing Miss Wilson. The snow had drifted evenly over the front walk and the blinds at the window were drawn.

Mrs. Hart telephoned Sanford B. Green and Porter Home, Miss Wilson's attorneys. Mr. Green called several of Miss Wilson's intimate friends and was unable to find out anything of her whereabouts. He then called the chief of police and asked that a search of the house be made.

When the officers entered the room, they found Miss Wilson attired in night clothing lying on her bed. Her pet, Danny, was curled up at the foot of the bed. Weak from want of food, he growled at the officers. The coroner said that life had been extinct twenty-four hours.

A small diary which Miss Wilson had kept for years testified to her illness. An entry Tuesday read: "I haven't felt well all day." Wednesday it said: "I think the weather has brought on an attack of grip." Thursday's entry was the last in the book: "I know I'm in for a bad case of pneumonia." No explanation can be given why Miss Wilson did not get medical attention when she knew she had pneumonia.

Miss Wilson was a niece of the late David Brewer, associate judge of the United States Supreme Court. Her father figured actively in Kansas City politics as a leader of the Democratic party and in 1874 was elected mayor of this city, a position which he held two years. He was a widely known business man. Miss Wilson's only sister, Ella Wilson, died in Leavenworth, Kas., in 1865. Her mother, Mrs. Alice Strong Wilson, died in the family home on Cane Street in 1907. Miss Wilson had no relatives in Kansas City.

The body was taken to the Stine undertaking rooms.

DEATH OF VETERAN FIREMAN

Springfield Republican

William C. White, 72, veteran fireman, who was retired from the active service of the fire department last June after 35 years of continuous service, died at the Wesson Memorial hospital yesterday after a long illness. Mr White had been identified with the fire service of the city for more than 50 years. During his period of active service, Mr White spent most of his time as engineer, taking charge during his later years of the engines in the North-street fire station. During his 35 years of service, Mr White was absent from his post only one month, and then on account of illness. There was probably no man in the department who was better known or who was better liked by the men in the department. He was a skilful machinist, and his worth to the department was frequently recognized by the different chiefs under whom he served.

Mr White was born at Amherst, October 11, 1842. He removed with his parents to this city when he was 12 years old. He received his early education in his native town, and after he came here he attended the Union-street school. His first employment was in the United States armory, where he practically completed his trade as machinist. He subsequently worked for Smith & Wesson for four years as toolmaker, and it was there that he received the training which fitted him for his work in the fire department. While he was employed at the Smith & Wesson shop, he became a call man in the fire department. He was appointed to the permanent service in 1872, just nine years after he became affiliated with the department as a call man.

His first active duties were as hose-man. He was stationed at the old fire station, formerly located in the rear of where the Granite building is now. His next work was as stoker on the Hanson No 2 engine, stationed on Sanford street. He later became a full-fledged engineer on the old monitor, George Dwight. Mr White was later assigned to the Pynchon-street engine-house, where he served as engineer on the No 1 engine. He was stationed there from 1872 until 1876. In 1876 he was transferred to the Bond-street engine-house, where he remained until his retirement in June. It was a matter of notable record in the fire department that during all this time he ran the old No 1 engine without experienc-

ing any accidents or having his engine tied up because of failure to work properly.

When Mr White first became affiliated with the fire department there were but four companies, with 26 men each, in service in the city. The companies were located on Pynchon street, on the Hill, near the old railroad station, and on Sanford street. During the early '70's the system of naming fire engines was succeeded by the present system of numbering them. When Mr White entered the service, L. H. Powers was chief engineer, and he was succeeded by Hosea Lombard. It was during his regime as chief that the present department actually came into existence. It is a singular fact that Mr White saw service in the department during the period that Springfield experienced its biggest fires. From the date of his connection with the department until his retirement there were seven very disastrous fires.

During his many years in the department he was constantly drafted from one engine-house to another to do repair work. His expert knowledge of apparatus made him invaluable in this respect. When the company at the Bond-street engine-house was transferred to the North-street station several years ago, he went with it and remained there until his retirement, June 15 of this year. Mr White held several patents on devices used on fire apparatus, but never troubled to have them put on the market. Some of these devices, however, have been used with satisfaction.

Mr White was taken ill last May, and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave the active list. He eventually went to the Wesson Memorial hospital, where he remained constantly until his death yesterday. Mr White was married, and for many years lived at 961 Second street. His wife died a number of years ago, and since that time he has made his home at the North-street fire station. He was a member of De Soto lodge of Odd Fellows and of the Firemen's aid association. He leaves no near relatives, but Arthur Green, secretary of the Putnam woolen mills at Putnam, Ct., a cousin, is expected in this city to take charge of the funeral.

The funeral will be held to-morrow afternoon at Washburn's chapel. Rev Dr Frank W. Merrick of Faith church will officiate. The burial will be in the Springfield cemetery.

DEATH OF A POLITICIAN

New York Times

Martin Engel is dead. This does not mean anything to those unacquainted with New York politics, nor to those whose political interests have been quite recently developed, but to the "old-time" politicians familiar with the days when "Boss" Croker ruled Tammany Hall and "Big Tim" Sullivan was the man highest up in the Bowery district the death of Martin Engel means the passing of another of the Tammany leaders who led when to be an east side leader was greater than to be a silk-stocking Republican.

At the age of 68, several years after he had lost his leadership in the old Eighth District—"De Ate," to those who were of it and in it in the "good old days"—Martin Engel died yesterday in his home at 29 East Third Street. He made money in his business of politics, and it is said that his son, Alfred S. Engel, will inherit a comfortable fortune. His death was due to Bright's disease, from which he had been a sufferer for some time.

Martin Engel rose to political power when the immigrant Jews from Russia, Rumania, Bohemia, and Hungary began to crowd the Irish out of the east side. The son of a "kosher" butcher, he was born in the Bowery and began life, after leaving the public schools, in his father's butcher shop. After the death of the father he continued the business, and even after his business became politics and his "office" for all important purposes was in "Silver Dollar" Smith's Hotel, near the Essex Market Court, he remained the nominal head of the market, from which fact he became known in the east side as "Butcher" Engel.

"Big Tim" Sullivan, Irishman, and Martin Engel, Jew, were the combination

that held the power in "De Ate," where fully 80 per cent. of the fixed and floating voters spoke Yiddish. Engel was apparently devoted to Sullivan, and was ever faithful to "Big Tim" in matters political, and, until the Republican leader, "Charley" Adler, began to make trouble in the Eighth, he always "swung the district" at election time.

Those who followed Engel as their political leader could never, in their own opinion, exaggerate his virtues. He was generous, as all Tammany leaders of the east side have been, and he was successful in "landing jobs" for those who served the party. Also he was known to have a strong "pull" with the police, and many an east side youth who "got in bad" with the authorities owed his liberty to Engel's influence. Because of all these things he was the leader, and because he was the leader he cultivated the character and quality that enhanced his leadership.

But to reformers Engel was the personification of a vice that, though seen with disturbing frequency, could never be even endured, much less embraced. In "De Ate" was what was known for many years as "The Red Light District." Engel's political enemies used to dwell with views of alarm upon the protection under which the district thrived, and Engel was always named as the protector.

Those who have seen Engel remember as his most striking facial characteristic a "dented" nose. The bridge of his nose had been broken, and until his death there was a depression in the centre of his face that never failed to attract attention. The scar was a mark of Engel's rise to political power. He received the original injury in a fight years ago—and there have been stories of this fight to Engel's credit and to his discredit. The only positive and printable fact is that a man who became enraged against Engel struck him across his nose with a bung-starter or some other equally destructive weapon.

Besides "Silver Dollar" Smith's hotel, which later became the property of Engel himself, the leader of "De Ate" had several "headquarters" in the district where those who knew his habits and haunts might find him. His home was at 29 East Third Street, where he died; but in the days of his power he could be found most often at some of his "hanging-out" places—such as the clubrooms of the Martin Engel Association, at Ludlow and Grand Streets, or the old Café Boulevard, in Second Avenue, where, for a number of years, he regularly received his henchmen between noon and 3 o'clock.

Although the kind of politics accepted as legitimate by Engel is passing for the good of society, there are those in the east side who will feel real regret for the death of their former leader, for whatever his vices were, Engel was sympathetic and generous in his own way and in his moods, and many a family would not have eaten had he not supplied a meal, many a man or woman would have gone barefoot had he not furnished shoes. Also, many a "down-and-outer" would have gone thirsty if Engel had not "set 'em up" to the drinks. So, somewhere east of the Bowery, where there were not many of the Ten Commandments, and where a man could raise a very great thirst, Engel had his friends who will mourn him now.

DEATH

New York Evening Post

The odor from the chestnut roasters is as fragrant as ever, the heaped-up mounds of lettuce and kale on the mile of push carts are just as crisp and green, and there is the same glistening sheen on the pyramids of green and scarlet peppers, but, nevertheless, things seemed altogether different in Mulberry Bend to-day. There was less noise, the hurdie-gurdies were not playing, and groups of dark-haired women talked solemnly on the corners.

Down in front of No. 26 there were many children looking into the window, but, unlike children of the Bend, making no noise. That's where the cause of all this change was. For No. 26 is Charles Bacigalupo's chapel and undertaking rooms, where for twenty-eight years the services for the

dead of the Italian colony have been held; and now—Bacigalupo himself is dead.

He was much more than an undertaker. He was a benefactor of the quarter, a man with a motto of his own that he lived up to. It hardly could be called a business motto, but Bacigalupo always adhered to it in his business, and it was that no Italian should be buried in the Potter's Field, if he could help it.

A north of Italy man and a devout Catholic himself, "Charlie," as the colony called him, never asked what a dead man's religion had been or whether he was Sicilian, Neapolitan, or Genoese. The chapel was always open, day and night, and there was always a hearse and at least one carriage ready whether there was anything to pay for them or not.

It was so in the beginning, twenty-eight years ago, when Bacigalupo, who had come to the country when he was thirteen, decided that he would no longer work for undertakers by day and black boots on Broadway in the evening, but go into business for himself.

He had saved money enough then to buy a second-hand hearse and a dilapidated hack. At the outset he had to hire the horses, and the only room in which he could do his work was the one room in which he lived.

Within a week after this start an Italian was murdered on Mulberry Street. Nobody knew him, and the body, after the coroner had got his routine description of all the knife wounds for repetition in court, was to go to Potter's Field—after the usual custom. But Bacigalupo changed the custom so far as Mulberry Bend was concerned. There was a real funeral in his room for the unknown victim of the stiletto, and the man who could not afford to keep his own horses did all the work and paid all the bills.

That was when the motto was adopted, and the records at Bacigalupo's chapel today show that he has saved nearly a thousand "unknowns" and "unfortunates" from the Potter's Field.

Most of them were Italians, but some were the more unfortunate white girls of Chinatown.

He prospered in spite of all this free service and he has averaged three funerals a day for ten days. From the one room his place developed into a whole floor, and for the living room in which services were held for that murdered Italian twenty-eight years ago, there was substituted a fine chapel with altar fires and many pictures and tapestries, which Bacigalupo brought from Rome on his return from frequent visits to his home country.

But as gorgeous and elegant as the place became, in the eyes of the Italian quarter, it was still free for all who could not pay.

Bacigalupo never talked about these things himself when asked about his business life in the Bend. It was his private business, the number of big black hearses he sent, free of charge, for the laborers who had died while out of work, and the number of small white hearses with the angel figures on the side which he had provided for the children whose parents were penniless. Neither would he talk about the times he had paid other people's coal bills or put a stop to dispossession proceedings by paying the rent of people whom he simply knew as Italians.

And only his intimate associates knew that he owned a half-acre in Greenwood Cemetery and another big lot in Calvary, in which he put the bodies which otherwise would have gone to the graveyard of the morgue's unknown.

All these things Bacigalupo was remarkably reticent about. On the other hand, there were some things that he liked to boast of. He used to say, for instance, that the proudest day in his life was that in which he drove, himself, the second coach in Gen. Grant's funeral. He groomed his own horses for that procession.

And when Meucci, the Italian patriot who came over with Garibaldi, died on Staten Island Bacigalupo had charge of the big Italian funeral service, in Tammany Hall, and it was the undertaker of Mulberry Bend who prepared the revolutionist's body for shipment to Italy.

When King Humbert was assassinated Bacigalupo had charge of the memorial service in this city. And now the most con-

spicuous pictures at the entrance to the chapel are those of the dead King and of President McKinley, both nearly life size.

Bacigalupo also took a little pardonable pride in the fact that his establishment had grown to include a big stable with 250 horses, 10 hearses, and many coaches; that he had the only automobile hearse in town, and that it was he who introduced the custom of having dirge-playing bands in the funeral processions on the Bend.

Four years ago Bacigalupo went to Rome to present to the Pope $5,000 which had been contributed by the immigrants in the Italian quarter, and to the money he added as his own gift a wonderful jewelled robe for his holiness. The Pope granted him an audience and gave him his picture and autograph, which Bacigalupo brought back to Mulberry Street.

Then there was that wonderful Chinese funeral several years ago when the bones of nine Chinamen were removed from a Brooklyn cemetery and sent back to the ancestral graveyards in China. Bacigalupo had that affair, and it overtaxed even his stable resources, for there were 300 coaches in the procession that wound through the streets of Chinatown, all filled with Chinamen, while the rest of the Mott and Pell Street colony walked behind over the route laid out for them by the Italian.

These were the things that the undertaker was willing to talk about when he was asked what he had done in America. But they are of secondary importance on the Bend to-day. It is the coal bills, and helps with the rent in hard times, and the free funerals that everybody in the quarter, including the policemen on their beats and the one black native from Abyssinia who speaks Italian, are talking about now that the crepe is on Bacigalupo's own door.

DEATH OF GREAT EDITOR

Philadelphia Ledger

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 13.—Colonel William Rockhill Nelson, founder, owner and editor of the Kansas City Star, died at his home here this morning. He was 74 years old, and had been confined to his home since last December. Uremic poisoning caused his death.

Colonel Nelson took an active part in the management of the Star until about a month ago, for even after his illness began members of the Star staff gathered at his bedside several times weekly for discussion of questions of editorial policy. At these conferences he dictated editorials and outlined ideas for cartoons and special news articles. Although his physicians advised against this activity, he reminded them that it was in the building of the Star he had been happiest.

A day or so before he became unconscious Colonel Nelson said to a friend:

"The Lord has been far better to me than I deserve. I have had a long and happy life, with great opportunities for usefulness. My only regret is that I have not accomplished more. If this is the end, I am ready."

Throughout his illness the problem of the poor was of intense concern to him. He made large gifts to local charitable institutions and was absorbed in the work of a soup kitchen, which his daughter, Mrs. Kirkwood, inaugurated and conducted.

While no formal statement was made, it was announced that "as far as is humanly possible, the Star will be conducted in accordance with the aims and ideas of Mr. Nelson."

Although Colonel Nelson did not enter the newspaper field until he was nearly 40 years old, he brought to it such ability and energy that he built up one of the greatest newspapers of the country. He was born in Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1841, and was educated at Notre Dame University. After a short experience in cotton growing he became a general contractor. When 34 years old he was Samuel J. Tilden's Indiana campaign manager.

His interest in political leadership caused him to turn to newspaper work. He bought an interest in the Fort Wayne Sentinel and a business reverse caused him to decide to devote all his time to journalism. He and his Fort Wayne partner, Samuel E. Morss,

went to Kansas City and started the Evening Star on September 18, 1880. Mr. Morss withdrew after a few months.

When the Kansas City Times failed, in 1901, the Star bought that paper and its news franchise. The venture proved a marked success, and the Star now has a circulation, morning and evening, of more than 200,000 a day.

In politics Colonel Nelson was, as he often said, "independent, but never neutral." He never would consider any elective or appointive position.

DEATH OF COLLEGE DEAN

New York Evening Post

John Howard Van Amringe, former dean of Columbia College, where for half a century he endeared himself to thousands of students, who knew him best as "Van Am," died suddenly yesterday at the Keeler House, in Morristown, N. J. Professor Van Amringe, who was seventy-nine years old last spring, retired from the Columbia faculty five years ago, and for some time past his health has been failing. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy just before luncheon, and died within an hour. His daughter, Miss Emily Van Amringe, was with him.

The story of the venerable ex-dean's life is almost a history of Columbia College for the last fifty-odd years. To Columbia men he was more than a teacher. As Charles Halsted Mapes remarked, when the alumni presented a bronze bust of the dean to the Columbia University Club, in 1913: "Van Am has become more than a mere man to us; he is a sentiment. What the Yale fence is to Yale, the ivy to Princeton, Van Am is to Columbia—a tangible, concrete expression of sentiment to which our memories lovingly cling."

He was born at Philadelphia, on April 3, 1836, the son of William Frederic and Susan Budd (Sterling) Van Amringe. His grandfather, Lionel Van Amringe, was a soldier under Frederick the Great, and emigrated from Holland in 1791. His family removed from Philadelphia to New York in 1841. He received most of his early education from his father, but was later sent to the Montgomery Academy, Orange County, N. Y., where his father was instructor for a time. In 1854 he entered Yale, and would have graduated in 1858, but left the College at the end of his sophomore year and taught private pupils for two years. In the fall of 1858 he entered Columbia College as a member of the junior class, graduating with the degree of B.A. in 1860.

Van Amringe, the undergraduate, displayed a fondness for mathematics and debating, and in after years these were always his favorite subjects. Those who listened to him in more recent years, addressing undergraduate mass meetings or speaking at alumni reunions, or presenting some distinguished candidate for this or that honorary degree on commencement day, could trace his flow of oratory back to its beginnings in the classroom, where, as a student, he used to hold forth in the presence of old Professor Nairne, who taught moral and intellectual philosophy and literature. Nairne had a way of holding impromptu debates in the classroom, pitting one student against another. But it was in mathematics that Van Amringe excelled, and he taught this subject to generations of Columbia men.

When Van Am came to Columbia he was possessed of a brilliant head of red hair, which in later years turned white. He also wore flowing moustaches, and these became immortalized in the song that Columbia men never tire of singing:

D'ye ken Van Am with his snowy hair,
D'ye ken Van Am with his whiskers rare,
D'ye ken Van Am with his martial air,
As he crosses the Quad in the morning?

CHORUS.

The sight of Van Am raised my hat from my head,
And the sound of his voice often filled me with dread,
Oh, I shook in my boots at the things that he said
When he asked me to call in the morning.

Yes, I ken'd Van Am, to my sorrow, too,
When I was a freshman of verdant hue.
First a cut, then a bar, then an interview
With the Dean in his den in the morning.

But we love Van Am from our heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health! Let's finish the bowl!

We'll swear by Van Am through fair and through foul,
And wish him the top o' the morning.

D'ye ken Van Am with his fine old way,
The Dean of Columbia for many a day?
Long may he live and long may he stay
Where his voice may be heard in the morning.

One of his undertakings at Columbia was the organization of the Alumni Association of Columbia College, which he began as soon as he had become an alumnus himself. The Association was then more dead than alive, but through his efforts it has become the most flourishing and influential of all the Columbia alumni organizations.

The dean had few outside interests; his life was devoted almost entirely to Columbia, and the few other activities in which he engaged were closely allied to his work at the College. He was a member of the American Mathematical Society and of the New York Historical Society, and, at one time, was president of the New York Mathematical Society. He was also a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a vestryman of Trinity Church. Some years ago he edited a series of Davies's mathematical works.

As prime mover in the organization of the Columbia University Club, he was its first president, and there never has been any other.

As an authority on matters relating to the history of the University he was without an equal. He wrote a "History of Columbia College," and to the volume known as "Universities and Their Sons" he contributed the Columbia section.

One of the things that endeared him most to Columbia men was his championship of football. In 1905, after Columbia had been severely criticised for her football tactics, and the faculty, in a historic meeting, decided that the sport should be dropped, the Dean was the only friend the undergraduates had. In that meeting he took the stand of the undergraduates and earnestly championed the game. After the close of the football season of 1906 more than two thousand students stormed the Faculty Club, where the Dean was at lunch, and, after singing his song, demanded that he make a speech to them on football. They told him they wanted football, and he said: "I know that, but you know I cannot give it to you. You have behaved as I have always known you to behave, with propriety and dignity, and if you keep on there's no telling what you may get."

Football will be played once more at Columbia this year, and more than one alumnus will regret that the venerable Van Am is not in the stands when the opening game is played on South Field.

At the time when Columbia began to expand from a college to a university of many departments, the proposal to do away with the college altogether, and to convert Columbia into a group of graduate schools, was considered. The idea "took" with some of the authorities, and had it not been for vigorous opposition, in which Van Am took a leading part, it is not unlikely that the change would have been made.

When it became known, in the spring of 1910, that the dean was to retire, the students prepared a petition to the faculty, asking them to place him on the roll as dean emeritus. The parchment was afterward framed and hung in the Trophy Room.

At the dinner given by the Columbia alumni to celebrate Dean Van Amringe's fiftieth year of connection with the University, the presiding officer read from Oliver Wendell Holmes's class-day poem, and turned to the venerable dean as he quoted:

Was it snowing, I spoke of. Excuse the mistake!
Look close—and you'll see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses instead of the red.

CHAPTER X

POLITICS AND ELECTIONS

MOST political news falls into one of the general classes of stories already considered. Party conventions, campaign meetings, political speeches, interviews with candidates and party managers, for example, are treated like similar material in other fields. Elections, on the other hand, require a different handling. Three common kinds of election stories are: (1) an analysis of political conditions preceding an election with or without a forecast of the result, (2) a description of election day conditions and events, (3) the results of the election.

Although some newspapers are sufficiently independent in politics to treat political news without partisan bias, many papers still present such news from the point of view of their editorial policy. There is a growing tendency, however, to present both sides fairly in news columns and to confine partisanship to editorials.

Election return stories consist largely of summaries of the most important results of the election, such as: (1) the candidates elected and defeated, (2) the majority or plurality of the successful candidates, (3) the effect of the election on the political complexion of legislative bodies, (4) causes of victory and defeat, (5) statements by candidates and party managers in regard to the results.

POLITICAL FORECAST

Springfield Republican

Estimates as to the relative strength of the three leading political parties are at variance, but some of the best informed politicians are of the opinion that the alignment this year will be vastly different from what it was last year. Local political workers are of the opinion that the republican vote for governor in this section this year will be much larger than it was last year. This contention is made by prominent republicans who have canvassed the western counties very carefully, and who have done considerable campaign work in this section. Their predictions are made on the ground that the republican candidate last year antagonized a large element in the party, who either voted for Gov Walsh or for Mr Bird or did not vote at all. The check lists in almost every town and city in Western Massachusetts, with the exception of a few places in Berkshire, showed that the average republican vote last year was about 75 per cent of the normal vote of the party.

The leaders figure that Mr McCall will

command a large percentage of the republican vote that was lost last year. They likewise figure that both Joseph Walker and Gov Walsh will suffer serious defections this year. They believe that Mr Walker will not poll more than two-thirds of the vote polled by Mr Bird last year. They figure that Gov Walsh will lose at least 5 per cent of his vote of last year. If these predictions should come true, they say that Mr McCall would profit by the defections from the other candidates. This would mean a close call for Gov Walsh and possibly his defeat.

While the democrats and progressives express confidence that their respective candidates will be winners, politicians who are not showing any active interest in the campaign believe that the contentions made by the republicans deserve consideration. Figuring on the basis of last year's vote, local republicans predict that Gov Walsh will be fortunate if he receives 175,000 votes. This would mean a loss of about 8000 from his vote of last year. Should the progressives poll 80,000, they would suffer a loss of about 43,000 on the vote for governor. These defections would probably go to Mr McCall, who then would come very close to defeating the democratic candidate. The figures submitted are not impossible, as the vote last year indicates. Mr Bird, then candidate for governor, ran far ahead of the other candidates on the progressive ticket. This in itself shows that the true strength of the party was more nearly represented in the vote cast for the other candidates on the ticket than for the candidate for governor.

Western Massachusetts may not prove to be such a tremendous factor in deciding the campaign this year, but if the signs of the times are read correctly, Mr McCall will receive an unusually large vote throughout this section of the state. It is quite probable that Mr Walker may command a sizeable vote, but his strength is not apparent now. The injection of prohibition into the progressive campaign is thought to have injured the Walker cause, not because the average progressive is opposed to prohibition, but because many of them believe that the cause of prohibition should be confined to the party that raised it as an issue. The enthusiasm which characterized the progressive campaigns in the two years past is noticeably absent this year. Try as the leaders will, they cannot raise the excitement of former years, and this is not a healthy sign in the opinion of those who have followed politics closely.

The progressives, however, maintain that they have not suffered any losses, and they again predict a large vote this fall. Richard J. Talbot, chairman of the progressive city committee, claims that one-third of the new registration will be found voting with the progressives on election day. Mr Talbot likewise goes on record as predicting that the contest for governor this year will be between Mr Walsh and Mr Walker. He believes that Mr McCall will run third, as Mr Gardner did last year.

The progressives and the democrats will follow closely on the heels of the republican spellbinders who will invade the city Monday evening. A big republican rally is planned for that evening when Mr McCall, Senator Burton and Congressman Gillett will be heard. The local republican city committee has planned a reception for the candidates from 7.15 until 8 o'clock. The rally will be held in the Auditorium. The democrats will hold their rally in the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, the 28th, and it is possible that the progressives will follow on the 29th or 30th.

ELECTION DAY

New York Times

The fair weather and the fact that the new modified Massachusetts ballot gave the voters little trouble made ideal conditions yesterday for rapid voting.

Voters began to crowd polling places within five minutes after the polls opened at 6 o'clock. They voted in steady streams until 9 o'clock, when the first lull set in, and a tabulation of figures revealed the fact that nearly half the votes were cast.

It was a record for early voting for any election in recent years. By noon 65 per

cent. of the total vote was in, and at 4 o'clock reports indicated that the late afternoon rush would be inconsequential, as 85 per cent. of the vote had already been cast. The total vote was recorded in several election districts more than an hour before the polls were scheduled to be closed.

Trouble had been expected from the new ballots, but as voter after voter emerged from the voting booths within a minute after entering, the watchers began to gain confidence that the day would pass without serious confusion.

In the districts near Columbia University some voters took as long as nine minutes to vote, their extreme deliberation indicating that they were splitting their tickets with much care. In the downtown districts political parties set up sample voting places as near to the polls as the law would allow. With sample ballots and the aid of instructors, they taught the voters who had not had the opportunity to familiarize themselves with the new ballots earlier, how to vote in the normal amount of time.

The "place of stay" voters were conspicuous by their absence. Watchers for the Honest Ballot Association, who were employed in squads of 100 members each, scoured the city with warrants for the arrest of men who were suspected, but they went empty-handed for the most part, although they challenged a few suspects.

One young man became very indignant and wanted to fight when challenged. He rushed into the office of Supt. of Elections Voorhis, denouncing everybody in general connected with the election, and demanding that an escort be given to him to see that he got his legal chance to vote. He was asked where he voted last year and he said in New Jersey, insisting, however, that he had lived here a year since that time. Supt. Voorhis with a smile informed the young man that the election last year was on Nov. 4, so that if he swore in his vote this year he "would be taking a pretty long chance." He changed his belligerent mood at once and left, with thanks for Mr. Voorhis's warning.

The only serious quarrel of the day occurred at the opening of the polls in the Fourteenth Election District of the Eighth Assembly District at 180 Eldridge Street. A Democratic Captain objected to Joseph Strulowitz as a member of the Board of Inspectors. Strulowitz was supported by Misha Hymowitz, Chairman of the board, and a seventeen-minute argument ensued that sometimes grew so warm that bystanders had to separate the contenders.

While it lasted not a single vote could be cast, and it was finally settled by the protests of more than 100 voters, who urged that they had to be on their way to work and couldn't afford to stand about just to see a row. Strulowitz finally was permitted to take his place. Supt. Voorhis had to send a Special Inspector to a Brooklyn election district on receiving a report from a Deputy that only three Inspectors instead of four, as provided by law, were on duty.

Mr. Voorhis sent out 300 Deputies in a search for election frauds. Upon receiving reports from them as to the speed and quietness of the voting throughout the city, Mr. Voorhis announced that it was the quietest and most smoothly working Election Day he had ever known.

The entrance of former football stars into the business of watching the polls provided in some districts an element of interest that almost overshadowed the voting. L. Bigelow, Jr., Captain of Yale's football team in 1907, led the football forces that had volunteered as watchers. He was the centre of admiring throngs of boys when he visited voting places in lower Fifth Avenue. With him were Walter Logan and John Kilpatrick, ends on the Yale team in 1910; "Pop" Foster, a Yale tackle in 1908; Arthur Howe, an All-American quarter back, selected from the Yale team of 1910; S. D. Baker of Princeton, and "Big Ed" Farley of Harvard.

The football squad worked with 250 college men, who were registered as members of the Volunteer Watchers' League and were under the direct control of Assistant District Attorney Weller. Some of them remained in automobiles at the Criminal Courts Building ready to respond on an instant's notice to any call for help.

A bit of humor that enlivened the day in the upper east side was contributed by the fact that four Election Inspectors, a ballot clerk, a poll clerk, and a policeman had to remain on duty all day at an election district where the entire vote was cast at 9 o'clock and there was no possible prospect of getting any more votes through the long day's wait. The voteless watch occurred at the Forty-seventh Election District of the Nineteenth Assembly District at McGowan's Pass Tavern in Central Park. At 8:58 o'clock 50 per cent. of the district's vote was cast when Max Boehm cast his vote, and the other 50 per cent. was cast when Max Boehm's son Bertrand emerged from the booth two minutes later. They were the only two registered voters in the district.

Women from the Women's Political Union visited the different polling places distributing suffrage literature. The women were on duty, some of them from 6 A. M., and they remained until the close. Hundreds of women passed in and out of the headquarters of the union at 25 East Forty-fifth Street during the day to get literature and directions for distribution. Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, the President, was at 623 Columbus Avenue, her own district, with her daughter and little granddaughter, the latter distributing literature with her elders. Mrs. John Winters Brannan was at the polls in the cigar shop, 103 West Forty-sixth Street, and Miss Anna Constable, at 631 Park Avenue. Polling places on the lower east side were thoroughly covered by the women.

STATE ELECTION RESULTS

New York World

(Lead only)

By a change of more than 330,000 votes the electors of New York State yesterday brought about these results:

Swept the Democratic party from the control of the New York State government by electing Charles S. Whitman, the Republican candidate, Governor by a plurality of 129,642 over Martin H. Glynn, Democrat.

Elected James W. Wadsworth jr., Republican, to the seat in the Senate now held by Elihu Root, over James W. Gerard, by a plurality of probably 55,000. Mr. Gerard, however, ran many thousands of votes ahead of Mr. Glynn, not only in the City of New York but in the country districts. He received 132,000 plurality in New York City; Mr. Glynn 57,000.

Turned over to the Republicans the control of both branches of the Legislature, the next Senate probably containing 32 Republicans and 19 Democrats, and the Assembly 106 Republicans and 44 Democrats.

Reduced the Democratic representation in the New York delegation to the House of Representatives from 31 to 23.

Gave a surprisingly large vote to William Sulzer, the Prohibition-Progressive-American candidate for Governor, not only in the country districts, but in the Tammany stronghold of Manhattan. He carried Steuben County by 300.

Showed a slump in the Progressive vote in every part of the State, in some instances the number of ballots cast for Mr. Davenport, the Progressive candidate for Governor, being negligible. The total Progressive vote was apparently about one-fifth of the 393,183 given Mr. Straus two years ago.

STATE ELECTION RETURNS

New York Times

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.—Boies Penrose was re-elected to the United States Senate today by a plurality approaching 100,000.

Dr. Martin Brumbaugh, Republican candidate for Governor, was elected by more than 125,000, and the entire Republican State ticket was swept into office, according to latest unofficial returns from all parts of Pennsylvania.

This estimate is based upon the heavy Republican vote polled in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and the sweep of the Republican column in such Democratic strongholds as Lehigh and Lycoming Counties.

The commanding lead of the Republicans indicates that the Democratic delegation in the National House of Representatives will be reduced from twelve to seven, the Progressive delegation reduced from seven to two, and the Republicans increased from 17 to 27.

The Republicans will have a large majority in both Houses of the State Legislature.

Until late tonight, Democratic State leaders claimed the election of Vance McCormick, Democratic candidate for Governor, by 135,000, despite the all-apparent Republican victory. Progressive State leaders admitted defeat shortly before midnight.

A. Nevin Detrick, State Chairman of the Progressive Party, said tonight:

> Returns indicate an overwhelming victory for Penrose and Brumbaugh. I attribute this vote to a revulsion against the Democratic Administration and the belief on the part of the electorate that the Republican Party is the instrument through which there will be a revival of prosperity.
>
> State issues seem to have been lost sight of by the voters, and the entire result is apparently based on national traditions. Returns from over the State are too meagre to predict from as to the district, Congressional, and Legislative candidates, but there is little doubt that the returns for the head of the ticket will prevail throughout the list.

Gifford Pinchot, Progressive candidate for United States Senator, said:

> During the campaign just ended, I made the statement that, win or lose, I would keep on with the fight for the conservation of natural resources for the use of the people, against the monopolies and special interests, and in particular against the kind of government that Penrose represents. I reaffirm that statement now.

A. Mitchell Palmer, Democratic candidate for United States Senator, ran second, with Pinchot, Progressive, third. Palmer commanded a much larger vote than had been conceded by the opposition leaders.

The four Republican Congressmen at large, Scott, Crago, Lafean, and Garland, were elected, and the Republicans in all probability have carried into office nineteen of the twenty-seven members of the State Senate.

Latest returns from this city indicate that Brumbaugh carried Philadelphia by a majority of 115,000 and Penrose by 100,000. Republican leaders in Philadelphia asserted that this sweep meant that the full Philadelphia delegation of six Congressmen had been won by the Republicans.

The vote throughout Pennsylvania was exceptionally heavy, and it is estimated that upward of 1,000,000 citizens went to the polls.

While no estimate of the complete Pinchot vote is yet possible, it is believed that Col. Roosevelt's recent invasion of Pennsylvania aided little in bringing support.

CITY ELECTION RETURNS

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

The St. Louis vote in Tuesday's election was a landslide for the Republicans.

The tabulated vote from all the 474 precincts shows majorities ranging from 3000 to 25,000. The St. Louis County vote also was carried by the Republicans.

The final count shows that the Democrats elected only one congressman, three members of the Legislature, four justices of the peace and four constables.

The home rule police and excise laws carried in St. Louis by a majority of 8400. The vote in the state, however, defeated the home rule laws.

The woman suffrage amendment received a hard blow in St. Louis, the majority against it being 57,135.

The total Republican and Democratic vote in St. Louis is estimated at 114,000. The vote of the Progressive party almost disappeared. Arthur N. Sager, the Progressive candidate for United States senator, polled only 1600 votes.

The Socialist vote, which has not been tabulated, is estimated at about 8000.

The Republican ticket was led by Howard Sidener, candidate for re-election for prosecuting attorney. His plurality was more than 25,000 over Walter A. Kelly, the Democratic candidate. The plurality of Louis Alt for license collector was over 25,000. He defeated Dennis P. O'Brien, Democrat.

Karl Kimmel defeated Glendy B. Arnold, who led the Democratic judicial ticket, by 3000 votes. George H. Shields, Republican, had a plurality of 15,378 over John J. O'Brien, low man on the Democratic judicial ticket.

By a majority of more than 14,000 over Edward A. Feehan, Democrat, Charles W. Holtcamp was re-elected probate judge. For each of the more important offices, the Republican candidates' pluralities exceeded 12,000.

By the election of L. C. Dyer in the Twelfth District over John P. Collins, the Republicans will gain one congressman from St. Louis. Henry A. Hamilton, the Republican candidate in the Eleventh District, was defeated by William L. Igoe by a plurality of more than 1900. Collins lost to Dyer by 2100.

Jacob E. Meeker, Republican candidate, was elected in the Tenth District by a plurality over Francis M. Curlee of more than 14,000 in the city. Meeker, who will succeed Richard Bartholdt, had a large majority in St. Louis County.

The Democrats elected their representatives in the Legislature from the Third District only, the successful candidates being J. J. Moroney, Charles Rizzo and Martin Ward.

The Republicans elected three state senators and thirteen members of the House of Representatives. The election gives the Republicans of St. Louis sixteen votes in the General Assembly of the state.

A. C. Wiget, Jr., defeated Maurice J. Cassidy, the Democratic incumbent from the Thirteenth District, in the State Senate.

Four justices of the peace were elected by the Democrats—Edward Rice winning over Col. Dick Johnson in the Third District, Andrew Gazzolo and Rod Gorman being elected in the Fifth District, and James P. Miles winning in the Sixth District.

George Grassmuck, Republican, defeated Andrew Scully, member of the House of Delegates, for justice of the peace in the Eighth District by a large plurality. W. D. Moore, Republican, defeated Robert J. Carroll, Democrat, in the Ninth District.

Lawrence P. Daley, Democratic city committeeman in the Seventeenth Ward, was defeated for constable in the Fourth District. The Democrats elected only three constables. Daley led Turpin in the voting, but fell behind Floyd E. Bush, Republican, who was elected.

Republican majorities were piled up in the First, Second, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Twenty-first wards.

VOTE ON LIQUOR ISSUE

Chicago Record-Herald

Richmond, Va., Sept. 22.—[Special.]—Virginia will join the other dry states Nov. 1, 1916, a majority of the voters of the state having cast their ballots to-day in favor of state-wide prohibition. Anti-liquor forces carried the election by not less than 25,000.

The cities of Alexandria, Danville, Norfolk and Richmond were the only ones that gave a majority against state-wide prohibition. Richmond voted 4,287 for prohibition and 6,011 against. The vote in the twenty cities of the state was 21,726 for and 19,699 against state-wide prohibition.

Scattering returns from all the counties show heavy dry majorities.

The surprise of the day was the vote in Petersburg, 2,122 for state-wide prohibition and 1,123 against. The wets had figured on carrying that city as well as Newport News, which went dry by a vote of 1,024 to 761.

In Alexandria, the home of a large brewery, the vote was 387 for and 1,132 against. Bristol, which voted wet in the last local option election, voted 424 to 282 for state-wide prohibition.

Roanoke joined the dry column by a vote of 2,329 for and 1,226 against, and the vote in Lynchburg was 1,713 for and 973 against.

The counties of Amelia, Page and Greene are the only ones so far heard from that registered a wet majority.

Ninety of the 100 counties voted dry in previous local option contests.

The result of the election will cause the state to lose in revenue about $700,000 annually. It will cause all of the liquor manufacturing concerns to remove from the state. Only manufacturers at present engaged in the production of wine and its by-products, cider and beer, of not over 3½ per cent alcohol, can manufacture in this state after Nov. 1, 1916, and the product must be shipped outside the state and into territory where its sale is legally authorized.

The day was a perfect one throughout the state. No disorder was reported in any town or county.

CHAPTER XI

LABOR TROUBLES AND STRIKES

STRIKES, lock-outs, and similar labor troubles, as disturbances in the economic life of the community, are of interest to many readers who are not directly affected. Important issues of wide-spread interest, such as the recognition of trades unions, the eight-hour day, and a living wage, are often involved in labor disputes. Acts of violence committed in connection with strikes have for the average reader the same kind of interest as do other similar acts.

A fair and accurate presentation of the points of view of both the employers and the employees is essential in all stories of this kind. Statements from both sides, therefore, are important. Although stories in this class are largely informative, there is also a chance for human interest treatment. Accounts of living and working conditions, for example, as obtained from workmen and their families often give a better picture of the circumstances that produced the strike than do formal statements by labor leaders. Sympathy may be legitimately created for the strikers and their families, especially when they are in actual want or are plainly the victims of oppression. Because the settlement of labor troubles not infrequently is brought about by the influence of public opinion, constructive journalism recognizes the importance of furnishing readers with all of the facts necessary for an intelligent understanding of the issues and conditions involved.

POSSIBILITY OF STRIKE

New York Herald

CHICAGO, Saturday.—Admissions were made on both sides to-night that the controversy between 30,000 firemen operating on 150,000 miles of railroads West, Northwest and Southwest of Chicago, and the railroad managers, had become critical and that the question of a strike, tying up practically all systems between here and the Pacific coast, would be settled within forty-eight hours.

W. S. Carter, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, on behalf of the firemen to-day sent to the General Managers' Committee of the railroads a request for a clear statement of the employers' position. The brotherhood asked for information on three points in their demands: Increased wage scale, which the railroads say would amount to an increase of 22½ per cent, but which the firemen say would equal only 12½ per cent; the right of the union to represent the fireman after he has been promoted either to an engineman or to any other capacity; the right of the union to have authority in

questions of seniority or the promotion of old time employes.

In previous negotiations the Brotherhood said that they were willing to submit the wage question to arbitration under the Erdman act, provided the other two points were settled without the aid of a third party.

It was announced by the general managers' committee to-night that an answer was directed sent to Mr. Carter, denying this request and leaving it to the union, despite their "strike vote," to take what future course they think best. It is said that the recent vote, showing more than eighty per cent of the men to be against accepting the offer of the railroads, would enable the national officials to call a strike at any time.

Negotiations have been on for six weeks. About forty-nine Western railroads are involved. If a strike were called, it is said, 25,000 other employes would be thrown out.

STRIKE

New York Evening Post

If you failed to find a red auto-cab on the street this morning, it was because the 475 drivers of the New York Taxicab Company had gone out on strike at five o'clock. At noon the strike was still on, the men, who are members of the Chauffeurs' Protective Association, not having reached an agreement with the company.

Most of the cabs are stored in the big Gospel Tent, next to the Y. M. C. A. building, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and if the company fails to get any of them moving by to-morrow, there is likely to be no room for the worshippers who attend the evangelistic services.

So sudden was the action of the drivers that the company was totally unprepared to cope with the situation, and hundreds of orders remained unfilled. Many persons were disappointed during the day. At the offices, No. 546 Fifth Avenue, it was said no statement would be made, for the reason that the company did not know yet just where the trouble was.

At Washington Hall, where the drivers established their headquarters, the officers of the association were in session nearly all morning, and out on the street in front of the building the members stood about in groups, waiting for an announcement as to the success or failure of their action. They did not hesitate to tell their grievances, either.

"The whole question sizes up about like this," said one of the be-goggled and helmeted chauffeurs. "The company expects the riding public to keep us alive on tips. But the riding public is losing the tip habit, if anybody should ask you, and it has been a starving game for us.

"Now, we fellows have got to live, like any other workingmen. Just because we drive automobiles don't prove that we're all millionaires. We want a fair wage and opportunity to earn it. We don't care how many hours we work, as long as there is a chance to make the money.

"But we can't do much under the present system. Here is the way the company proposes that we will make a living: We run the cabs for a week and take 20 per cent. of the fares. Out of this we have to pay for all the gasolene we burn, the polish we use to keep the cabs bright and shiny, and two or three uniforms a year.

"Supposing a driver takes in $20 a week? Out of that he would get 20 per cent., and out of that four dollars he is expected to pay for six or seven gallons of gasolene at fifteen cents a gallon, besides laying aside a clothing allowance and buying his polish. Of course, he is allowed to keep his tips, but tips are getting smaller every year.

"Last week I made just seven dollars after all expenses had been deducted. I owed the company after the gasolene charges had been paid, and my tip money pulled me out seven to the good."

BEGINNINGS OF STRIKE

Chicago Tribune

Five hundred employes of wholesale grocery houses yesterday joined the strike begun on the preceding day by the porters

of Sprague, Warner & Co. Many nonunion men joined with the unionists, and in some of the houses the tie-up practically was complete. Boys and girls employed in the canning departments of some of the houses caught the strike fever and walked out with the men, although they are not organized. Two of the larger houses, those of Steele, Wedeles & Co. and Reid, Murdoch & Co., escaped the strike yesterday, but their employes may go out to-day.

The strike came as a sort of April fool joke on the merchants. They had offered to arbitrate the differences with the union, and did not believe that the men would obey a strike order. There has been no trouble in the industry for the last six years, and the merchants were inclined to believe that the entire controversy would be adjusted at a conference held yesterday morning. They found the union representatives firm in their demands for a fifty-four-hour week all the year.

The merchants offered to grant a Saturday half-holiday for eight months, but insisted that while the fall rush was on in September, October, November and December the men would have to work full time. This was met by a proposition that they be paid time and one-half for the overtime on Saturday afternoons, but the merchants declared that would be an increase in wages which trade conditions did not warrant.

Immediately after the negotiations were broken off the union officials hurried from one house to another and called out the men in most of the houses. A few of the older employes stuck to their posts, but the number was so small that they could not handle the business. Among the larger houses where the men went out are:

FRANKLIN MACVEAGH & CO.
SPRAGUE, WARNER & CO.
W. M. HOYT COMPANY.
JOHN A. TOLMAN & CO.
HENRY HORNER & CO.
W. J. QUAN & CO.
S. PETERSON & CO.

"We have a few men left at work," said Rollin A. Keyes of Franklin MacVeagh & Co., "but I would not like to bet that we will have them to-morrow morning. They seem to have caught the strike fever, although I think our position is eminently fair. We made them as good a proposition as we believed the business would stand, and when that was not acceptable to them we offered to submit the entire matter of wages and hours to arbitration. They told us they had tried arbitration once and did not want any more of it. I cannot say how long the strike will last or how extensive it may be, but so far as this firm is concerned, we are always ready to meet our employes. I don't see, however, that a conference will do any good at this time, as the strike will have to run its course."

Alex Gilchrist, business agent of the Wholesale Grocery Employes' Union, declared that the demands of the men were conservative and that the offer to arbitrate was made too late in the negotiations to be taken up.

"The merchants have had our demands before them for a month," said Mr. Gilchrist, "and they offered us nothing until the last moment, when they knew we would strike. They are trying to break up our organization, and the men think that they might as well fight it out now. If the trade is so heavy during the fall months that they cannot grant us a half-holiday it is all the more reason why they should pay us overtime for Saturday afternoons during those months. Our men believe that they cannot get anything without fighting for it, and that is what we have decided to do."

The Freight Handlers' Council will meet to-night and take up the strike of the grocery employes. A sympathetic strike in some of the railroad freighthouses is said to be probable unless the difficulty in the grocery houses is settled soon.

SERIOUS CLASH IN BIG STRIKE

Chicago Tribune

Trinidad, Colo., April 21.—[Special.]—Twenty-five dead, more than two-thirds of them women and children, a score missing, and more than a score wounded, is the toll known tonight to have resulted from the

fourteen hour battle which raged yesterday between state troops and striking coal miners in the Ludlow district. The battle occurred on the property of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, the Rockefeller holdings.

Today both sides maintained an ominous quiet, but it is feared the battle will be resumed tomorrow with greater bloodshed than that which has occurred.

The militia, which yesterday drove the strikers from their tent colony and, it is charged, set fire to the tents, involving thereby the greatest loss of lives, are preparing for a machine gun sortie at daybreak from their position along the Colorado and Southern railroad tracks at either side of the Ludlow station.

On the surrounding hills, sheltered by rocks and bowlders, 400 strikers await the coming of the soldiers, while their ranks are being swelled by men who tramped overland in the dark, carrying guns and ammunition from the neighboring union camps.

Italian, Greek, and Austrian miners have appealed to their consular representatives for protection, and John McLennan, president of the local union district, today wired the Red Cross in Denver to be prepared to render aid.

Both strikers and militia have a plentiful supply of ammunition on hand. Five thousand rounds were taken to the troops at Ludlow on a Colorado and Southern train from Denver early this morning, and this supply was supplemented by a shipment from Trinidad this noon.

The strikers by the seizure of an engine in the Denver and Rio Grande yards at Elmoro early yesterday were also able to replenish their stock.

The militia number 200. Detachments from Walsenburg and Lamar got through the lines early yesterday.

The fighting began early yesterday, when a militia detachment under Lieut. Linderfelt started to investigate the cause of firing near Cedar Hill. As the day progressed, word of the clash reached officials, and a relief expedition consisting of fifty members of the newly organized Trinidad militia company were sent to the scene on a special train. The militia went south of Ludlow and came upon the strikers barricaded in the pumping station.

Maj. P. J. Hamrock, in a statement this morning, declared that the main battle was precipitated about dusk by a crowd of Greek strikers under Louis Tikas, who opened fire upon a detachment of his men while they were drilling near the military camp, and in sight of the tent colony.

The strikers retreated along a gully back of the tent colony, followed by the militia, who swept the valley with machine guns.

The fire of the troops set many of the tents on fire. While the flames were spreading several thousand rounds of ammunition stored in the tent of John Lawson, Colorado member of the national executive board, United Mine Workers, according to the military reports, was exploded.

Terrified by the rain of bullets which poured through the blazing canvases above their heads, the women and children, apparently more afraid of the lead than of the flames, remained huddled in their pits until the smoke carried death to them by suffocation.

When it appeared that no more men remained in the colony the militia ceased its fire and went to the work of rescue. Women ran from the burning tents, some with their clothing afire, carrying their babes in their arms. Many were forced to abandon their older children to their fate.

Trembling, hysterical, some apparently dazed, the women were escorted by the troops to the Ludlow station, where they were held until this morning, when a Colorado Southern train brought them into Trinidad.

The camp was abandoned to its fate following the departure of the women, and the strikers retreated to the arroyos back of the colony and to the surrounding hills.

This morning the camp was a mass of charred débris. In the holes which had been dug for their protection against the rifle fire the women and children died like trapped rats when the flames swept over them. One pit, uncovered this afternoon, disclosed the bodies of ten children and two women.

ONE DAY OF BIG STRIKE

New York Times

(Condensed)

LAWRENCE, Mass., Sept. 30.—For the first time in this country a "demonstration strike" against the imprisonment of labor leaders took place here to-day. After hand-to-hand fights between rioters and police, from the opening of the textile mill gates in the morning until the closing at night, the demonstration was called off by the Industrial Workers of the World.

The strike was called for twenty-four hours, beginning this morning, in protest against the imprisonment of Joseph J. Ettor, Arturo Giovanitti, and Joseph Caruso, whose trial in connection with the death of Anna Lopizzo opened in Salem to-day. Seven thousand of the 30,000 operatives in the cotton and woolen mills here obeyed the call, forcing out 5,000 others, either through intimidation or lack of work because of closing down of departments. Then, at a mass meeting late this afternoon, the workers were told to go back to-morrow morning, ready to come out again at the call of the Industrial Workers, if the leaders should not be satisfied with the progress of the trial at Salem.

The worst of the rioting occurred at the opening of the mill gates this morning. Pickets armed with revolvers, knives, sledge hammers, iron bolts and other weapons, attempted to stop operatives from going into the mills. When the police tried to maintain order, the pickets struggled with them desperately. Swinging their clubs with effect, the blue-coats drove back the rioters. A score of arrests were made, many of the prisoners having cracked heads, while there were many others who escaped through the crowds to their homes with bleeding heads and bruised faces.

Men, women and children on their way to work were held up and assaulted by strikers or sympathizers.

The morning's trouble began at the corner of Essex and Mill Streets. A fireman was escorting his young daughter to her work in one of the mills when he was attacked by a crowd of pickets. The fireman put up a hard but successful fight to protect his daughter from interference. After seeing the young woman safely within the mill gates, he returned to the crowd of pickets. Here he pointed out a man, who, he said, had struck his daughter. The alleged assailant was arrested.

A short time before the hour for opening the mills a stream of operatives began to pour down Essex Street and through the side streets leading to the factories. Pickets intercepted the workers and attempted to prevent them from entering the mill gates. Lunch baskets were snatched and hurled into the faces of the women and children. One gray haired woman was rescued, with two companions, from a group of pickets who had bruised her face.

Fathers and brothers, some of them armed, escorted daughters and sisters to the mills. One boy was struck over the head with a bottle and rendered unconscious.

Cars bearing workers were intercepted by pickets and stalled for a time. One motorman had to fight with the crowd for possession of his controller.

Private automobiles were used as patrol wagons by the police. Timid women operatives were taken in charge by the police and conveyed by automobiles to their mills.

Leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World said that the organization could not be held responsible for the disturbances. Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn in a statement said: "I, personally, and other leaders have constantly cautioned workers against any violence, particularly in the present strike, which is one of demonstration rather than of grievances. The trouble this morning was caused by some excitable youngsters, whose actions can hardly be controlled by any one."

Against this statement must be weighed the language of one of the addresses in Italian that aroused the crowd at the afternoon mass meeting. It was translated into English and given out to-night in the form of a statement by the speaker, Carlo Tresca, an editor of Pittsburgh. It said:

"If Ettor, Giovanitti, and Caruso are found guilty, or either of them is found guilty, the Industrial Workers of the World will march to Salem, storm the jail, and rescue the prisoners, if possible."

Only one hospital case was reported, that of an operative who was thrown headlong from a street car and knocked unconscious. He was later discharged. No policeman was wounded, and no shots were fired.

The decision of the Industrial Workers' leaders to call off the strike was made public at a mass meeting attended by 5,000 persons in a vacant lot this afternoon. There was no dissent, although many of the operatives said they had expected the strike to last much longer. No vote was taken at the meeting on the matter of formally ending the strike. Archie Adamson, who presided, said afterward that the usual vote was dispensed with because it was feared some of the hotter heads among the strikers might insist upon remaining out, and thus create disturbances.

CHAPTER XII

WEATHER

THE universal interest in the weather, which makes it the most common topic of conversation, is due to its effect upon health, business, and pleasure. Official forecasts of the weather are given a place of prominence on the front page of most papers, and are read with interest by most readers. The business man, the farmer, the shopper, the pleasure-seeker, all are concerned with the state of the weather and the predictions regarding it. Besides the official reports, there is opportunity for weather stories of various kinds. The change of the seasons, extremes of heat and cold, storms, and unusual weather of any sort serve as subjects for weather stories. Two stories of an eclipse of the sun have been included in this division, although, of course, such phenomena should be classed as astronomical rather than meteorological.

Although the purely informative type of story is the usual one for weather, the subject may be treated in a lighter vein. There is often a chance for life and color whether the treatment be informative or more or less humorous.

FIRST WINTER WEATHER

Boston Transcript

Start up the furnace fire and begin the inroads on that well-stocked coal bin (if it is well stocked), for winter has come. The Old Man of the North put in appearance this morning, long enough to register officially at the Weather Bureau with a few flakes of snow. There was a welcome rainstorm during the night, and the snowflakes were just a tail-end contribution from the storm, a few raindrops turned into frozen particles when struck with the chill wind that blew in from the northwest.

The forecast says: "Fair, continued cold tonight and Wednesday; freezing tonight." The forecaster's official verdict will be believed readily enough by all those who have been out during the day. When the temperature reading is only 41° in the middle of the day, as was the case today, it is a sure enough sign that winter is approaching, especially when a strong northwest wind is doing its best to find all the cracks and crevices in the buildings of the community, so that it will know where to locate them later in the year without wasting time in the search.

It was colder at eleven o'clock this morning, by thirteen degrees, than it was at midnight, while the lowest temperature reading of the morning was between eight and nine o'clock, 39. That is not the lowest of the season, however, for nearly a month ago, Sept. 29 to be exact, there was a reading of 34°. Forecaster Smith thinks that mark will be passed tonight; in fact, he

would not be at all surprised if the minimum between now and tomorrow morning were around 28 to 30°. After tomorrow there will be a shift back to weather warmer than normal, or at least it looks so now.

Today's brand of weather is much nearer the normal than what the month of October has previously brought forth. Up to today there has been an accumulated excess of 156 degrees in heat, or an average of about six degrees a day.

SNOW STORM

Springfield Republican

Boisterous storms which broke over the whole eastern and southern quarters of the United States yesterday prepared the first "white Easter" this land has experienced in years. The snowy tumult swept in across the Atlantic from the south and east late Friday night and all day yesterday, bringing a considerable quantity of wet ocean with it, which was distributed high above tide levels along the whole sea coast from Maine to Florida, drowning out business in some cities and driving street car and automobile patrons to boats. Coastal shipping was paralyzed, rail traffic in many salt water districts was halted and wire lines were prostrated throughout the southern coast states. Louisiana and Texas saw the first scums of ice that have ever been frozen in those states in April. Hardy New England refused to be daunted by the large rough patches of "weather" flung down here. Rails and wires stood up well under the strain of blustery winds and snow ranging in depth from six inches to more than a foot. But the storm was no fun.

All Western Massachusetts and Connecticut gasped and floundered yesterday afternoon and last night. The wind and flurries of snow presaging trouble were here before noon, but the real snowfall did not start until about 1 o'clock. Then a continuous fall with swirling gusts whisked through city streets and over country hills, drifting always where drifts were not desirable. Around Springfield the snow was about eight inches deep on the level and heavy drifts formed all over town. The railroads out of this city managed to keep within half an hour of schedule time, however.

The snow was hardly soggy enough to put a serious crimp into traffic, and trains contrived to do their own drift-bucking, though the old reliable snowplows stood ready in the yards with dabs of axle grease on their snouts ready for quick calls to battle. Trolly lines about the city were open all afternoon and night, thanks to eight plows and a couple of sanders, with cars running as near schedule as possible. The Feeding Hills line was tied up two hours early in the evening when snow-choked switches refused to slide, and two cars were bounced off on the ground.

All over town the going was treacherous enough to send many a smoothshod pedestrian to sudden and sometimes ignominious downfall. On one Main-street corner a perfectly respectable old gentleman went the "zip-bang!" route, as the sporting writers would have it, and startled passers-by with dark blue language when he spied his shiny Easter hat whiff hastily across the street and cave in against an adamant store front. On a busy corner at the evening rush hour, a swarthy, well-dressed young man went to the pavement all spraddled out, and tripped a woman with a potted lily in her arms. The lily pot collapsed with the well-known dull thud. The woman was outraged when the young man hopped up, looked frightened and dived into a nearby lunch-room, without a word. The manager of the lunch-room, who has to be an interpreter in order to hold his job, said that the swarthy, who was his assistant chef, had not tarried to apologize because he didn't know how to do it in English.

When the snow began to fall in the afternoon, the street department made a few desultory attempts with sweepers to keep it confined to the gutters, but the storm became too persistent for that. Drifts filled the crossings in spite of gangs of shovelers and traffic of all sorts was enfeebled though not halted. Traffic officers and drivers were blinded by the fine flurries at times and the police consider the day a

lucky one because only one slight crash occurred. Harry Edwards, driving N. L. Byron's undertaking car, failed to see the warning palm of the officer at the corner of Main and State streets soon enough, and with wheels locked his machine skidded into a broadside collision with a Fiberloid company's truck. The Byron car came off with a crushed fender and a few scratches.

Easter week business in hats and Sunday trumpery was badly handicapped. The storm yesterday did all the crimping left undone by the trolly strike, which kept folks at home Wednesday and Thursday; so that practically all of the downtown store owners admitted last night that their week's business was ruined. The Forbes & Wallace, the Steiger, the Kinsman-Campbell and a few other of the larger store managements were irked at the sight of their sales staffs standing around idle last night, and closed a half-hour early. The flower stores, too, were badly hit by the storm, some of them having perishable stocks left on their hands last night, which will have to spoil for want of a market.

The weather conditions yesterday caused a big rush of business for the telephone company, extra girls being called in and kept going at top speed all day. During the rush hours the service was especially heavy, being about double that of an ordinary day, and the exchange boards were a blaze of lights. In spite of the demand the company responded well, giving fine service. Ordinarily about 110,000 local calls are handled each day, but the number went far in excess of that figure yesterday. But in spite of all there were large feelings of thankfulness in many bosoms yesterday when the street cars were observed going about their regular business. Had the trollymen's strike not been called off Thursday evening, the city would have been utterly paralyzed. The strike occurred on two days when the weather was fine. Apparently the gods did a little charitable figuring before the week's program was arranged.

However much people may have been surprised by April snow, yesterday's fall was not unprecedented. Springfield has been almost snowed under several times during the month of April, light falls having been seen here frequently. A few of the heaviest snows recorded were as follows:—

April 19, 1821, two feet.
April 6, 1852, tremendous storm. Snow a foot deep on the level.
April 17, 1854, heavy storm, with two-foot drifts and good sleighing.
April 3, 1861, deep drifts, traffic suspended.
April 2, 1862, over a foot of snow.
April 7, 1868, seven inches of snow.
April 1, 1872, a six-inch fall.
April 25 and 26, 1874, severe storm with 18-inches of snow.
April 5, 1876, heaviest snowstorm of the winter, two feet on the level.
April 8 and 9, 1907, about seven inches on the level.

FIRST DAYS OF SPRING

New York Herald

Central Park was filled yesterday with throngs of visitors out to enjoy the balmy air of a spring day. Automobiles, victorias and other smart equipages passed in continuous procession along the drives. Fifth avenue stages unloaded hundreds who streamed through the park and joined the throng already there. The new life of springtime was manifest on every side.

In mid-afternoon, under the warming influence of the sun, couples seated on the benches began boldly to hold hands. The Mall was peopled by thousands who walked or travelled on cars from all parts of the city. There were long rows of family parties. At every avenue of approach were venders of balloons and whirligigs displaying their wares to children.

The space on the walks not covered by pedestrians was taken up by perambulators and go-carts. Even the squirrels seemed to be surprised by the outpouring of visitors and the increase in the peanut supply.

Boats splashed in the lakes and streams bearing happy couples and shouting, happy faced youngsters. Along the railings overlooking the bridle paths stood thousands watching the smartly dressed equestrians gallop by.

The menagerie was the magnet that drew and held the largest crowds; fully fifty thousand viewed the animals. For the first time many of them saw the new members of the zoological family that arrived during the winter. James Conway, the veteran shepherd of the park flocks, had twenty brand new lambs to show, and it was with a great sense of pride that he displayed them upon the hillside. In addition to a new staff he had at his side the beautiful collie Jack, recently presented to him by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Warmed by a soft breeze from the south, Coney Island had a spring festival. Fifty thousand persons, responding to the invitation of the vernal equinox, spent the afternoon at the resort by the sea. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company had to put on extra trains. Automobiles were out in great number.

Coney Island has awakened from its winter sleep earlier than usual this season. The roller coaster railways and many merry-go-rounds already open were augmented yesterday by the opening of the "loop the loop." The horse race feature of Steeplechase Park will open next Sunday, and the whole park will begin its season on the following Sunday.

Dreamland Park will open on May 14. Work of getting the park in shape will begin this week. Luna Park will open, as usual, about the first week of May. It was reported yesterday that a well known Manhattan restaurateur will open an establishment next month adjoining the New Brighton Theatre.

Isaac Stein, a merchant in Surf avenue, Coney Island, asserts that he is the first man to don a straw hat for the 1910 season. He put one on yesterday and sat for two hours on his porch.

COLD SUMMER WEATHER

New York Evening Post

June has carried off the year's honors in weather record-breaking, with the cold winds of last night and to-day. At six o'clock this morning the Weather Bureau's thermometer registered 48 degrees. Since 1871, when the tabulations of the Weather Bureau began, no such temperature has been noted after June 9. There have been one or two days of chillier weather in past Junes, with 45 degrees as the record for low temperature, but none of these have come so late in the month.

New Yorkers who woke up in the cold June dawn and went groping into bottoms of trunks for the blankets of January may take some malicious pleasure in the fact that it was colder in some places in the State. The most uncomfortable community in New York appears to have been Camden, in the north, near the St. Lawrence, where the mercury slid down to 36 degrees. Rochester was in little better condition, with a frigid summer morning's air at 40 degrees, and Syracuse shivered over its cereal and cream in a hardly more cheerful atmosphere at 42 degrees. A prevailing, if not popular, temperature in many places was 44 degrees, which chilled Albany, Binghamton, Buffalo, and Scranton, Pa. Over the line in Vermont, Northfield was delighting in a temperature of 40 degrees.

The explanation of all these rare days in June for those who are not content with knowing that it is too cold for comfort at this time of year, is that there has been an area of high barometric pressure hovering around the Canadian Northwest recently, and that it has been moving eastward and down over a part of the United States on its way out to sea. Everywhere it has been accompanied by drops in temperature of from 14 to 20 degrees, so that New York is no worse off than any other State. Yesterday this area was over northern Minnesota, and last night it was over Lake Huron. It is still with us in New York, and is likely to be with us to-night, the weather experts say, so that housewives may as well keep their blankets on the beds, now that they are out. Just how far the thermometer may drop to-night cannot be predicted. The weather man thinks there may be frost in the country districts to-night.

A serious side to the prospect of frost is the danger of damage to fruit trees and

gardens. Last night, fortunately, frosts were prevented by the rain which fell early in the night and which left the trees and crops safe as the sky cleared later. To-night, however, different conditions are to be faced and farmers will have to protect their produce as far as they can. There were damaging frosts on one or two of the cold nights of last week.

So far there has been an interesting weather contest between months this year. May furnished the hottest weather on its 26th and 27th that had been recorded for that month in 34 years, with temperatures of 89 and 91 degrees. June has outclassed May and made it impossible for any other month to better her record, by outdoing all known feats. With to-morrow, June 21, the summer solstice and the longest day of the year, the official beginning of the supposedly hot season is expected to usher in a period of normally settled weather.

HIGH WIND

New York Times

Wind, which seemed never to be of remarkable velocity, but which blew in gusts that whipped a fine rain into stinging particles, blinding to pedestrians and to drivers of vehicles, caused the death of two men yesterday and injury to many others, and did damage to property in Manhattan and Brooklyn that threatened many other lives. One of the victims of the storm was run down by an automobile; the other was blown into the bay and drowned.

A derrick was blown from a six-story building and fell into the roof of a moving-picture house adjoining, four stories below. In Brooklyn, the front wall, 100 feet long, of a grain elevator crashed into the street, and the spire of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church was partly blown to pieces.

It was in Columbia Street, between Pacific and Amity Streets, Brooklyn, that the greatest damage was done. There are the buildings of the Dow Stores and Grain Elevator Company. One of the buildings, more than 80 feet in height, runs for 100 feet along Columbia Street. Its front wall was of brick, windowless and blank above the street floor. Behind it ran wooden bins, in which grain was stored, and between it and the bins were no cross-beams or supports. It was this that fell.

Tons of brick crashed into the street just after 8 o'clock, carrying down the trolley poles and lines of the crosstown line of surface cars and smashing against the walls opposite. Like the wrecked building, however, these were storehouses and factories, and little damage was done to them.

The roar of the falling wall sounded like an explosion, and Policeman Guthrie of the Amity Street Station and the crowd which rushed to Columbia Street thought a bomb had been exploded. The whole wall, 100 feet long, had fallen into the street from the roof to a point twenty feet above the sidewalk.

John Snackenberg, an Inspector in the Building Department, said that grain stored in the building might have exploded by spontaneous combustion or the accumulation of years which had dropped between the bins and the outer wall might have swollen and forced the brick wall out. He would not say that either of these things had happened, however, and it was generally believed that the wind had started the wall swaying until it had toppled over.

John Callahan and his three-year-old son, John, Jr., were on their way home to 81 Congress Street when the wall fell, and they were cut and bruised by bricks. John Sullivan of 100 Baltic Street was hurt in the same way, and all were treated by Dr. Lee of the Long Island College Hospital.

The crowds returning to their homes from the place were warned away from the corner of Court and Congress Street. There a big piece of copper about fifty feet long was swaying from the tip of St. Paul's spire. The church, which is the oldest Catholic Church in Brooklyn, since the renovation of St. James's Pro-Cathedral, in Jay Street, has a spire covered with slate and protected along the edges with strips of copper.

The wind detached one of these, twenty-five feet long, and blew it across the street

to the roof of a tenement at 196 Court Street, where it smashed through the skylight and put the tenants in a panic, though none was hurt. The second strip, only partly detached, blew to and fro like the pendulum of a huge clock, occasionally knocking pieces of slate into the street as it banged against the spire. The police blocked off the corner with red lanterns and prevented pedestrians or vehicles from passing.

In Manhattan the wind blew a 300-pound derrick from the roof of a six-story building at 801 Third Avenue, near Fiftieth Street. It fell on the roof of the two-story building adjoining, and the crash startled the 200 occupants of a moving picture house on the floor beneath. They hustled for the doors, and women's dresses were torn in the struggle. None was hurt, however.

James Costello, a retired policeman and special watchman in a bank in Williams Street, and Charles Smith, employed on a barge moored to the end of Long Dock, in Erie Basin, were the storm's victims. Costello was run down by an automobile in front of 7,210 Fourteenth Avenue, Brooklyn, when he tried to cross the street, his vision shielded by an umbrella, which the wind forced him to hold over his face.

Smith, with Edward Jurgeson, was crossing on a plank between the end of the pier and his barge when a gust of wind blew him off. Jurgeson stretched out a hand and caught Smith's arm. He could not hold him and was pulled into the water. Other bargemen, hearing them yell, threw ropes, and Jurgeson caught one. He was hauled into the barge, but Smith was lost. His body was recovered.

Three fourteen-year-old boys were hurt in Paterson, N. J., when the wind blew down a barn at 80 Plum Street, in which they had taken refuge from the rain. They were Louis Krager of 6, Frank Carman of 71, and Louis Rose of 34 Plum Street.

The boys were buried in the wreckage of the building until firemen dug them out. Then it was found that Krager had his right arm and left leg broken and both the others probably had fractured skulls. Young Krager was caught beneath several heavy beams and could not be moved until firemen had rigged a block and falls and lifted the beams. The youngsters were taken to St. Joseph's Hospital.

According to the weather forecast, the wind, which blew from the northeast yesterday, will haul to the northwest to-day, and may blow even more heavily.

NOTE — *In the next two stories the facts about the same eclipse are given in different ways.*

ECLIPSE OF SUN

(1)

Washington Herald

That feeling of awe inspired by the shutting off of the sun's light was prevalent in Washington yesterday morning for about three hours.

All over the city groups of men, women, and children were formed to view the phenomenon through smoked glasses. Those who had not been informed of the eclipse, or who had neglected to ascertain the time of the sun's darkening, mistook the appearance of things as foreboding rain.

The darkness was not like the darkness of night. It was a gloomy blackness, and seemed to carry a chill with it as it passed over the earth.

At the Naval Observatory, on Georgetown Heights, a corps of five astronomers were making observations of the spectacle, and photographs were taken by a forty-foot photo-heliograph.

Under the direction of Prof. W. S. Eichelberger, the observers recorded the first contact of the sun and moon at thirty-five minutes and twenty-eight seconds after 9 o'clock, just ten seconds before the predicted time. The sun was in partial eclipse until forty-nine minutes and two seconds after 12 o'clock.

Photographs were taken at different intervals of the moon's transit by Prof. George H. Peters. Those who assisted in making the observations were Profs. F. B. Littell and G. A. Hill, assistant as-

tronomers, Mat Frederickson and C. W. Frederick.

According to the astronomers, only about 75 per cent of the sun's face was darkened, but the eclipse was total in Florida and Mexico.

This was the second eclipse of the year, the other having occurred on January 3. As the sun yesterday was not completely hidden, the phenomenon of the "corona" was not visible. The shadow was visible, however, over the whole of North America, the northern portion of South America, the southwestern part of Europe, the northwest corner of Africa, and the Northern Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The spectacle was regarded by astronomers at the observatory as highly instructive, many crescent images being seen.

Last evening, immediately after sunset, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, Neptune, and Venus were noticeable, grouped together in the West. These stars, according to astronomers, will not be seen again in such proximity for several hundred years.

In other days, the combination of two such phenomena, the grouping of large planets, and an eclipse of the sun, would start all sorts of forebodings, but with the general spread of astronomical knowledge, events like these are accepted as part of the workings of the great law that rules the universe, and have ceased to strike terror.

(2)

Washington Post

Sooty nose tips were quite the fashion in the National Capital yesterday forenoon. People got them by squinting through bits of smoked glass at the sun and moon. Our Lady of the Night, instead of being decently abed with her star children in the celestial nursery, was up and abroad in the full glare of the June morning, and had the astronomical rudeness to cast a shadow on Sabbath newspapers by passing between their readers and the light.

It took her 3 hours, 13 minutes, and 34 seconds, to a dot, to march across the sun, and all Washington flocked into the front yard to gaze on the lady's transit. They bore gingerly in their fingers small pieces of glass darkened by wick smoke, and such as in their innocence yielded to the promptings of mischief-minded folk to "Hold it closer, dear, closer, so you can see," reaped the reward of the unsophisticated in smudged noses and gay shouts of ribaldry at their cost.

It was 35 minutes and 28 seconds past 9 o'clock, standard time, when the partial eclipse began. At that instant occurred what astronomers call the first contact, when the windward edge of the roistering moon impinged on the sun's periphery. Get it? Periphery—circumference—rim. (Representing the difference between the Naval Observatory, Connecticut avenue and South Washington. All the same, but seconds different.)

It was 1 hour 36 minutes and 47 seconds later, or 11:12:15 a. m., when the Pale Orb of Night (phrase borrowed) reached the half-way point in her morning stroll across the perpendicular path of the light dispenser, and achieved the casting of a shadow on the world that, if it didn't send the birds to roost, at least fooled some lazy folk into turning over with a happy sigh of surprise for a longer snooze.

It was 29 minutes and 2 seconds past the hour of high noon when her ladyship blew off to bed, scandalous jade, and the smoked-glass gazers went to lunch.

At the Naval Observatory, on Wisconsin avenue Heights, during the eclipse Prof. W. S. Eichelberger and his full staff were as busy as 97 eggs in an incubator at hatching time.

"The eclipse," added the professor, "arrived ten seconds ahead of the predicted time and lasted thirteen seconds less than the predicted period. Five observers noted the times of contact—Prof. F. B. Littell, U. S. N., Assistant Astronomers G. A. Hill, J. C. Hammond, Matt Frederickson, C. W. Frederick, and myself—who directed the observations. A photograph of the maximum eclipse was taken by Assistant George H. Peters, and a print was obtained through the courtesy of Capt. W. J. Barnett, U. S. N., superintendent of the observatory.

"The photograph was taken with the

40-foot photoheliograph installed at the observatory. All other official observations were made by equatorial telescopes. The day was fine for observations. The image of the sun was very steady at the first contact, but somewhat less steady at the last."

The photoheliograph is a photographic camera, forty feet long, mounted horizontally. Within two feet of the front end of the forty-foot tube (or bellows, to borrow a photographical term) is the telescope lens. Two feet in front of it is a wedge-shaped piece of unsilvered glass, called the mirror. This mirror receives the sun's rays direct, diverts the major portion of the light, and reflects the small remainder upon the lens, which in turn imprints the image upon the sensitive plate at the near end of the tube.

This near end—earth end, it might be called—is inserted in one wall of a square, dark room, within which the photographer stands. A vertical slit, one-sixteenth of an inch wide, in the near end of the tube, admits the light from the lens. At the precise moment the photographer, by a quick, strong pull on a lever, shoots the sensitive plate across this slit, thereby accomplishing an "exposure" of about one one-hundredth of a second in duration. In that infinitesimal fraction of time the desired image of the eclipse is—and yesterday was—imprinted upon the photographer's plate.

In case of a total eclipse the operation is different. On account of the complete obscuration of the luminary by the moon, a time exposure of about two minutes is required, and to achieve this a clock mechanism turns the camera tube so as to keep the heavenly object always centered on the lens.

The diameter of the sun is 800,000 miles. The diameter of the moon is 4,000 miles. But the sun is 92,500,000 miles away from the earth, and the moon is only 24,000 miles away. So, upon the ocular principle that the nearer an object is the bigger it looks, the moon, when it passed between the sun and the earth yesterday, had an apparent diameter as great as the actual diameter of the sun. That is why, when there is a total eclipse, the moon is big enough, looked at from the earth, to all but completely hide the sun, though the sun is 200 times as large as the moon. Otherwise there could not be such a thing as a total eclipse.

So yesterday in Florida and Mexico, where the eclipse was central, at the moment of the maximum eclipse all that the people could see of the sun was a brilliant ring around the circumference of the moon, like a molten circlet.

CHAPTER XIII

SPORTS

Interest in sports. One of the marked characteristics of American newspapers is the large amount of space, both absolutely and relatively, that they devote in every issue to news of sports. Although there is undoubtedly a healthy interest in athletic contests on the part of many readers, newspapers have greatly stimulated this interest and have created a considerable part of the present demand for sporting news and gossip. Hundreds of thousands of newspaper readers who have never seen a major league baseball game follow day by day the doings of the various teams and players, not merely during the playing season but throughout the greater part of the year. Newspapers have also assisted in developing intercollegiate football from a game in which students and alumni were primarily interested into a sport of big spectacular contests that attract the general public. Even after prize fighting was barred in most states, newspapers, by the space given to the contestants for months before every fight, were able to maintain wide-spread interest in the results. In order to furnish readers with a very large amount of reading matter concerning both major and minor sports, most papers have a special staff of sports writers under the direction of the sporting editor.

Type of story. Sporting news stories may be divided into three classes: (1) those that deal with the contestants and the conditions before the event, (2) those that report the contest itself, and (3) those that analyze the event and its results. Stories that discuss the relative merits of the contestants and forecast the results of the game are based on first hand observations of the writer or on the observations of others, regarding the showing made by the contestants in previous events and in practice. The general and the detailed accounts of a contest can, of course, be written only by writers who have witnessed it. The analysis of the event and of its results may be based either on the reporter's own observations of the contest or on the reports of it printed in newspapers. In covering a big sporting event, a newspaper frequently assigns two men to report it, one to write a general account and one a detailed story. It is evident that all sporting news stories can best be

written by men who are thoroughly familiar with the sport itself and with the contestants.

Purpose. The general aim of sporting news stories should be to satisfy a normal, healthy interest in legitimate sports. That newspapers have stimulated an excessive interest in professional baseball and intercollegiate football, as well as in prize fights, is a criticism deserving careful consideration. The evil effects on schoolboy athletes, and even on some college players, of undue newspaper publicity have been pointed out by educators and should also be considered by the sports writer. Accuracy and fairness are as vital to news stories of sports as to any other news stories. Although the interest that readers have in local contestants may warrant a writer in devoting considerable space to them, it does not justify him in slighting or treating unfairly their opponents in whom the readers have less interest. The spirit of fair play that is essential to sport is equally necessary to reports of sporting events.

Treatment. The handling of sporting news presents several problems. The review of conditions preceding the contest and the analysis of the game and its results require careful observation, clear thinking, and a good expository style. In some respects this kind of interpretation is not unlike editorial and critical writing. The account of the event itself demands spirited narrative and description that portrays not only the scenes but the spirit of the occasion. The contrast between the emotions of the victors and those of the vanquished may be used to good advantage. Because of the popular interest in individual players, many events give ample opportunity for developing the personal, or human interest, elements. The term "heroes" as often applied to athletes is not inappropriate, for it is the heroic qualities of the contestants that appeal to the spectators and the followers of the sport.

Style is also an important element in sporting news stories. The very popularity of a subject that demands much writing on the same or similar material day by day necessitates variety of presentation. Efforts to avoid constant repetition in reporting baseball games have resulted in some picturesque diction and some original figures of speech in the stories of the clever few, and in much more cheap humor and almost unintelligible jargon in the work of their mediocre imitators. That readable stories can be written in good English with as much originality of style as is to be found in other well written news stories, has been repeatedly demonstrated by a number of writers on sports.

FOOTBALL TEAM PROSPECTS

Philadelphia Ledger

When the University of Pennsylvania football eleven lines up for its game with the Navy team tomorrow afternoon on Severn Field it will in all probability be without the services of three of its star backfield men. Howard Berry, "Bill" Quigley and "Vic" Welch are the trio who will be forced to witness this contest from the sidelines. Berry, who was injured the early part of last week, has been unable to get into any of the scrimmages this week, while Quigley and Welch have been out of the game since last Saturday, when both received injuries which will very likely keep them out of the contest, unless it is absolutely necessary to call on them for active service.

The loss of these three men will prove a serious loss to the Red and Blue, and unless the men who are sent in to take their places can gain through the Middies' defense, "Old Penn" will be in a serious predicament. The result of the game tomorrow afternoon will be very closely followed by all of Penn's coming opponents on the gridiron this fall; and unless the Quakers can come close to the score made by the Pittsburgh team last Saturday against the Admirals, the chances for defeating the Smoky City athletes are very slim.

Yesterday's workout in the rain did not slow up the practice a great deal, as the men put all of their energies into their play, and if the same spirit is prevalent in tomorrow's game the Red and Blue team should bring victory to Philadelphia. Ray Grant, who has been directing the team during the last two days, will in all probability be first choice for the quarterback position, with Williams, Ross and Derr behind him.

In the workout yesterday these four men gained consistently against the freshman and scrub elevens, and all of the coaches were well pleased with the scrimmage work of the men. In the freshman contest the Varsity went over for a touchdown in 20 minutes of play, and in the scrub game they shoved the pigskin for another tally. Tackling was practiced, and every man was given the "call" if he did not down the runner in the proper manner. This department of the game will be drilled into the head of every man, and before the season is far advanced there should be a vast improvement in the tackling of every Penn player.

At the close of today's practice the men will go to the training house for dinner, after which they will pack their grips for Annapolis. The squad will not go direct to Annapolis tonight, but will stay in Baltimore. The team's headquarters overnight will be the Hotel Belvidere. Saturday morning the men will board cars for the Naval Academy. Coaches "By" Dickson, Torrey, Wharton and Dr. Carl Williams will in all probability take the trip with the team.

That the students at the University are interested in the outcome of this contest is certain, for tomorrow morning a "Pennsylvania special" will pull out of Philadelphia with more than 150 Penn rooters on board. There are certain to be some lively times on the Navy field tomorrow afternoon, when the rooters cheer their teams on the banks of the historic Severn River.

NOTE — *The two stories following, although taken from the same paper and dealing with similar material, afford an interesting contrast.*

THE DAY OF THE GAME

New York Evening Post

PRINCETON, N. J., November 6.—With ideal football weather for the annual game between Princeton and Harvard to-day, the thousands of followers of the rival teams who are here from all sections of the East expect to witness one of the most spectacular struggles of the season. The Tiger coaches consider their eleven 20 per cent. stronger than when Dartmouth was defeated two weeks ago, and while not overconfident, are hopeful of victory. There are many in the Princeton camp who say it is the first time in four years that the Orange and Black have entered into battle with Harvard on apparently even terms.

Although the unbeaten Princeton team appear to have the better of Harvard in playing form and all-round strength, it is realized that in the Crimson, defeated by Cornell two weeks ago, there are great possibilities, and that Rush's men will have the battle of their careers if victory is to be theirs. With the exception of Halsey, right tackle, who was injured last week, the Tigers are in prime condition and prepared for a gruelling contest. Parisette, who replaces Halsey, and Lamberton, who takes Brown's place at right end, are the only changes announced by Coach Rush. The remainder of the team is the same that started the Dartmouth contest. Lamberton until recently was a substitute halfback. The changes are believed to have materially strengthened the Princeton combination at its weakest point.

Harvard will present a team on edge for the battle, and, with the remarkable open-field running of Capt. Mahan, hopes to carry away the honors. The Crimson, however, is to face a much stronger opponent than it did last year, when Princeton was defeated 20 to 0. Neither of the rival coaches will make any predictions prior to the start of the game; both are hopeful, however, and say their men will fight to the last ditch.

The largest crowd that ever saw a Harvard-Princeton game in this little town is on hand to see the fray. The demand for tickets was so great that the supply of 41,000 was exhausted. It was the usual colorful crowd, bedecked with the crimson of Harvard and the yellow and black of the Tigers, that wended its way from the special trains from New York and Philadelphia early to-day to Palmer Stadium. Automobiles by the hundreds brought thousands of spectators. Old Princeton graduates, back for the annual game, held impromptu reunions on the campus or on Nassau Street, or made a tour of inspection of the University buildings to note the changes since they were last here.

The Cambridge players came in from New York on a special during the morning, and were given a great welcome by hundreds of Harvard men who had preceded the squad here. Members of the scrub elevens of the two institutions who have worked hard all season giving practice to their respective 'varsity teams played a game in the forenoon which attracted a big crowd.

The lineup will be as follows:

PRINCETON.	HARVARD.
Highley, l. e.	Soucy, l. e.
McLean, l. t.	Gilman, l. t.
Nourse, l. g.	Dadmun, l. g.
Gennert, c.	Wallace, c.
Hogg, r. g.	Taylor, r. g.
Parisette, r. t.	Parson, r. t.
Lamberton, r. e.	Harte, r. e.
Glick (c), qb.	Watson, qb.
Shea, l. hb.	King, l. hb.
Tibbott, r. hb.	Boles, r. hb.
Driggs, fb.	Mahan (c), fb.

Officials: Referee, W. S. Langford, Trinity; umpire, Dr. Carl Williams, Pennsylvania; field judge, E. S. Land, Annapolis; head linesman, G. N. Bankart, Dartmouth. Time of periods fifteen minutes each.

Game starts 2 P. M.

THE DAY OF THE GAME

New York Evening Post

BY FAIR PLAY.

CAMBRIDGE, November 7.—Brave northwest winds, a blue sky with heavy clouds drifting across, sunlight with a glint of steel in it, and air with a tang, were the weather conditions which added zest to the spirit with which Cambridge greeted the day of her big game of the season, the contest for gridiron supremacy between the Harvard and Princeton football elevens. The game with Yale will be played two weeks hence at New Haven, and as a consequence Nassau takes Eli's place in the Cantabrigian scheme of things.

Enthusiasm is keen both here and in Boston; for since the Crimson and Orange and Black resumed football relations in 1911, after a lapse of fifteen years, interest in this annual struggle has increased in the public mind, as in the estimation of adherents of the rival universities, until now it has taken a place among the gridiron classics of the year.

The fact that of all the important university elevens Harvard and Princeton are the only two that have not met defeat

this season is taken into account as emphasizing the importance of the game, there being something of a supplemental thrill in the probability that by five o'clock this afternoon the record of two unbeaten elevens will be reduced to one.

A striking note about Cambridge to-day is the absence of Crimson banners in the hands of Harvard enthusiasts. Red flags are barred under the law, and the Socialists have insisted upon the enforcement of the ordinance. No one is permitted to carry the colors of fair Harvard, under pain of arrest, and, while there was a tendency on the part of certain indignant students and alumni to make a test of the law which, by the way, was aimed at anarchists and militant Socialists, the Harvard authorities deemed it unwise thus to force the issue. So a formal request was issued by the management that Harvard's arterial red be not borne to-day. This is said to apply, also, to arm-bands and to handkerchiefs, which will defeat the ancient Harvard custom of the Cambridge cheering section forming a red-and-white H. An attempt will be made to have the law amended, so as to exempt the University from its provisions, which afflict Harvard so grievously at present.

The whole thing is ridiculous, absurd; but the law stands, and it has to be obeyed. In the meantime there appears to be no objection to red carnations and American beauty roses, nor even to red neckties or hosiery. Just the same, the Harvard stands are likely to be more sombre this afternoon than is usual when big games are played in the stadium. There is no ban, however, upon the orange and the black, and so, Princetonians, of whom there will be several thousands inside the gray walls of the arena on the River Charles, may be as garish as they please.

Cambridge was overlaid with gold to-day, not the gold of Old Nassau, but nature's purest sunlight. It rested on old buildings of the yard, flooded the streets, and tipped the tiny wavelets of the Charles with silver. No day better qualified for football at its best ever smiled upon this old university seat. On the inspiring breeze was borne the odor of burnt leaves and of wood smoke; the call of the great out of doors was too potent for even the most dry-as-dust professor to resist.

Every one was out early; every one was talking football. Concrete point to the excitement developed shortly after noon when the graduates and students began to assemble for their parade through the University and thence to the field. The alumni representing classes as far back as the sixties, and coming down to the class of 1913, met in front of University Hall, the seniors in front of Weld, the juniors at Grays, the sophomores at Matthews, and the freshmen at Massachusetts. The procession was scheduled to start at one o'clock, headed by a band, which was to lead the way about the yard, and finally after a season of cheering both for the various classes and the University and the football eleven, the route led out of the Johnson Gate and so to the Stadium.

The Harvard team passed the night in seclusion at the Brookline Country Club—so, as a Harvard wag put it, they would not be forced to hear even the faintest echoes of the Harvard-Princeton Glee Club "massacre" in Memorial Hall. The Tigers rested far from the heart of turmoil, out at the Woodland Park Hotel in Auburndale. In the meantime, the Princeton supporters, who had not the necessity of keeping strict training, disported themselves in various agreeable ways at the Copley Plaza, while Harvard men, staying up late, were to be found everywhere.

Neither team physically is in just the condition that the coaches would like to have it. Not that they are overtrained at all, but various important cogs in either machine have suffered in the remote or recent past from sprains and pulled tendons, which, while healed, may recur at the most inopportune moment. For Princeton, Glick, Talbott and Ed. Trenkman are liable in this respect, while Mahan and Pennock of the Harvard eleven are in the same boat. Wallace, the Harvard centre, will not enter the lineup because of slow recovery from a blow in the head received in the game against Michigan. Thus Bigelow will have to play in his place, and this is

regarded as weakening the Crimson centre to some extent. Highley and Shea will start as ends for Princeton. Managers of both elevens express themselves as delighted with the condition of the gridiron, and are pleased, also, with the assurances of the weatherwise that by afternoon the wind will be a negligible quantity. The line-up follows:

HARVARD.

Player, class, and position:	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
T. J. Coolidge, '15, l. e	21	5 11¾	175
K. B. G. Parson, '16, l. t	22	6 02½	187
M. Weston, '15, l. g	20	6 03½	194
D. J. Wallace, '16, centre	21	5 11	174
S. B. Pennock, '15, r. g	22	5 08½	203
W. H. Trumbull, '15, r. t	21	6 01½	190
H. R. Hardwick, '15, r. e	22	5 11	171
M. J. Logan, '15, qb	21	5 08½	150
E. W. Mahan, '16, l. hb	22	5 11	169
F. J. Brandlee, '15, r. hb	21	5 11½	178
H. Francke, '15, fb	20	6 00¾	189

SUBSTITUTES.

J. L. Bigelow, '16, t. and c	22	6 00	182
C. A. Coolidge, jr., '17, e	20	5 10½	161
L. Curtis, '16, e	21	6 01½	175
W. Rollins, '15, hb	20	5 07½	158
H. St. J. Smith, '15, e	23	6 01	174
E. G. Swigert, '16, qb	22	5 07	147
D. C. Watson, '16, qb	19	5 09	148
A. J. Weatherhead, '15, e	22	5 10	168
W. Whitney, '16, hb	21	5 10	157
W. Wilcox, '16, qb. and hb	19	5 08	143
F. B. Withington, '15, g	23	6 01½	184

PRINCETON.

H. M. Lamberton, '16, l. e	21	6 00	178
W. McLean, '17, l. t	19	5 11½	180
W. J. Shenk, '15, l. g	23	5 10½	179
A. E. Gennert, '17, c	18	5 11	180
E. Trenkman, '15, r. g	21	5 11¾	194
H. R. Ballin, '15, r. t	20	6 01	194
H. G. Brown, '16, r. e	20	5 11	174
K. L. Ames, jr., '16, qb	20	5 10½	160
F. Trenkman, '15, l. hb	23	5 08	180
F. Glick, '16, r. hb	21	5 09	178
E. H. Driggs, jr., '17, fb	19	5 11	178

SUBSTITUTES.

P. Bigler, '17, t	21	5 10	176
J. S. Baker, '15, e	20	5 10	174
M. A. Charles, '17, e	21	5 10½	176
J. T. A. Doolittle, '15, hb	22	5 08¾	159
C. A. Dickerman, '17, hb	22	5 10	169
C. C. Highley, '17, e	19	5 11	162
T. T. Hogg, '17, g	20	6 04	193
W. D. Love, '16, t	21	5 10	186
B. C. Law, '16, hb	19	5 11	163
R. Nourse, '17, c. & t	19	5 11½	186
E. L. Shea, '16, e	21	5 10	166
D. M. Tibbott, 17, hb	18	5 10	170

NOTE — *The detailed story, play by play, followed this under a separate head.*

FOOTBALL GAME

Springfield Republican

Yale. Princeton.

Brann, Gould, l e ..... r e, Shea, Brown
Talbott, Loughridge, C. Sheldon, l t .... r t, Ballin
Conroy, Oakes, l g ..... r g, E. Trenkmann, Hogg
White, c ..... c, Gennert, Haviland
Walden, r g ..... l g, Shenk, Swart
Betts, J. Sheldon, Von Holt, r t ..... l t, McLean, Love
Stillman, Carter, r e ..... l e, Highley, Lamberton, Rayhill, Brown
A. Wilson, Easton, q b ..... q b, Ames, Eberstadt, Glick
Ainsworth, Cornell, l h b ..... r h b, Glick, F. Trenkmann, Boland, Law
Knowles, Scovil, r h b ..... l h b, Tibbott, Dickerman
Le Gore, Guernsey, f b ..... f b, Driggs, Moore

Score, Yale 19, Princeton 14. Touchdowns, Ainsworth, Brann, Scovil, Moore, Glick. Goals from touchdowns, Le Gore, Law 2. Referee, Nathan Tufts of Brown. Umpire, Carl Marshall of Harvard. Head linesman, J. W. Beacham of Cornell. Field judge, Fred W. Burleigh of Exeter.

The Yale football team defeated Princeton's eleven yesterday afternoon, 19 to 14, in a game which, for thrilling climax, rivaled modern stage craft at its best. Beaten back and scored upon with apparent ease during the first three periods of play, the Tigers tore loose with a smashing attack in the final 15 minutes of the game and fairly riddled Eli's line. Twice the orange and black swept across the blue goal line and the Princeton men were fighting desperately for the third touchdown, which would have given them victory, when the timer's call ended Princeton's chances and Yale's apprehensions.

No similar situation has developed in the annual game between these two university teams in many years, and with its thrilling moments of spectacular play and gripping uncertainty, the contest formed a most fitting dedication of Princeton's new Palmer memorial stadium.

The setting for the Tigers' dying rally of the season of 1914 was as perfect as if the final scenes had been planned weeks in advance. Forty thousand spectators from all points of the compass invaded Prince-

ton, bearing the flags and emblems of the rival institutions. The weather man's gift to the day's contest was perfect weather overhead and a turf unsurpassed for football. The great gray horseshoe with its innumerable tiers of seats was filled, with the exception of the curve at the north end. With a warm sun and an almost entire absence of wind, heavy wraps were unnecessary, yet down on the green turf of the gridiron shaded by the high walls of the stadium the players fought out the struggle to the end without suffering the inconvenience usually experienced by combatants on an Indian summer day.

During three-quarters of the game there was nothing to indicate the sensational climax with which the Princeton team was to mark its first game against Yale in its new football arena. Forced to take the defensive from the very begiming of play, the Tigers showed little defensive strength at any time, and the blue combination scored in each quarter.

The contest opened with an exchange of punts, intermingled with the efforts of the rival quarterbacks to ascertain the strength and weaknesses of their opponents. Princeton soon found that she could make no progress either through the line or around the ends, and punted at every opportunity. Yale opened with an assortment of stabbing line plunges and knife-like dives just outside of tackle. The progress, however, was not rapid, and the Elis soon fell back on their mixture of forward and rugby passing. The initial score came when, having secured the ball well in Princeton's territory, Wilson took his center's pass and, after a short run along the left side of Princeton's line, passed the ball back to Le Gore. The powerful Yale fullback in turn ran a short distance and made a beautiful forward pass to Ainsworth, who had rushed up-field, and the latter ran more than 20 yards for a touchdown, from which Le Gore failed to kick goal.

Similar tactics were pursued in the second period, when Yale, with short gains by line plunges and overhead passes, reached a point inside the Tigers' final five-yard mark. Here Princeton held firmly and the blue was obliged to seek the aerial route for scoring, Le Gore making a short pass over the line to Brann, who touched down the ball, whereupon Le Gore added an additional point by a goal following the punt out.

Scarcely had the third period opened when a 40-yard forward pass, Le Gore to Brann, gave Yale the ball inside Princeton's 20-yard mark. Six rushes, in which Scovil, Wilson and Le Gore worked alternately, put the ball across the line for Yale's third and final touchdown. Le Gore failed to kick the goal, and with a 19-point lead Coach Hinkey of Yale began to send in his substitutes.

For a few minutes the Eli second string of players held the Tigers safe, but with the opening of the final quarter Princeton's jungle men took heart and made a savage and maintained attack on Yale's substitutes with the result that in less than 15 minutes they had rolled up 14 points and were threatening to snatch victory from the blue when time expired.

The orange and black team played like a new combination after the final minute of rest, opening up a rushing game which swept the blues' substitutes off their feet. Three, five and eight yards at a clip, Princeton's juggernaut rolled up the field until Moore, on a zigzag 16-yard run which twice carried him through the Yale line and secondary defense, went over for the touchdown from which Law kicked goal. Following the kick-off came an exchange of punts and then the Tigers cut loose again, ramming holes through the Eli forwards and sweeping around the end, aided by close interference until Glick plowed his way through the blue combination for a second touchdown and Law kicked goal.

Hinkey was by this time rushing back his 'varsity players into line and backfield, but the Tiger, once he tasted Yale blood, was not to be frightened away. With less than five minutes of playing time remaining, Princeton started its rush for a third touchdown. Capt Talbott urged his players frantically to make a last stand, and the Elis responded nobly. Princeton found its gains cut down from yards to feet

and resorted to forward passes, hoping to gain overhead the ground denied them by straight football tactics. Forward pass after forward pass was flung far up the field, to be grounded or blocked by the blues' alert backfield until, when the timer's whistle ended the struggle, Princeton was holding the ball not far from midfield.

Aside from this surprising flash of offensive strength in the last quarter, Princeton was as completely outplayed by Yale as by Harvard a week ago. The wide open attack in which the blue backfield passed the ball from player to player in runs around the end and then suddenly switched to long forward passes, appeared to bewilder and dazzle the Tiger line and secondary defense just as much as the crimson's close formation and concealed ball offense.

The jungle team appeared to have little if any plan of campaign, punting frequently upon the first or second down with the apparent idea that the ends would recover the ball following a Yale fumble. In this respect the Elis refused to be accommodating, Le Gore and Wilson handling Driggs's and Law's drives cleanly and frequently running the ball back from 10 to 15 yards before being downed.

Princeton was outdistanced in these kicking duels, Le Gore gaining steadily on each exchange of punts with Driggs. When these gains had driven the Tigers well into their own territory Yale struck viciously and, with a bewildering attack, quickly carried the ball over for a score. From a defensive standpoint the Yale first-string team was never in danger from Princeton's attack, and it was not until the second and third-string substitutes went in that the orange and black football machine could make consistent progress.

The statistics of play bear out the superiority of the Yale team. Yale gained 298 yards by rushing to Princeton's 145 and made 15 first downs to the Tigers' 11. Yale essayed seven forward passes to Princeton's 10, gaining 69 yards to Princeton's 0. Yale punted 27 times to Princeton's 40 and showed an average gain of close to four yards in each exchange of punts.

Penalties were numerous throughout the four periods, Yale losing 80 yards in eight setbacks to Princeton's 60 in seven infringements of the rules. Yale made three fumbles to Princeton's one, recovering one to Princeton's two. Including the original line-up, substitutions and re-substitutions, 57 players took part in the game, which is in all probability a record for a contest of the caliber of the Yale-Princeton match.

While in all-around team work Yale outshone Princeton, the Tigers uncovered several players who from an individual standpoint held their own with the Eli stars. Capt Ballin was, as usual, a tower of strength. E. Trenkmann also played a splendid game, both these men frequently penetrating the blue backfield and stopping rushes or going down field under kicks on a line with their ends. Gennert's passing was at times ragged, but he was hurried by the concerted charging of his opponents. In the last quarter Dickerman and Glick showed remarkable ability in line plunging and end runs, frequently carrying several Yale tacklers from one to three yards before they were finally swept from their feet.

For Yale, Le Gore and Scovil were the stars from an offensive standpoint. When carrying the ball they kept their feet, following interference or finding holes in the line with remarkable skill. Le Gore also figured prominently in the forward passing, his long spiral heaves to Brann and Ainsworth at times reaching the proportions of a kick. Quarterback Wilson handled his team cleverly and selected plays with splendid judgment.

In the line Capt Talbott played a game which proved that he has fully recovered from his injuries and will give the Harvard men plenty of work next week at New Haven in the closing game of the Yale and Harvard schedules.

FOOTBALL GAME

Springfield Republican

CAMBRIDGE, Saturday, October 24.

Harvard narrowly escaped defeat to-day by Penn State, which outplayed the crimson in all departments. The score ended in

a tie, 13 to 13. For 46 minutes Penn State drove the Harvard 'varsity substitutes about the field, and scored a touchdown and a goal from the field in the first 12 minutes of play.

The visitors outrushed, outkicked and outmaneuvered the crimson, but lost a chance for victory through two costly fumbles. In the second period, with the score 10 to 0 against it, Harvard recovered a fumble on Penn State's eight-yard line. On three attempts Harvard could make no gain, but a score came when C. Coolidge caught a forward pass across the goal line. Penn State increased its lead to 13 points toward the end of the game on another field goal.

Two minutes before play ended, Harvard recovered the ball on a fumble on the visitors' 40-yard line. On the second play, three rapidly-executed lateral passes, based on the rugby game, as recently taught the crimson squad by the Canadian players, completely mystified Penn State. Willcox ran the distance to the goal line for the score. He was tackled with a yard to go, but managed to fall across the line. Amid a breathless silence Withington kicked goal and the score was tied.

Penn State rushed 54 times for 173 yards gain, while the crimson made but 95 yards on 72 rushes. Penn State had six first downs, while Harvard made but two.

Lamb, Penn's big tackle, booted the ball on the kick-off to Francke on Harvard's 10-yard line. The new back came in to his own 32-yard line, where he was downed. On the third play, Francke was forced to kick. James caught the ball on Penn's 30-yard line, returning seven yards. Here the Penn State power flashed. Tobin snatched two yards at right tackle, followed by James, who made a quarterback run around the same side for 15 yards, placing the ball past midfield.

Tobin then, huddled behind superb interference, sped around Coolidge's end for 25 yards. After two plays had failed, Lamb kicked a field goal for Penn State from the 32-yard line.

Tobin took Bradlee's kick-off on his own 13-yard line and ran it back 21 yards. Higgins then slipped around right end for five yards, and his interference so successfully smothered Soucy that the new Harvard end was carried from the field. At the hospital it was found that he had pulled a ligament in his right leg, which was badly bruised.

It was not long after the first score that the visitors carried the ball down the field again. The tally came after McKinlock failed to make a drop kick, the ball falling into James's arms on his five-yard line. After several big gains, Clark carried the ball over on a delayed run around left end. Lamb kicked goal. The first quarter ended with the score 10 to 0, in favor of Penn State.

Toward the end of the second period Harvard got a chance to score. On the fourth down Bradlee kicked to James, who was downed in his tracks on the seven-yard line. Penn State tried another trick play and again a fumble lost her the ball. Swigert had replaced Watson at the beginning of the quarter. He dropped back and heaved the ball to C. Coolidge, who stood with one foot almost on the line marking the limit of the zone behind the goal line, when he successfully pulled down the ball for a touchdown. Bradlee failed to kick goal.

About the end of the last quarter Penn got another chance to score, when Tobin intercepted a forward pass from Swigert. Lamb booted a placement goal over from the 26-yard line, making the score 13 to 6 for Penn. There were only six minutes to play and Harvard was desperate. Willcox replaced Rollins at left half and made it possible for Harvard to tie the score. When James fumbled the ball, R. C. Curtis gathered it in and made it Harvard's ball on the 49-yard line. There were two minutes to play.

On the first play there was a general mix-up, and suddenly the ball shot out from the Harvard line to Willcox, who started like a shot for Penn's goal line. He dodged Barron, and then went flying past three more backs. The last five yards were covered with Kratt and Higgins hanging to him, but, when the two visitors had been

peeled off Willcox, the ball was found over the line by several inches. Withington's sure kick tied the score for Harvard with one minute left to play. The line-up: —

Harvard.	Penn State.
T. J. Coolidge, C. Coolidge, l e	r e, Thomas, Barron, Morris
R. C. Curtis, Parson, l t	r t, Lamb
Underwood, Withington, l g	r g, McDonnell
Wallace, c	c, Wood
Weston, r g	l g, Miller
Bigelow, r t	l t, Kratt
Soucy, Weatherhead, r e	l e, Higgins
Watson, Swigert, q b	q b, James
McKinlock, Whitney, Rollins, Willcox, l h b	r h b, Tobin
Francke, King, r h b	l h b, Welly, Edgerton
Bradlee, McKinlock, f b	f b, Clark

Score, Harvard 13, Penn State 13. Touchdowns, C. Coolidge, Willcox, Clark. Goals from touchdowns, Withington, Lamb. Goals from field, Lamb 2. Referee, W. N. Morne of Penn. Umpire, Fred W. Murphy of Brown. Head linesman, G.V. Brown of Boston A. A. Time, 30-minute halves.

ANALYSIS OF FOOTBALL GAME

New York Evening Post

(Condensed)

BY FAIR PLAY.

If there was a Yale graduate who did not feel the impulse to stand in his place and uncover silently to a little knot of athletes in blue gathered to give their bulldog bark of victory at the close of a bitterly fought struggle with Princeton in the Bowl on Saturday, that graduate had lost the edge of a certain fine spirit which the sons of Eli are supposed to take with them out into the world. From their seats the undergraduates stormed on to the field, gyrating in their uncontained exuberance, cheering, shouting, writhing in the intricacies of the snake dance. And they did well, these ebullient undergrads—precisely what they should have done; but to the thinking Yale men whose remoteness from their student days has seen year piled on year, there must have come deeper emotions which made, shall we say, for reverence, rather than for the casting off of mental, not to say physical, restraint. For the Yale eleven did a memorable thing on Saturday. Through sheer spirit, through indomitable determination, through utter willingness to give the final measure of physical sacrifice, those men of Yale lifted from the muck a bedraggled, bedaubed blue banner, holding it on high so that it floated and snapped proudly once more, glorified by the light of victory. It was fine. It meant more, that victory—stood for more—than the mere winning of a football game. It went deep into the roots of extra-curricular endeavor and gave that sanction for intercollegiate contest which does not always appear. The elements that won that game against a powerful, spirited rival are elements that not even the most dryasdust pedant, wedded to the scholastic cloister, can talk down. And it is good for Yale or any other university, to have these developed upon the field of competitive athletics as in other departments of college life, essential and subsidiary. In the matter of Saturday's game, this applies as much to those who, filled with foreboding, assembled none the less thousands upon thousands to cheer and sing for Yale, as to the players.

"I don't know that we can hold Princeton," said a Yale coach a few hours before the contest. "Privately, I don't think we can. But you may count upon this: not a man of Yale will yield to-day until he is carried from the field."

That was the spirit that won for Yale, the spirit that won against an eleven better equipped to play finished football, against an outfit which gained two yards to Yale's one, which made twelve first downs to Yale's four.

* * *

If the Tigers had not matched the best fighting qualities of Princeton spirit against the best that Yale spirit stands for the lustre of Yale's feat would not have been so bright—would have lost much of its significance. But that grim, undying quality, win or lose, that Princeton partisans look for and expect was not lacking in the Orange and Black. The contest was fought out to the end, with the enormous throng standing spellbound, cheers and inarticulate cries muffled in their throats, watching the balance of victory as it inclined this way and that. The contest had not the technical excellence of some big games we have

seen—from this standpoint the Harvard-Princeton game was superior—but in its spectacular characteristics, in its sequence of thrills, in its swift, shuttling changes, it stood out by itself.

* * *

In Princeton Yale defeated an eleven which possessed a stronger and more varied attack, with a defence which could keep the Blue from rushing the ball into what may be termed promising touchdown territory. In all that the term implies the Tigers had a machine which was superior to the Yale machine, inasmuch as it had the power not only to gain in midfield, but to cross the chalk marks. The Tigers made one touchdown by clean rushing and forward passing, and had a break not occurred at the supreme moment, her rushing prowess in the last quarter would have been rewarded by another touchdown. Further Glick's generalship was execrable upon many occasions. In the first quarter Wilson dropped a long booming punt from Driggs, and Highley, picking it up on the bound, was tackled one stride short of getting clear for a touchdown. The ball was on Yale's thirty-yard line. Now, instead of going outside tackle, Princeton essayed a series of centre bucks with quarter and halves, which every Princeton scout must have told Glick could not succeed against Yale. Thus the downs were exhausted. Guernsey punted weakly from his twenty-yard line, giving Princeton the ball on Yale's twenty-seven-yard mark, where instead of going off tackle or around the end Princeton tried two line plunges and then threw the ball away by a forward pass over the goal line, the same being translated automatically into a touchback for Yale. Thereafter, throughout the game, Princeton turned time and again to centre plunges, usually unsuccessfully, whereas not many of her sweeps around the Yale wings failed to gain materially. They say her gains in this way were sporadic, but this was only because the play was attempted sporadically. Nassau's off-tackle plays and delayed passes gained a great deal of ground and put Yale in danger more than once; yet usually a down or two were used up on centre bucks, when Princeton should have known she was wasting her strength. Where Yale was vastly superior to Princeton was in following the ball and in holding it.

* * *

Yale's first goal was clean and untarnished. Guernsey kicked it from the fifty-three-yard line, and it was as fine an effort as I have ever seen. The ball struck the cross bar and toppled over. But Yale's second field goal was a direct gift from Princeton. Brown was sent in to relieve Highley and committed the gross and inexcusable error of speaking to Capt. Glick before reporting to the referee. The referee promptly and justly set Princeton back fifteen yards to her own twenty-eight yard line. After two rushes had failed to gain, Yale did the obvious thing; she sent Guernsey back to kick a field goal. This he did. Princeton then fell to work and rushed the ball downfield to the Yale goal line, where the ball was held directly on the final chalk-mark before it was finally pushed an inch or two over; it was a splendid piece of grim defence by Yale, but the ball was too close. Thus the half ended. The half was characterized by a piece of roughness on the part of a Princeton man who hurled himself upon a prostrate Yale receiver of a forward pass after he had been downed. Princeton was justly penalized for undue roughness, as she was in the last period when a Princetonian roughed a Yale player in a play which ended out of bounds. Such incidents leave a bad taste in the mouth. It was done in the heat of a hot game, and no injury resulted because of no real design to injure, but that is no excuse.

* * *

The second half assumed a blue tinge almost immediately when Tibbott dropped a long spiral from Guernsey and Way picked up the ball and ran for a touchdown. The remainder of the third period was characterized by one or two well-worked forward passes and some goodly gains off tackle by Princeton, with Yale on the defensive satisfied as matters stood. The fourth period saw Princeton hungry for a score, playing like all-possessed, with Yale conducting herself cautiously, and always

seeking to get Guernsey in a position to drop a field goal. But the Elis—who were not able to make a first down in this half—would not have got sufficiently near to Princeton's goal to try a kick for score had not Dickerman dropped a Yale punt on his eighteen-yard line, Yale recovering. The Blue could not gain, but profited by Dickerman's fumble to the extent of giving Guernsey a chance for a dropkick. He made the goal cleanly, but it did not count because of holding on the part of Yale; the holding may or may not have affected the success of the kick, but rules are rules, and the holding was obvious even to some of the spectators. A few minutes later Princeton, with Moore in the lineup, took advantage of a weak punt against the wind by Guernsey and unleashed an irresistible attack, which started from Yale's thirty-two-yard line. End-runs and off-tackle plays, with a forward pass to spread Yale's defence, took the ball to Eli's seven-yard line. Here was what the Princeton adherents had been looking for; the multitude of sixty-odd thousand became so quiet that the quarterback's signals echoed and reëchoed throughout the immense amphitheatre. An assault at the line was killed for a loss. Then, with the Yale defence packed closely to the left, Glick took the ball and gave it to Dickerman. The Yale defence dashed straight in. The fleet-footed Moore, sprinting to the right, was completely clear. Dickerman threw the ball to him laterally. It was not a perfect throw, but it was within reach of the fast-running Moore, who, with a clean catch, could have walked over the goal-line. But it glanced from his fingers. He still had time to pick it up on the bound and score; the oval hit his knee and bounded over the side-line, in touch. Right there waned and flickered Princeton's last hope, a hope valiantly essayed, a hope which died at the moment when it was being translated into a flaming reality. The contest ended a few minutes later. In justice to Moore it may be said that Dickerman's toss might have been better done. It came too swift, too much in a line, still, the throw might have been spoiled had it gone too slowly.

* * *

Where Yale shone, wherein she has hope to make trouble for Harvard, is in her punting and drop-kicking, her down field ability and sharp tackling of her team; the close, unerring following of the ball and the splendid spirit of the players individually, and as a whole. Her wing defence and defence off tackle must improve between now and next Saturday, probably will. Her forward-passing game is not dangerous, and she launches a driving attack from her Minnesota shift formation better qualified for midfield gains than for gains inside her opponent's thirty-five-yard line. Perhaps she can work up her off-tackle slashes so that they will carry farther than they did against Princeton, but if she can repeatedly get Guernsey anywhere from Harvard's forty-yard line on she may not need touchdowns in order to win. For Guernsey is a toe artist of real stature. As to the Yale players individually it is impossible to speak, because not being numbered, the various men were identified only by word of mouth and word of mouth is usually inaccurate and misleading. Guernsey, of course, was recognized because he did the punting, and Way was known because he was prominent as a baseball pitcher and, besides, wore no head guard. But as to the exact identity of most of the rest I have no notion upon which I may rely. One of the Yale halfbacks played a slashing game offensively, and the entire backfield shone in returning punts and kickoffs. The three centre men were impregnable, but the tackles and ends worked inconsistently on off-tackle plays and end runs. Harvard may take some unction in the fact that Yale can still be fooled by an elusive attack. Yale's basket formation for forward-pass defence, four men back, was well conceived—it was patterned after the Harvard defence—but her normal defensive arrangement of backs, three abreast, twelve yards back, is open to grave criticism. She got her shift into action in good style, and the backs started quickly. She lacks long-gain plays.

* * *

John Rush has not the slightest cause for being disheartened over the results of his

first season's work. He gave to Princeton the first offensive team she has had since 1899, a team which made a splendid reputation up to her big games, both of which, as a matter of fact, might have been won under different circumstances. Rush constructed an engine, a strong, impressive engine, several parts of which snapped under high tension in the course of the two supreme tests. In no way can Rush be charged with the loss of either game. In both, failures came through manual errors on the part of individuals, and these no coach can prevent. Vide Haughton and the Harvard-Cornell game. Princeton in Rush has a rare jewel, who has made good convincingly.

BASEBALL GAME

Boston Post

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—New York made it two straight over Chicago today, winning the second game of the series by a score of 8 to 1. Cheney was wild and ineffective in the third inning, when the champions took a winning lead by scoring three runs. Vaughn, a former member of the New York Americans, who is trying to come back with Chicago, was not hard hit, but the champions bunched their three hits with his two passes for four runs.

Tesreau, the New York pitcher, was very wild, but the Chicago batsmen could not hit him with men on bases. Zimmerman fouled out twice with the bases full. Chicago filled the bases in the first inning with none out, on Leach's triple and passes to Evers and Schulte. Only one run was scored, however, Saier's infield out putting over the tally. New York tied the score in the second on Merkle's single and steal, Snodgrass' infield out and McLean's single. Three runs followed when Cheney hit two men, issued a pass and was hit for a single and a double.

Herzog made two doubles and a single in four times up, and was responsible for five of the New York runs, driving in two and scoring three. Archer, the Chicago catcher, had a bad day. Five bases were stolen on him, and he had two passed balls, one of which let in a run.

The score:

NEW YORK.	AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, l f	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Shafer, 2b	2	1	0	0	1	5	0
Fletcher, ss	2	2	0	0	0	3	0
Herzog, 3b	4	3	3	5	2	0	0
Merkle, 1b	4	1	2	2	10	0	0
Murray, r f	4	0	1	1	3	0	0
Snodgrass, c f	3	0	0	0	4	0	0
McLean, c	4	0	1	1	6	0	0
Tesreau, p	4	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	30	8	7	9	27	11	0

CHICAGO.	AB.	R.	BH.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Leach, c f	4	1	1	3	0	0	1
Evers, 2b	2	0	0	0	2	3	0
Schulte, r f	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Zimmerman, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	4	0
Saier, 1b	3	0	1	1	11	1	0
Williams, l f	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bridwell, ss	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Archer, c	4	0	1	1	4	2	0
Cheney, p	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
*a*Stewart	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Vaughn, p	1	0	0	0	2	0	0
*b*Good,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	1	5	7	24	12	1

*a*Batted for Cheney in the fifth.
*b*Batted for Vaughn in the ninth.

New York	0	1	3	0	1	0	3	0	—8
Chicago	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two-base hits—Herzog 2. Three-base hit—Leach. Stolen bases—Burns, Merkle 2, Murray, Herzog. Double play—Fletcher to Shafer to Merkle. First base on balls—Off Tesreau 6, off Cheney 3, off Vaughn 2. Hit by pitcher—Fletcher, Snodgrass (by Cheney). Passed balls—Archer 2. Hits—Off Cheney 4 in 4 innings, off Vaughn 3 in 4 innings. Time—1h. 50m. Umpires—Rigler and Byron.

BASEBALL GAME

Boston Globe

BY T. H. MURNANE.

The fourth game of the important series with the Detroit Tigers at Fenway Park was a clean-cut victory for the Boston team by a score of 2 to 1.

It was a great pitchers' battle between Coveleskie, the left-hander, and Ernie Shore, and the Boston man won out by outstaying the Tiger pitcher.

It was the second time that Coveleskie has worked in the series here, while Boston

presented Shore for the first time, although he proved by far the strongest boxman the club had to tame the Tigers with.

The visitors started off in a savage manner on the Boston pitcher, scoring their only run on three singles in succession. After that Shore seemed to find himself, and with the assistance of some clever throwing to second by Forrest Cady and grand ground-covering by the Boston outfield, as well as smooth work around the infield, Shore prevented the Tigers from making the rounds of the bases after the first inning.

The Boston run that tied the score in the second was a gift by Owen Bush, who made a wild throw to first on Barry's grounder, and the winning run was scored in the seventh inning on a single by Lewis and a double by Barry, Crawford allowing the ball to pass him while making a great try for a low drive.

The intense rivalry between the two teams, although subdued, was visible in many ways; and yet the game went off smoothly, as most games do when umpired by Billy Evans, and the large crowd was delighted with its afternoon's outing.

It was Rockland Day at Fenway Park and fully 1000 fans were present from that energetic town. Before the game they marched around the field to the music of a band; then they were ushered into the right wing of the grandstand, where they had a delightful afternoon, rooting for the Red Sox and punctuating their applause with the bass drum.

As Rockland is a town where President Lannin spent many of his boyhood days, he was especially delighted to see such a splendid gathering. A beautiful gold watch and chain were presented to the Red Sox president.

There was also a large delegation of Boston waiters present as President Lannin's guests, and still another large delegation will be out today. As the waiters could not all leave business at once, they split up their calls between two games.

The attendance given out, 11,315, did not include the fans from Rockland or the waiters from Boston.

The day was dark and cloudy, and before three innings were over a light sprinkling of rain caused the fans in the bleachers to make for the covered pavilions, where they were allowed to go. There was quite a heavy sprinkle again in the fifth inning, but the game went on, with a strong, cold wind blowing across the field.

So intensely interesting was the game that the fans sat as if glued to their seats until the last man went out, when a good, stiff shout went up for the Speed Boys, and the Tigers walked off the field sore to the quick and in the worst kind of humor for fan talk.

With one out in the first inning, Bush singled. Cobb hit safely to center on the first ball. Crawford singled over second, scoring Bush. Veach was thrown out at first, and Burns was disposed of by Janvrin, Boston getting out of a very bad corner. The Red Sox went out in order on three weak infield flies.

In the second Young was safe at first on a wild throw by Cady. Baker hit to Janvrin, who refused to toss the ball to Barry, but instead ran to second, touched the bag and threw wild to first. No damage was done, however, as Coveleskie flied to left and Vitt was thrown out at first.

Gainor was hit by a pitched ball and sacrificed to second by Lewis. Gardner struck out. Barry hit a ball to short that Bush took well back of the line and threw short to first, the ball bounding over Burns' shoulder and allowing Gainor to score the tying run.

Bush opened the third with a single. Cobb smashed a liner to center that Speaker made a great catch of. Then Crawford and Veach sent high flies to the outfield. Boston could make no headway against the Tiger pitcher.

In the fourth inning both teams went out in order. Gainor, having reached first, was doubled up on Lewis' grounder to the pitcher.

In the fifth, with two down, Bush was

given a base hit when Janvrin failed to get a ball that came to him on a merry bound. Cobb got in a scratch single, and with big Sam Crawford up it was a trying moment until he sent a long fly that Speaker pulled down.

With two down in this inning, Cady dropped one in right field for two bases, to see Shore thrown out at first.

The Tigers went out in order in the sixth. Young, drawing a pass, was nailed when he tried for second, as Cady was in fine throwing form. Janvrin was hit by a pitched ball, but never left first.

With two down in the seventh, Vitt singled and tried for second, but again Cady's throw was perfect.

Lewis led off with a single to center. Gardner was patient and got Coveleskie in for three balls. Then came two strikes and Larry was forced to hit, Young handling his fast grounder in fine style. Barry hit a low liner to right that Crawford made a great try for, the ball hitting the ground and rolling past him, Lewis scoring what proved to be the winning run.

It was now up to the Red Sox to hold their advantage and keep the Tigers from scoring. Bush, a hard man to get, was called out on strikes, Shore displaying remarkably clever form at this stage of the game. Cobb was forced to hit, as Shore was putting the ball over the center of the pen. Ty missed twice and then hit a sharp grounder that Janvrin played to first. Crawford sent one to Hooper and things brightened for the home team.

In the ninth Veach smashed a line fly to right that Hooper timed to a nicety while playing very deep and pulled down after a sharp run. Burns smashed the first ball to the bank in left center for two bases, and the Tigers got busy on the coaching lines and in the dugout, cheering like wild men for a hit.

Kavanagh was sent in to bat for Young, and drew a pass, as Shore would not take a chance to groove a ball for this slugger. McKee went to bat for Baker and was thrown out by Shore.

With men at third and second, where a hit would more than likely win the game for the Tigers, Dubuc was sent in to bat for Coveleskie, with two down, and he smashed away at the first ball dished up, driving the leather to left center, where Speaker pulled it down after a sharp run, and the game was over.

The best fielding features were furnished by Bush, who displayed remarkable ability in covering ground, really making hard plays easy by his phenomenally quick starts. Hooper and Speaker, as well as Barry and Cady, did some sharp fielding for the Red Sox.

But to Shore belongs about 75 per cent of the glory for winning the game, for after the first inning he settled down and was steady as well as effective. He was given what belonged to him by Umpire Evans, and was not forced to suffer as the other Boston pitchers were, with Mr. Chill behind the plate. The score:

BOSTON	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Hooper rf	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Janvrin ss	3	0	1	1	2	3	0
Speaker cf	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
Gainor 1b	2	1	0	0	11	0	0
Lewis lf	3	1	1	1	2	0	0
Gardner 3b	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Barry 2b	3	0	1	2	2	4	0
Cady c	3	0	1	2	4	2	1
Shore p	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	28	2	4	6	27	12	1
DETROIT							
Vitt 3b	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Bush ss	4	1	3	3	2	3	1
Cobb cf	4	0	2	2	1	0	0
Crawford rf	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Veach lf	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Burns 1b	4	0	1	2	11	0	0
Young 2b	2	0	0	0	3	4	0
Baker c	3	0	0	0	5	0	0
Coveleskie p	3	0	0	0	0	4	0
*Kavanagh	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
†McKee	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
‡Dubuc	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	1	8	9	24	11	1

*Batted for Young in ninth. †Batted for Baker in ninth. ‡Batted for Coveleskie in ninth.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Boston	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0		—2
Detroit	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Earned runs, Detroit, Boston. Two-base hits, Cady, Burns, Barry. Sacrifice hit, Lewis. Base on

balls, by Shore 2, by Coveleskie. First base on errors, Boston, Detroit. Left on bases, Boston 5, Detroit 7. Struck out, by Shore 4, by Coveleskie 3. Double play, Coveleskie, Young and Burns. Hit by pitched ball, by Coveleskie, Janvrin, Gainor. Time, 1h 52m. Umpires, Evans and Chill.

BASEBALL GAME

New York Times

Look; there he goes!!

Ty Cobb is loose again on a base galloping spree. He romps to first on a single. Slim Caldwell pitches to Nunamaker, and the ball nestles in his big mitt. Cobb, a few feet off first, suddenly bolts into action and races to second. Nunamaker, amazed at the Georgian's daring, stands dumfounded.

He throws the ball to Dan Boone just as the Southern Flyer jumps into second base. The steel spikes flash in the waning sun and Cobb is lost in a cloud of dust. Nunamaker's nervous toss rolls into centre field and the Georgia Gem bounds to his feet and tears to third. He's as safe as the Bank of England. Cobb's sarcastic smile angers his hoodwinked opponents.

Now the speed-crazed comet dashes up and down the third-base line, trying to rattle Caldwell. Will Cobb have the nerve to try to steal home? You said it; he will. Caldwell doesn't think so. No one thinks so, but Cobb. The Yanks' lanky pitcher hurls the ball at the batsman like a rifle ball. As the ball left his hand Cobb bounded over the ground like a startled deer.

At the plate crouched Nunamaker. He was so surprised that he didn't know his own name. Cobb dashed through the air toward the scoring pan. His lithe body swerved away from Nunamaker's reach and clouds of dirt kicked up by his spikes blinded the eyes of Nunamaker, Caldwell, and Silk O'Loughlin.

The umpire ruled that the catcher didn't touch Cobb. He also ruled that Cobb hadn't touched the plate. While the Yankee players were protesting Cobb sneaked around the bunch and touched the plate.

A smart young feller, this same Cobb.

The bold piracy of Captain Kidd was like taking ice-cream cones from children compared with that. Caldwell threw his glove high in the air in derision at O'Loughlin's decision. Naturally Caldwell and Nunamaker were in a very disturbed state of mind.

So is a man when a "dip" relieves him of his watch-chain and wallet. Cobb pulled the wool over their eyes like a "sharper" unloading mining stock on a Rube. Caldwell was put out of the game for being mad because Cobb had outwitted him.

Aside from this outburst of daring the Southern Flyer also contributed all the other means whereby the Detroits were able to shut out the Yankees at the Polo Grounds yesterday by a score of 3 to 0. Oscar Vitt had teased a pass from Caldwell in the first inning. Cobb strutted chestily to the bat. From the coaching lines pearls of oratorical wisdom began to drop from Hughie Jennings's chiseled lips.

It sounded like this: "Come on you, Ty boy, attababy. Only one out, O, Ty. Bring 'em in; you kin do it. Old pepperino, Ty boy. Attaway to hit a baseball. E-E-E-Eh Yah, here we go."

Cobb gracefully swung on the ball. With a resounding crash it started on its dizzy flight between right and centre fields. The Georgia racer gathered speed as he went along. Bounding over the ground like a phantom, he turned first, flashed past second, and pulled up smiling at third, with Vitt already over the pan. Cobb's batting .400. Going up?

Then came old Sam Crawford, Cobb's partner in the pitcher-wrecking business. Sam would never leave his friend Cobb stranded like a wooden Indian on the bases, not if he could help it. Crawford reasoned this way. He figured that if he didn't propel Tyrus home, Cobb would steal home, anyway, and cause the Yankees a lot of embarrassment. So Wahoo Sam cracked out a single and Cobb walked home. The score:

DETROIT.	AB	R	H	PO	A
Bush, ss	4	0	1	4	4
Vitt, 3b	3	1	0	3	3
Cobb, cf	4	2	2	1	0
C'ford, rf	4	0	1	1	0
Veach, lf	4	0	0	0	0
Kav'h, 1b	4	0	1	13	1
Young, 2b	3	0	0	1	7
McKee, c	2	0	0	4	0
Dubuc, p	3	0	0	0	0
Total	31	3	5	27	15

NEW YORK.	AB	R	H	PO	A
M'sel, 3b	4	0	1	0	0
P'p'gh, ss	4	0	0	4	4
Cree, cf	4	0	1	5	0
Pipp, 1b	3	0	0	9	1
Cook, rf	3	0	0	1	0
H'ts'l, lf	3	0	1	2	0
Boone, 2b	4	0	1	1	1
Sw'ney, c	3	0	0	5	0
*High	0	0	0	0	0
N'm'ker, c	0	0	0	0	1
C'well, p	3	0	0	0	2
Pieh, p	0	0	0	0	0
Total	31	0	4	27	9

*Ran for Sweeney in seventh inning.
Errors—Vitt, Nunamaker.

Detroit	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—3
New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Two-base hit—Maisel. Three-base hit—Cobb. Stolen bases—Cook, Cobb (2.) Earned runs—Detroit, 2. Sacrifice hit—McKee. Left on bases—New York, 7; Detroit, 4. First base on error—New York. Bases on balls—Off Caldwell, 2; off Dubuc, 2. Hits—Off Caldwell, 4 in 8 2-3 innings; off Pieh, 1 in 1-3 inning. Hit by pitcher — By Dubuc, (Cook.) Struck out—By Caldwell, 5; by Dubuc, 2. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes. Umpires—Messrs. O'Loughlin and Hildebrand.

COLLEGE CREW PROSPECTS

New York Times

After a long rest, candidates for the Columbia 'Varsity crew will be called out next week to start the long training for the Spring races and for the intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson in June. Jim Rice, coach of the Blue and White navy, will order the men to the rowing machines on the opening day of college following the Christmas recess, for practice until the end of the examinations following the first term. Daily work on the machines will then be ordered, and the crew men will not have any further let-up in their training.

Rice is confronted with a difficult task this season in finding the material to build up a winning crew to match the eight which swept the Hudson last June and won the intercollegiate championship of America. Only three men of this crew have returned to college. A new stroke must be developed, and practically an entirely new eight built up, from the junior squad of last season.

Those who have seen Coach Rice whip together crews will not, however, be discouraged at this time. In years past Coach Rice has started out the season with an untrained and comparatively small squad of oarsmen and has startled college circles with a wonderful eight, ready by the time the Spring races rolled around. It is fair to assume that a similar feat will be performed this year.

An example of Coach Rice's ability in this respect was furnished last season in the building up of a junior 'Varsity eight. With the exception of Robinson, the oarsmen from the two freshmen eights of 1915 and 1916, both of which finished last in the freshmen races at Poughkeepsie, were whipped into shape as the junior eight and finished second against all the other colleges in the intercollegiate regatta.

It is on these eight men, with the three men left over from the 'Varsity eight and a couple of freshmen of last season, that Coach Rice will have to depend for this year's 'Varsity eight. The most telling loss this season is the graduation of C. F. McCarthy, who stroked the winning eight, and Capt. Irving Hadsell, who rowed at No. 7, two of the best and gamest oarsmen who ever sat in a Columbia shell. Steddiford Pitt is another splendid blade who is lost to the crew this year, and the strength and fight found in Rothwell are hard to spare.

The three men who must serve as the nucleus for this year's eight are Bratton, who rowed at No. 6; Sanborn, who rowed at No. 4, and Naumer, who rowed at bow. Bratton was one of the strongest men in the eight, weighing 180 pounds, and there is no question but that Coach Rice will place him back in the waist of the shell this season. Naumer is a good oarsman, and obtained his seat at bow last season purely on his merits, as evidenced after a long tryout against Cronenberg for the position. It is highly probable that Naumer will be moved further down in the boat this year, and that Cronenberg will get his place at bow.

Much speculation centres about the selection of stroke of the eight. Ex-Capt. "Irv." Hadsell predicts that Frank

McCarthy will find a way to get back in his old position this Spring, but positive denials by McCarthy seem to indicate otherwise. The two logical men for the position as pacemaker of the eight are Myers, who stroked the junior boat last season, and Sanborn, who stroked the 1915 freshmen crew, rowed at No. 2 in the 'Varsity four of 1913, and held down the place at No. 4 in the 'Varsity of 1914.

The student body is faced with the task of raising $2,700 to take care of the crew debt contracted in 1913–14. A few of the alumni have been supporting the crew with large donations, and at present they hold notes for the above amount. Recently, however, an appeal was sent out to the undergraduates to help bear the burden, and their response has been quick and loyal.

The Greek letter fraternities at Columbia have come forward with $500, and the undergraduates prior to leaving for the holidays pledged an equal amount. Further efforts will be made when the students return, and it is confidently expected about the campus that a good share of the indebtedness will be paid off within a few months.

COLLEGE ROWING REGATTA

Christian Science Monitor

HARVARD–YALE WINNERS FOR 1915

FIRST VARSITY EIGHTS

Yale ..... 20m. 52s.

SECOND VARSITY EIGHTS

Yale ..... 10m. 40s.

FRESHMAN EIGHTS

Yale ..... *8m. 6s.

FRESHMAN FOURS

Harvard ..... 6m. 21s.

GRADUATE EIGHTS

Harvard ..... 8m.5⅕s.

*Mile and a half by agreement.

NEW LONDON, Conn.—By making a clean sweep of the three major events of their annual regatta with Harvard on the Thames river Friday, Yale is today champion over Harvard in rowing, and, with previous victories over Cornell, Pennsylvania and Princeton, will be generally regarded as intercollegiate rowing champions of the United States for 1915.

That Yale deserves the victories which she won over the Crimson Friday is certain. The Eli varsity captured one of the biggest victories over the Harvard varsity when she won by about five lengths in the record time of 20m. 52s., that the Blue has registered against the Crimson in many years. The race was rowed upstream, which makes the time a new record, and it is stated by those who have followed rowing on the Thames for many years, that had the race been rowed down stream Yale would probably have broken the record of 20m. 10s. for the course. It is also interesting to note that the Harvard varsity was inside of the old record for the upstream course.

Yale owes her victory to the coaching of Guy Nickalls, the famous English college oarsman. It was the second year that Nickalls had coached the Yale varsity and both years he has turned out crews which have defeated the Crimson.

Yale took the lead at the very start of the varsity race and was never caught by Harvard. Rowing a lower stroke almost the entire distance, Yale kept drawing away from the Crimson oarsmen and, despite the fact that Stroke Lund succeeded in getting his crew to raise the stroke to as high as 34 beats to the minute over the last part of the race, Yale, rowing a much lower and easier stroke, was able to increase its lead.

While the Harvard crew appeared to be a smoother rowing eight than Yale's it did not move through the water nearly as well. There was a perceptible drag to the Harvard varsity between strokes, while the Yale eight went evenly and showed very little if any slowing up between the strokes. At all times the Harvard crew appeared to be better together, but it did not make as good use of the slides as the Yale eight. The rigging did not appear to fit the Harvard oarsmen to the best advantage.

Yale won the freshman race by about a

length and a half. This race was a very unsatisfactory one. The event was to have been rowed in the morning, but was postponed until after the varsity race. It did not start until about 7:30 in the evening. After the race had been under way a few minutes the Harvard stroke caught a crab and the crews were stopped. It was then agreed to start again and row a mile and a half instead of the customary two miles. Yale finally won this race although the Crimson oarsmen made the contest much closer than the varsity race. Yale's time was 8m. 6s. and Harvard 8m. 10s.

The race for second varsity eights was the hardest fought of the day and the Yale victory in 19m. 40s. opened a very successful day for Yale. The official times of the varsity and freshman races by half miles follow:

VARSITY

	Yale	Harvard
½ mile	2:05	2:08½
1 mile	4:40	4:45
1½ miles	7:27½	7:34
2 miles	10:05	10:14
2½ miles	12:39½	12:52
3 miles	15:27	15:39
3½ miles	18:22	18:40
4 miles	20:52	21:13½

FRESHMEN

Half mile	2:22	2:23½
Mile	5:20	5:22
Mile and a half	8:06	8:10

TENNIS MATCH

Kansas City Star

Playing masterful tennis and repeatedly downing every attempted rally made by his opponent, Clifford J. Lockhorn yesterday defeated Jack Cannon, the Kansas City champion, in the finals match in the invitation tennis tournament staged on the K. C. A. C. courts. Lockhorn's winning count was 6-2, 6-4, 6-2, and, after the finish of the first set, at no time did it appear that the local crack had a chance to defeat the Cincinnati expert.

Let it be said in Cannon's defense that he did not play his best game, the game that downed Roland Hoerr in the Missouri Valley tournament last year, and the game that made him run Joseph Armstrong a hard race for the final title in that classic. The courts yesterday were heavy, sogged by the recent rains, and Cannon looks best on a fast, light ground. And, knowing before he started the first set the handicap he was working under, the Kansas City star appeared a trifle nervous before play had been running long.

But Lockhorn's work was marvelous! The crowded stand which witnessed every moment of the day's play was applauding his every move as he finished up the last set. His head work was perfect, and his strokes sure. An easy side-arm shot, apparently simple for his opponent to fathom, gained him point after point in Cannon's back court. His direction was always good, and clever placements followed successively in such lightning-like order that Cannon was kept running about the court most of the time. And when the new player showed that wonderful assurance, verging almost on carelessness, which characterized his every move, the crowd was with him. They couldn't help but be.

Cannon opened up the first set well, taking the first game handily on his own serve, after Lockhorn had raced it up to deuce twice. The next three went to Lockhorn in rapid succession, the "dark horse" showing Sphinx-like steadiness on his own serve, and passing Cannon repeatedly at the net when the local player's second shot on his own serve would be too easily placed. With the score 3-1 against him, Cannon braced, and took the fifth game, game-thirty, but the spurt was short lived and once again Lockhorn started his old sure, steady, thoughtful play, running out the next three games, and winning the set, 6-2, in clever fashion.

The second set was perhaps Cannon's best one. He seemed to have lost a trifle of the wildness that had marked his opening play, and repeatedly drew applause from the gallery for his brilliant returns of Lockhorn's back-line placements. The first six games were divided, three and three. Then Lockhorn took "seven" and "eight," raising the score to 5-3 in his favor. Cannon took the ninth game, game-fifteen, on his

own serve, but Lockhorn, with the possibility of a deuce set facing him, allowed Cannon just one point in the last game, and the second set ended 6-4, "all his way."

The third and deciding set started out like a walk-away for the Cincinnati player. Cannon, scenting defeat in the air, grew over anxious and wild. His own service was frequently off in its direction, and he often smashed Lockhorn's serve into the net or the fence, without opening up a chance for a volley at which he generally is so successful. Lockhorn quickly took five of the first six games in this set. The seventh he dropped, after he had had match point on Cannon once. But he rallied on his own service in the eighth game, and, though it went to deuce, he shot two clever drives down Cannon's sidelines for the last two points of the set, which gave him the match, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

Lockhorn, the most feared player in Kansas City because of his untouted victory over Cannon yesterday, is a clever player to watch on the courts. He never gets excited, and seems almost lazy in the easy indifference with which he plays his opponent's hardest strokes. The highest pinnacle of his play has been unexplored by local cracks—at least in this tourney. Every time out he shows a little more "stuff" and exerts himself just enough to beat his next rival.

Kansas City followers of tennis will watch Lockhorn's work anxiously in the Missouri Valley tournament in the fall. Alexander Squair and Walter Hayes, R. F. Shelton and J. B. Adoue, jr., Paul Darrough and Gene Monett will be there; so will Roland Hoerr and Drummond Jones. Perhaps Lockhorn may uncover a little of that "old stuff" of his then. Kansas City enthusiasts want to see just what he has, anyway.

GOLF MATCH

Boston Transcript

There was nothing of the runaway about this morning's half of the final round for the John Shepard, Jr., trophy between Francis Ouimet and Paul Tewksbury, chums and both members of the Woodland Golf Club, where the match is being played. The national amateur champion led by one up at the end of the morning play, after a round in which the margin at no time was more than two holes. They play the final eighteen holes this afternoon, and considerably more of a gallery is expected than witnessed the play in the morning.

As a general thing Mr. Ouimet plays the Woodland course around 73 to 75 in his matches, but this morning he kept out of the 80 class only by a single stroke. Mr. Tewksbury had one bad hole, the thirteenth, so that his medal was 82. The pair halved one hole in 7, which is decidedly unusual for them, and another in 6.

The first hole went to Mr. Ouimet on the strength of an exceptionally fine putt, where he faced a stymie and had to slice around his opponent's ball to get down in 4. Luck was with the champion at the second, where his topped approach rolled through a bunker onto the green about ten feet past the hole, whence he ran it down for a 3 and became 2 up. Neither reached the third green in 2, against the wind, and they halved in 5, as was the case also at the fourth. Mr. Ouimet required another 5 at the fifth, failing to get on from the tee, and then taking three putts. He lost that hole and also the sixth, where he drove into the woods. This squared the match.

After a succession of four 5s, which in itself is decidedly unusual for the champion, he managed to get back to normal with a 4 at the seventh, which won it; he then played such an accurate approach at the eighth that he holed the putt for a 3 and became 2 up once more. He pulled one out of bounds at the ninth, which cost him the hole and left him 1 up at the turn.

They halved the tenth in par 3. Mr. Tewksbury's superior play netted him a 4 at the eleventh, which squared the match again. There was something spectacular at the twelfth, where Mr. Tewksbury hit the cup on an approach shot from the embankment above the green and stopped near enough to get down his putt for a 4. Mr. Ouimet was off the green also on his second, but approached close enough to sink

his putt for the half. The thirteenth was a nightmare to Mr. Tewksbury, who played about four shots and then gave up the hole. He had a chance to square the match at the fourteenth, where a long drive and equally fine second put him within seven feet of the hole, but it was a difficult putt and he missed his 3.

The 600-yard fifteenth hole was a stiff proposition, owing to the strong wind, and neither player got home in 3. Then, singularly enough, they took three putts apiece for a half in 7. That was in decided contrast to the play at the sixteenth, which they halved in 3. To the other long hole, the seventeenth, Mr. Ouimet was hole high, but a number of yards below the green in 2. His short approach was much too strong and he failed to get his fourth dead or to hole his putt for a 5. Mr. Tewksbury, who was little better situated in 3 than Mr. Ouimet in 2, finally had a putt of four feet to win the hole. He missed it, and they halved in 6. Then they halved the home hole in 3. It was a striking finish—to halve four successive holes in 7, 3, 6, 3. Their cards:

Ouimet.....	4	3	5	5	5	5	4	3	6—40
Tewksbury..	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	5—41
Ouimet.....	3	5	4	4	4	7	3	6	3—39—79
Tewksbury..	3	4	4	*7	4	7	3	6	3—41—82

*Approximated.

CHAPTER XIV

SOCIETY

INTEREST in social and personal news is so great that practically every newspaper maintains a society department under the direction of a society editor. The form and style suitable to such news are partly determined by social usage. The typographical style of the society columns often differs somewhat from that of other parts of the paper. Society news taxes the writer's ability to give variety to stories of the same kind of events as they take place day by day. In no other kind of news is he more frequently tempted to use stock phrases over and over again. It is possible, however, to give considerable variety to society stories as well as to avoid trite, colorless, description.

Unusual courtships, engagements, and weddings may be treated as regular news; in that case the stories of them are not often placed in the society section. Such news not infrequently has humorous and pathetic possibilities that the writer may develop without violating the canons of good taste.

UNUSUAL COURTSHIP

New York Herald

Having failed in eight years of effort to find a guardian, governess or housekeeper who would take a proper interest in his two small motherless children, Lorenzo Villette, a prosperous French merchant, living at No. 90 North Harwood place, Brookbank, decided he would try to find a wife. A preliminary search failed to find a suitable candidate and he turned to the church, being a devout member of St. Anthony's, in Brookbank.

Two weeks ago he completed a novena, and on the ninth day of his continuous prayer he expressed the wish that a wife who would be a good mother would be granted to him.

Nothing happened until the second day after he had finished his nine days of prayer. On that day Miss Mary O'Connor, of No. 72 Laclede avenue, Brookbank, made a social call upon her friend, Miss Frances Smith, a cousin of Mr. Villette, in her home, in Forest avenue, at Railroad avenue.

While the two young women talked Miss Smith said to her friend:—

"You seem so downcast recently, Mary. You should find a husband."

"Yes, I suppose," was the answer, "but the right man has not knocked at the door yet."

Just then Mr. Villette rang the bell at his cousin's home. He was introduced to Miss O'Connor and an hour later accompanied her to her home. Three days later he escorted her to a theatre and the following day met her relatives.

Then she met Mr. Villette's children and called at his home, and last Saturday they obtained a license to be married. St. Michael's Church, which the O'Connor family attends, is preparing for one of the largest weddings of the season on next Tuesday.

"I am very happy," said Miss O'Connor last night, "and I am so thankful that Mr. Villette said a novena and that I was sent to him."

UNUSUAL ROMANCE

Chicago Inter Ocean

Firemen one night last summer stood on the street before a blazing apartment building at West Fourteenth and South Sangamon streets. They played their streams of water on the fire, although they realized that the building could not be saved. Suddenly from above came the scream of a girl. She was seen clinging to a window ledge on the third floor before a background of flame.

That was the beginning of the story.

Its close came yesterday afternoon within the dim and quiet church of St. Francis of Assisi, when the girl, Miss Mary Wilkins, became the wife of the man who had dared and accomplished her rescue, Arthur Sheer, truckman of hook and ladder company No. 5.

Of all the firemen who stood before the burning building that night, Sheer alone volunteered to attempt the rescue. A ladder was rushed to the red and cracking wall. Blinded by the flames and smoke and with his heavy clothing fired from the heat, Sheer groped his way up the ladder. His mates played streams of water along the course of his climb. He reached Miss Wilkins and carried her to the street and to safety.

"And that's how it was," the bride said as she left the church clinging to the arm of her big and blushing husband. "He and I learned to know each other after the fire, and—and—well, that's how it was."

The blush on Truckman Sheer's face deepened when the interview was directed upon himself.

"Ah—er—any fireman, you know," he stammered, "would—would—but say, you'd ought to see the place we've got fixed up. We're—ah—we're moving in today."

The home of the couple will be at 919 West Twenty-third place.

COWBOY WEDDING

Chicago Herald

"Snorky Dan" Sammons tied his pony to the rack at the stockyards yesterday, doffed his chaps, wiggled into "the conventional black" and, with the able assistance of 300 wildly enthusiastic "boys from the yards," was roped, tied and branded at the altar.

It was the biggest "cowboy wedding" the yards ever saw. When "Snorky" knocked off buying hogs for the Bismark Packing Company early in the day and got ready to hit the trail for the Holy Cross Church, East Sixty-fifth street and Maryland avenue, he had no hint of the scheme on foot.

Late in the afternoon the South Side, however, became aware that there was something doing besides the Cubs-Sox battle. First a two-wheeled phaeton, dragged along by a gaunt, underfed mule and driven by a cowboy, made its appearance. A big banner was stretched across its sides giving the bridegroom this welcome admonition:

"Don't weaken, Snorky."

On its heels came a "hungry five" German band playing Irish melodies, riding in a "cripple wagon" driven by a red-coated negro. A tractor engine, pulling a chain of twelve "clean-up" chariots, came next, and in its wake a couple of hundred yelling, plug-hatted cowboys led by "Rags" Murphy and Tom Dorney. As marshals of the "round-up" there were "Tex" Hobart, "Jim" McGuirk, "Spuds" Grady and "Skinny" Kenny. Even young Edward Morris, who recently went to work in the packing business, was on the job.

The cavalcade drew up in front of the church and awaited "Snorky." It was

about 5 o'clock when he arrived in a big touring car with bride-to-be, Miss Mary Cowman, 6876 South Chicago avenue, daughter of the late John Cowman, wealthy coal dealer. As the party entered the church every noise-making device, from the cowboy yell to automobile horns, was brought into play.

While the Rev. D. D. Hishen was "tying the knot" inside, the automobile was lassoed. The bridal party, upon re-entering the vehicle, attempted to make their getaway, but in vain. Surrounded by the prancing ponies, they were paraded to the yards at Root and Halsted streets, and after "Snorky" had made a little speech he was permitted to go.

ELOPEMENT

Chicago Herald

Just because she was a girl, Charlotte Smith, daughter of a Parkhurst contractor, saw no reason why she should not learn from her father all about building houses on well-located lots.

Charles Ferris Short, son of a real estate dealer in the north shore suburb, had been getting information about the value of a piece of ground upon which a house could be built.

What, then, more natural than for Charles, filled with knowledge about home locations, and Charlotte, wise in the manner of erecting a home and having, meanwhile, notions that other persons in the world didn't count for much anyway, to conclude to join their knowledge for their own profit?

Nothing, they agreed. But Charles was only 21 years old, and Charlotte 19.

"Too young," parents of both agreed.

Having visions of a piece of property selected by him and improved by a house designed by her as a place where they, together, would not be annoyed by unsympathetic parents, and reading in the HERALD that twelve couples had eloped to Crown Point Monday to be married, they boarded a train for Indiana yesterday. Last night they were Mr. and Mrs. Short.

Charlotte's parents didn't know a thing about it until told by the HERALD; neither did Charles's people.

"Oh, well, I guess there's nothing to do but say it's just fine," Charlotte's mother said. "But she hasn't a bit of table linen. We'll have to get busy right away."

So it was all right after all.

Others on the train taken by the Parkhurst couple were Peter Felker and Miss Sara Sorley. They had planned to be married for some time. It was inconvenient to take a honeymoon trip. So they, too, eloped to Crown Point.

SEPTUAGENARIAN ROMANCE

Chicago Herald

More than seventy years ago a barefoot boy and a rosy cheeked girl trudged together each day along the roads of Albion County, Michigan, to a little red schoolhouse, where, at adjoining desks, they studied "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic."

Yesterday the same "boy" and the same "girl" left Fair Oaks together for the county building in Chicago. There they obtained a marriage license. A few minutes later they were married. Thus has Fair Oaks furnished its first septuagenarian romance.

The bridegroom is Rudolph Gray, 77 years old, the possessor of two grandchildren. The bride, until yesterday, Mrs. Mary J. Vanson, is a year his junior. She has three grandchildren.

After the ceremony the couple returned to the residence of the bridegroom's daughter, Mrs. Clara A. Hawkins of 1231 Jenifer avenue, Fair Oaks. There the bridegroom told the story of the romance.

"We've known each other as far back as either of us can remember," he said. "We were reared together in Albion County, went to the same district school together, and later, when we were a little older, went to the same dances and parties together.

"Then our families moved away from Albion County, and we lost track of each other for a while. I got married and served

through the civil war. Sarah was married to an Illinois man.

"Her husband was killed in 1892 in a railroad accident, and my first wife died about three years ago. A few months ago we learned of each other's whereabouts, started to write back and forth, and today were married."

The ceremony was performed, according to Mr. Gray, by S. M. Schall, in the latter's office at 118 North LaSalle street. Later the couple had their wedding supper at the Hawkins residence in Fair Oaks. In a few days they will leave for Manheim, Ill., where they will make their home.

WEDDING

New York Times

The wedding of Miss Emma Martin Willis, daughter of James S. Willis, President of the United States Bank of Commerce of this city, and Mrs. Willis, and Lesley Green Shafter of Greenville, Penn., was celebrated at 8 o'clock last night in St. John's Episcopal Church, Montclair, N. J. The Rev. Dr. William R. Bolton, rector of the church, officiated.

The bride wore a gown of ivory satin and a veil of lace, which was caught up with a chaplet of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Her father gave her in marriage.

The maid of honor was Miss Martha Houghton of Calumet, Mich., a former schoolmate of the bride. She wore a pink satin gown, draped with tulle and net, and carried pink Killarney roses.

There were six bridesmaids, including the Misses Emma Dickens, Elsie Walter, Anna Wilson, Helen Holton, Mary Smith, and Katherine Wilkins. They were gowned alike, in blue and white chiffon, and carried Aaron Ward roses with streamers of blue ribbon.

Clinton M. Shafter was best man for his brother. The ushers were George H. Kennedy, John C. Lane, Arthur Carpenter, and Dr. James Stratton Collins, Jr., of Greenville; Morris B. Lamb of this city, and James S. Willis, Jr., of Montclair.

The church was decorated with autumnal flowers and foliage. Along the centre aisle were large clusters of white chrysanthemums. Ascension lilies were used on the altar.

More than 200 guests from New York and near-by towns attended the reception, which was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride, 144 Nedwick Avenue, Upper Montclair. The couple received the congratulations of their relatives and friends under an arbor of pink and white roses in the reception room. The house was decorated throughout with autumnal foliage and flowers.

The bride was a pupil at Miss Spence's School in this city in 1909–1910. Mr. Shafter was graduated from Williams College, class of '10, and is a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. His father, who died several years ago, was the owner of large coal fields and mines, which Mr. Shafter has managed since leaving school. Mr. and Mrs. Shafter will live in Greenville.

WEDDING

Boston Transcript

Scarboro, Oct. 23—St. John's School Chapel was the scene of the marriage, at noon today, of Miss Violet Otis Gray to John Stanley Hart. Miss Gray is the older daughter of Rev. William Green Gray, D. D., head of St. John's School, and Mrs. Gray, who was before her marriage Miss Martin. The bride is the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William C. Martin of Boston, who long were summer cottagers at Nahant. Herbert F. Martin and Harrison Gray Martin are her uncles, and Mrs. Smith of Washington and Ipswich, wife of Rev. Richard Otis Smith, D. D., is an aunt. Miss Gray has a younger sister, Margaret, and four brothers, William G. Gray, Jr., Sigourney Gray, Appleton Gray and Robert Gray. The bride made her début three seasons ago.

Mr. Hart, the bridegroom, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Stanley Hart of Commonwealth avenue, Boston, who have a

country estate in Bedford. He was graduated from Harvard with the class of 1913. He is interested in rowing and is a member of the Union Boat Club. William A. Hart, of the Harvard class of 1915, is a younger brother.

Dr. Gray, the bride's father, was the officiating clergyman, and gave his daughter in marriage. The bride was dressed in a gown of white satin and tulle, made with a pointed neck and long, full train. It was trimmed with fine old lace, and her veil, also of lace, was the one which had been worn by her mother, and still earlier by her grandmother, Mrs. Martin, on the occasion of their weddings. It was held in place with orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of lilies of the valley, white orchids and delicate ferns.

The younger sister, Miss Margaret Gray, was flower girl and wore a high-waisted dress of white net with embroidered ruffles, with which was worn a small hat of pink satin trimmed with lace and pink rosebuds. She carried pale pink roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Howard of Boston, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Anna Appleton Graves of South Orange, N. J., and Miss Mary Appleton of New York. Miss Graves and Miss Appleton are the bride's cousins. These three attendants were dressed in pale pink taffeta with sleeves and long tunics of pink tulle. They wore large flat hats of dark blue velvet and carried bunches of pink rosebuds mixed with bluets. Mrs. Gray, the bride's mother, wore dark blue silk and a hat of dark blue velvet trimmed with feathers of the same shade.

Frederic Hart of Boston, Harvard, '13, a cousin of the bridegroom, was best man, and those who served as ushers were Charles Pelham Morgan, Jr., Harvard, '14; Edwin Curtis, Harvard, '13; Wilkins Frothingham, Harvard, '13; George William Meyer, Jr., Harvard, '13; Bayard Tyler, Harvard, '13; Tudor Jenkins, Harvard, '13; Richard Courtland, Harvard, '16; George Bartlett, Harvard, '13; Sigourney Gray, Amherst, '18, brother of the bride.

WEDDING

New York Herald

Southern smilax and palms made the background for the bower of white and pink cut flowers and plants ornamenting the chancel of the Church of the Divine Paternity last Tuesday when Miss Florence I. Gardiner, daughter of Mrs. Curtis Gardiner, of No. 949 West Eighty-fifth street, was married to Mr. Frederick Guild Jenkins, Jr., the Rev. Dr. Hall officiating.

The bride wore a gown of ivory white satin trimmed with pearls and embroidered with orange blossoms with court train of chiffon and satin. Instead of a veil she wore a cap of princess lace, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white orchids. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Deland Roswell Morton, who wore a gown of pink satin trimmed with brown lace and beaver fur, with picture hat to match; she carried Killarney roses. Little Ruth and Virginia Gardiner, the flower girls, wore frocks of white lingerie with pink sashes, and carried white French baskets of sunburst roses.

Mr. David Pelham was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. John Burton, Harrison Kneeland and John J. Surl, of this city, and Harold Warren, of Fishkill, N. Y. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins started on a wedding trip through the South.

WEDDING

Philadelphia Ledger

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Miss Emily Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Curtis, was married today to Captain William Raines Darlington, Coast Artillery, United States army. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents in Georgetown. The Rev. D. H. Markham officiated. The attendants were Miss Winifred Deland and Captain Robert Bruce Scott, U. S. A. The latter and the bridegroom wore full uniform. The bride wore white satin, with tulle overdress, and

a tulle veil. Following a wedding breakfast, Captain and Mrs. Darlington left for the South, the former being stationed at Fort Garfield, Ga.

ENGAGEMENT

Chicago Post

Mrs. Francis T. Calkins, 1253 Hamilton avenue, announces the engagement of her youngest daughter, Imogen Hammond, to Mr. Percy Chapman, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Chapman, 3024 Sigourney street.

Miss Calkins's father was the late Colonel Francis T. Calkins, first colonel of the Seventeenth Regiment, I. N. G. The bride elect is president of the Delta Gamma Mu Sorority and a member of the Beta Phi Epsilon Sorority. Mr. Chapman is a member of the Delta Omicron Fraternity and is known in athletic circles. No date has been set for the wedding.

ENGAGEMENT

New York Times

The engagement of Miss Agnes P. Colby and Frederick E. Chandler has been announced. Miss Colby is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. J. Wilson Colby, the noted evangelist, with whom she made a globe-encircling trip several years ago. She is spending the Winter with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Stratton Wilce, at Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Chandler is a graduate of Williams College, class of '12, and is a Director in the Industrial Bonding Corporation of New York. The wedding is to take place in the early Spring at the Colby home at Jamaica Estates, L. I.

WEDDING PARTY DINNER DANCE

New York Times

Mrs. Ralph H. Devine, whose brother, Harry Curtis Livingston of Cleveland, Ohio, is to marry Miss Hope Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Alexander, tomorrow afternoon in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, entertained last night at the St. Regis in honor of Miss Alexander and her fiancé.

Covers were laid for twenty-six guests, and the table was decorated with lilies of the valley and pink roses. Silver bonbon boxes were given as favors. The guests included some of the girl friends of the bride-elect, the best man, Frederick R. Devine, and the ushers, Sidney Dillon, Arthur G. Alexander, Benjamin Noyes, Martin Otis Tilden, Harrison Prescott, and Frederick Cheever.

There was informal dancing afterward, for which a few additional guests were invited.

COLLEGE FRATERNITY DINNER

Topeka Capitol

The Kappa Sigma men of Washburn college celebrated Founders' day with a dinner at the Mills tea room yesterday evening. The men of the active chapter, Gamma Nu, and many of the local alumni gathered together for the fraternity's forty-fifth anniversary. It was on December 10, just forty-five years ago, that the fraternity, now the largest in number of chapters, was founded at the University of Virginia.

The tables were decorated with the fraternity flower, lily of the valley, and the colors, scarlet, white and emerald. Toasts, with Mr. Earl Trobert acting as toastmaster, were responded to by Mr. William Whitcomb, for the pledges, Mr. Merrill Ream, for the actives, Mr. James Coleman, on the "Fraternity Relations to the Alumnus," Mr. Monte Kistler, on "Fraternity Expansion," Dr. A. B. Jeffrey, on "Internal Development," and Mr. W. K. Miller, on "The Why of a Greek." The fraternity songs were sung as a finishing touch.

The Kappa Sigmas at the affair were: Mr. Monte Kistler, Mr. Irwin Keller, Mr. Clayton Kline, Mr. Robert Drum, Mr. James Coleman, Dr. A. B. Jeffrey, Mr. W. W. Miller, Mr. D. Elton McIntosh, Mr. Kenneth Kline, Mr. Dwight Ream, Mr.

Merrill Ream, Mr. Wayne Cook, Mr. Robert Whitcomb, Mr. Richard Whitcomb, Mr. Earl Trobert, Mr. Warren Humphrey, Mr. Charles Kesler, Mr. Robert Ward, Mr. Russell Swiler, Mr. John Ripley, Mr. Clifford Olander, Mr. Forest Rice, Mr. Duane Van Horn, Mr. Elwin Olander, Mr. Ned Brown, Mr. Edwin Tucker, Mr. Harold Cone, Mr. William Whitcomb, Mr. John March, Mr. Ray Enfield, Mr. Jay Jenson and Mr. Jackson Brown.

CHRISTMAS DINNER REUNION

Chicago Herald

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinton of 891 East Twenty-first street will give the annual dinner for members of the Hinton family Christmas night. This will be the sixty-fourth Christmas dinner and reunion in the Hinton family. Among those who will be present are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Hinton, State's Attorney and Mrs. Maclay Hinton, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Whitcomb, Mrs. Gertrude Hinton Humphrey and Mrs. Charles C. Coleman. Covers will be laid for thirty-five.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DINNER PARTY

Chicago Herald

Miss Camille Russell Ward of 1891 Grand boulevard, who made her début Thanksgiving day, will give a dinner Sunday in honor of Miss Irene Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Rice of 3736 Elton avenue, who is to be married Dec. 29 to Edmund Cook, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. Walton Cook.

DANCE FOR CHARITY

Chicago Herald

Hungry babies will be fed, and the coffers of at least a dozen South Side day nurseries will be filled, from the proceeds of the annual ball of the Friendly Aid Society to be given Monday evening at the Blackstone Hotel. Mrs. Edward E. Hammond is president of the society. The beneficiaries include Bethlehem Creche, Chicago Refuge for Girls, Children's South Side Free Dispensary, Home for Convalescent Women and Children, Home for Destitute Crippled Children, Jackson Park Sanitarium, Legal Aid Society, Margaret Etter Creche, Stockyards Day Nursery, Boys' Shelter, Visiting Nurses and the Juvenile Protective Association.

SORORITY'S FORMAL PARTY

Kansas City Star

The spring formal of the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority was given in F. A. A. Hall Friday evening. The chapter president, Miss Elsa Bartell, and the house mother, Mrs. Anna Stratton, headed the receiving line. A very clever electrical effect was carried out in the sorority colors, gold and black. Kansas City guests were Mr. Emmett Donnet, Mr. Arthur Dix, Mr. James Sampson, Mr. Carl Bright, Mr. Edward Dix, Mr. Robert Campbell, Mr. Harland Hamilton, Mr. Albert Rook, Mr. George Bright, Mr. Ivan Bean, Mr. Ben Sweet, Mr. Charles Hagen and Mr. Richard Smith. Kansas City Thetas are: Miss Marie Hedrick, Miss Emma Mae Root, Miss Katherine Kiezer, Miss Louisa Hedrick, Miss Helen Tompkins, Miss Barbara Martin, Miss Marjorie Hile, Miss Mable Perkins, Miss Elsa McClure, Miss Ida Perry, Miss Caroline Nutt, Miss Virginia Gray and Miss Josephine Stone.

CLUB DANCE

New York Herald

A dance for the members of the Colony Club will be given in the Marseilles Hotel to-morrow night. The patronesses will include Mmes. Edward Burton Williams, William Grant Brown, Emma Kip Edwards, H. W. Harding, Hartwell B. Grubb, William L. Sands, Edward Donnelly, Harry Grimes and Upton Slingluff, and Misses Florence Guernsey and Ella L. Henderson.

DANCING PARTY

Chicago Herald

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Maxwell of West Walton place gave a dance last night at the Chicago Latin School for their daughter, Miss Rosalie Maxwell, and her young friends at home from school for the holidays.

MUSICALE

Chicago Post

Mrs. Lamson Neil Pelham of Evanston entertained a number of guests at a musical this afternoon at 3 o'clock at her home, 1460 Appleton avenue. She was assisted by Mrs. Henry P. Parker and Mrs. Walter W. White. The artists were Mr. Heath Gregory, who gave a group of songs, and Mr. Theodore du Moulin, cellist of the Chicago Orchestra, with Mr. Shynman as accompanist. The house was prettily decorated and in every room there were masses of flowers and pots of heather.

COLLEGE ALUMNAE MEETING

Chicago Herald

The regular meeting of the Chicago Alumnae Association of Kappa Kappa Gamma will be held Dec. 30, in room A of the Chicago College Club. Mrs. L. J. Lamson will talk during the tea hour on the work and needs of the Margaret Etter Creche, which was founded by Mary F. Etter, a Kappa of Epsilon Chapter. Miss Louise Merrill, a former president of this association, will pour.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF LUNCHEON

Philadelphia Ledger

Mrs. Seymour Thornton has issued cards for a luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton, to be followed by a matinee theatre party, Saturday, December 19, in honor of Miss Elinor Judd Wilson, the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Wilson. Among the guests will be Mrs. Charles H. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph B. Melton, Miss Katharine Torrey, Miss Marjorie Deland, Miss Eleanor B. Robinson, Miss Ethel Hastings, Miss Frances Tyler, Miss Elizabeth C. Jenkins, Miss Eleanore Curtis, Miss Elisabeth E. Mills, Miss Helena Rawlins, Miss Christine Rice and Miss Edith Harrold.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEATRE PARTY

Philadelphia Ledger

Dr. and Mrs. T. Bradford Cotton have sent out invitations for a theatre party, followed by supper, at their home, 1802 Ashbury place, Monday night. Miss Hilda Taylor, the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Taylor, of Medina, is to be the guest of honor and the other guests are to be débutantes and men of the younger set to the number of 18.

THEATRE PARTY

Philadelphia Ledger

Mr. and Mrs. James Francis Cheltenham gave a theatre party last night in honor of Miss Margaret Rand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Augustus Rand. Afterwards the guests were entertained at a supper at the Ritz-Carlton.

CARD PARTY

Kansas City Star

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Milton Coffey entertained with an auction bridge party Friday evening, at which the engagement of their sister, Marion Perkins Clark, to Dr. Earl Bispam was announced. The place cards were water colored sketches of Cupid carrying envelopes in which were the announcements. Favors were won by Miss Eugenia Devine, Mrs. J. W. Harter, Dr. Earl Bispam and Mr. Benjamin G. Root. Guests were limited to the friends of Miss Clark.

CARD PARTY

Philadelphia Ledger

A "500" party will be given by the feminine members of the Valley Green Canoe Club in the clubhouse Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, to be followed by a buffet supper and dancing in the evening. The entertainment will mark the opening of the new English grill room, where the dancing will take place, and also the new library and reception hall. The members who have charge of the affair are: Mrs. James Perkins, Mrs. Edmund Chynoweth, Miss Bessie Maxwell, Miss Irene Carter, Miss Margaret Creig and Miss Mabel N. Donaldson.

DEBUTANTE'S PARTY

Philadelphia Ledger

Miss Elsa Catlin, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Catlin, will be the guest of honor at a party which John Wilkins Frothingham, Jr., of School House lane, Germantown, will give at The Rabbit tomorrow night. The chaperones will be Mrs. Catlin and Miss Sarah Wilkins Frothingham, the latter the sister of the host. The guests will be Miss Charlotte Harding, Miss Virginia Racine, Miss Emilie P. Jackson, Miss Josephine Wooton, Miss Alice Thompson, Miss Margaret Burton, Miss Cordelia Brown, Miss Pauline Dickens, Albert E. Kennedy, Jr., William Barry, Rodney N. Land, Harry R. Neil, John C. Bell, Jr., Thomas K. Fenton, Jr., Alexander Mercer, Jr., Joseph G. B. Renton, John B. Knox, 2d, Barclay Wood, Lewis Smith and Andrew Van Brunt.

ENTERTAINMENTS FOR DISTINGUISHED GUEST

Philadelphia Ledger

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence will be given several entertainments during her stay in this city. A reception will be held for her tonight at the home of Miss Mary McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce street. Those who will receive with Miss McMurtrie and Mrs. Lawrence will be Mrs. Edward Troth, Miss Anne H. Wharton, the writer, Mrs. Edward Parker Davis, Mrs. Morris Jastrow, Mrs. Francis D. Patterson and Mrs. Thomas F. Kirkbride.

Mrs. Lawrence will be the guest of Mrs. H. H. Donaldson over Sunday.

VISIT

Chicago Herald

Ensign and Mrs. Wilson K. Spring of Boston are visiting their parents, Colonel and Mrs. Taylor E. Spring, at 9652 Kenwood avenue. Mrs. W. K. Spring was Miss Florence Berwin before her marriage last August. They will return immediately after New Year's to join Ensign Spring's ship "Oklahoma," which will sail early in January for Cuba.

ENTERTAINMENTS FOR GLEE CLUB

Chicago Post

The program to be rendered this year by the Harvard Musical Clubs on Wednesday evening, Dec. 30, at 8:15 o'clock, in Orchestra Hall, is an especially attractive one. The Glee Club, which last year distinguished itself by winning a competitive glee club meet in New York, occupies the central position. Three Chicago men are making the tour this year. They are Mr. Arthur Dee, 3d, of Oak Park, Mr. S. P. Priestley and Mr. D. H. Curtis, who was this year chosen assistant manager of the clubs.

Following the concert Mrs. John Cotton Barclay, 240 Lake Shore drive, will give a dance at her home in honor of the members of the clubs. As the dance this year is to take place in a private home, the invitations are limited. Mrs. Barclay's son, Mr. Burton Barclay, is a Harvard man, and his roommate, Mr. Charles Brunswick of Detroit, formerly of Chicago, is a member of the Glee Club and will take part in the concert.

Mrs. Charles C. Graves, 1404 Oaklawn place, will be among those giving dinners before the concert.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHARITY

New York Times

Announcement has just been made of the débutantes and members of the younger generation in society who are to take part in the annual entertainment for charity of the Junior League, which is to be held on three nights, beginning Monday, Jan. 25, at the Waldorf-Astoria. This entertainment is always the culmination of the formal season for the débutantes who make up the membership of the League, and it is largely attended by society.

The entertainment is to be called "Le Jour Férie," ("The Holiday,") and besides a programme of dances, there will be booths and a soda water fountain, presided over by one of the débutantes of the season. Rehearsals for the dances have been in progress for some time at the homes of Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting, and Mrs. William J. Schieffelin.

Mrs. Courtlandt Nicoll of 405 Park Avenue is in charge of the sale of tickets.

There is to be a carnival procession, after which the special dances will be shown. Miss Mary J. Schieffelin is Chairman of the Irish dance, in which the Misses Lillian Talmage, Sylvia Holt, Eunice Clapp, Josephine Wells, Marie Thayer, Eugenie Rand, Rita Boker, Margaret Erhart, and an equal number of young men are to take part.

In the mirror dance will be Mrs. Walter Stillman, Miss Beatrice G. Pratt, William Boulton, Jr., Lynford Dickinson, and Horace Allen.

Miss Mary Alexander is Chairman of the Pierrot dance, in which are to appear Mrs. John Rutherford, and the Misses Elsie Stevens, Marie Tailer, Carol Harriman, Muriel Winthrop, Ethel Crocker, John Elliot, Schuyler Parsons, Bradish J. Carroll, Jr., Stuyvesant Chanler, Suydam Cutting, George Rushmore, and Reginald Rives.

In the Russian dance, of which Miss Edith Mortimer is Chairman, Mrs. Louis W. Noël and the Misses Alexandra Emery and Lisa Stillman, with Anderson Dana, George B. Post, Jr., Auguste Noël, Maurice Roche, Gerald Murphy, and Edward Shippen are to appear.

Miss Margaret Trevor is in charge of the dance called "Moment Musicale," Miss Mary Canfield is head of the Gavotte dance, and Miss Frances Breese and Marie Louise Emmet have organized the Harlequin dance. Miss Eugenie Philbin is Chairman of the Frivolité dance, in which there will be a fancy fox trot. Miss Florence Blair heads the list in the Spanish dance, while Miss Josephine Nicoll is Chairman of the Saltorella dance and Miss Gladys Fries of the Tyrolean dance.

Fifty society girls, many of them débutantes, and as many young society men are to take part in the carnival procession.

CHARITY BAZAAR

New York Herald

Members of the Universal Sunshine Society, foreseeing the demand that will be made this winter by the poor in New York for help, are devoting their energies to their annual bazaar, which is to be held in the McAlpin Hotel on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday. Mrs. Florence Hart Jerome is chairman of the sale.

A feature of the bazaar will be the flag exhibit at the Peace and Plenty table, with the official peace flag and autographed photograph of the President which will become the property of the person who takes the flag. Mrs. Clarence Burns, president, Mrs. Jane Pierce, general secretary, and branch presidents will preside over the various tables. These will be:—Aprons, Mrs. C. D. Baldwin; tea table, served by actresses; refreshments, Mmes. Damon Lyon, M. B. Gates, Stuart Smith and J. J. Coudrey, and the Misses R. Burlingham, M. Loughey and M. Mutterer; fancy table, Mrs. F. H. Dean and the Misses Eva Bolger and Edna Schoneck; flower table, Mrs. H. G. Kost and the Misses Helen Kost, Leo-

nore Erikson, Sadie Spencer, Helen Gibbons, Alma Wolfe, Margaret Davies, H. Nealy, F. L. Hurt and L. H. Macdonald; candy table, Mrs. S. J. Scherer; home made cake table, Mrs. R. G. Spencer and the "In Memoriam" branch, of Brooklyn, Miss M. de Comps and small children. Miss Victorine Hayes will sing during the evening. The bazaar will open at two o'clock and continue until midnight.

CHAPTER XV

MISCELLANEOUS LOCAL NEWS

Type of story. Although most local events have been included in the various classes of stories discussed in preceding chapters, there remain several forms of city news that require separate consideration. Much interesting, timely information is to be found in schools, public libraries, museums, parks, and various departments of city government. As activities supported by public money, these institutions should be of interest to every citizen. Real estate, building, manufacturing, and business matters also furnish news of considerable interest and importance. Besides this information, there are many little incidents in the daily life of every city that have no significance as news but that can be written up as entertaining stories. Hotels, railroad stations, docks, and street cars are frequently the scenes of little comedies and tragedies that the reporter with keen insight into human life and with ability to portray them, turns into readable sketches. Animals no less than persons may be the central figures in these stories.

Purpose. The aim in one class of these local stories is to furnish timely, significant information in attractive form concerning public institutions and business activities. The purpose of the other class is to entertain the reader with little glimpses of the life of the city. Constructive journalism undertakes to stimulate the interest of every citizen in municipal affairs and in public institutions by putting prominently before him from time to time significant information about them.

The utmost accuracy in presenting information of public affairs and business matters, it is needless to say, is absolutely essential. It is important to maintain the same standard of truthfulness in writing entertaining feature stories, not because their contents are of vital importance, but because a newspaper, in order to command the confidence of its readers, cannot present anything in its news columns that is not true. Fictitious details are no more justifiable in feature stories than in news stories.

Treatment. In order to interest the average reader in news of various municipal activities it is necessary to make the stories attractive in form and style. Striking facts and figures or unusual statements, featured at the

beginning, catch the reader's eye and lead him to read the story as long as its subject matter and style interest him. Effective use of statistics and comparisons is shown in the story "Public Schools Open," p. 233. Two stories that begin with unusual statements are those entitled "School for Backward Children," p. 235, and "New Feature in Manufacturing," p. 243.

Since there is practically no news interest in entertaining feature stories, the reader's attention is attracted and held by the way in which the story is told. Narrative and descriptive beginnings, conversation, suspense, humor and other devices used in short stories and novels are well adapted to these news stories.

NOTE — *The following story was published some years before the European War.*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OPEN

New York World

There trooped into the public schools of New York yesterday an army without weapons that in numbers exceeded the great military force of the German Empire, with its 613,000 fighting men; that was greater than the standing army of France, with its force of 529,000 available soldiers, and that more than doubled Great Britain's defenders.

The school-house doors of the consolidated city were thrown open to 625,000 pupils, commanded by 17,000 teachers, or a greater number of commanders than now direct the movements of the combined military forces of the three powerful nations in the world.

The United States Army, with its 70,000 men and officers, is a little more than one-tenth of this multitude. The entire budget of the War Department, which includes a vast expenditure outside of actual expense for the maintenance of the army posts in time of peace, was $103,000,000 last year. New York's Board of Education, which in 1907 spent $19,845,870 for teachers' salaries alone, has asked this year for $31,641,326.75 to carry out its plans for providing additional accommodations for pupils.

The maintenance on a peace footing of Japan's army of 220,000 men, which is a little more than one-third of New York's army of school children, will cost $35,000,000 or $40,000,000 at the most. The pay of a New York Superintendent of Schools is greater than the pay of a German general, and only slightly below that of a British commander of equal rank.

The eight associate superintendents in New York command larger brigades than any of the officers of equal rank in France, Germany or Austria-Hungary.

Public School No. 1, which is located in the most populous centre in the city—Catherine, Oliver and Henry streets—and which has 2,800 pupils on its roster, was thrown open at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. There is no other school like it in Manhattan, and its opening always has attracted the interest of educators.

In the boys' department, during exercises, the principal cautioned the boys that only boys over ten would be allowed to sell newspapers, after school hours, and that each must get a license to do it.

"We are exceedingly crowded in the first grade," said Mr. Veit, "but I do not think the school has greatly increased in numbers. The removal of houses for the erection of the Manhattan end of the Manhattan Bridge has taken out many families.

"We have four Chinese boys in this school. Teachers would never have nervous prostration if they had Chinese boys to teach. They have great respect and reverence for their teachers."

All registration figures were broken in the Bronx, and when the schools opened every seat was filled. At the Morris High School, One Hundred and Sixth street and Boston road, of which John H. Denbeigh is principal, there were about three hundred new applicants. Mr. Denbeigh expects there will be about two thousand seven hundred pupils.

There was a distinct innovation in the inauguration of a school for deaf mutes in the old High School Building, at No. 235 East Twenty-third street. Superintendent Maxwell is greatly interested in the prospective work of the school. Although there are many deaf mute children, unschooled, in New York City, there were only sixty-five registered yesterday, owing to the fact that few persons knew that a deaf mutes' school was to be opened.

Annie Hamilton, "stone deaf," who a year ago could not distinguish a word or articulate a sound, was brought to the new school by an older brother.

Miss Regan extended her hand to the child and said: "Good morning, Annie; how are you?"

"Very well, thank you," the child replied, indistinctly.

Miss Regan smiled and shook her head. Then she placed a finger at the child's thorax and indicated that the vibrations were not as they should be.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Annie Hamilton." This time the reply was quite plain.

The questions of the teacher were understood by the reading of the lips.

NEW SCHOOLS

Chicago Herald

Two agencies designed to add to a boy's "chance in the world" were opened in Chicago yesterday. One of them intends to train children in the rudiments of the art of earning a living; the other hopes to reclaim those who, through lack of economic equipment, have stumbled and fallen.

The first is the Pullman Free School of Manual Training, created under the terms of the will of George M. Pullman, millionaire car builder. The second is the vocational school for prisoners at the bridewell.

Ninety children, two-thirds of whom were boys, enrolled at the Pullman school. It is designed to provide free industrial training for those to whom circumstances otherwise might have denied it.

The bridewell school is operated in conjunction with the psychopathic hospital. Its plans were explained yesterday by John L. Whitman, superintendent of the prison.

"Many of the petty offenders against law are mental defectives," he said. "Lacking mental grasp and manual efficiency, they soon find that the industrial world has no place open for them. The next step is crime. His sentence at the bridewell over, the boy returns to the world. Thus society punishes without removing the cause of the individual's wrongdoing.

"By opening this school we hope so to train these boys that when they return to the world they will, by virtue of the training received at the bridewell, have at least the chance to do right."

The enrollment at the bridewell school yesterday was twenty-five. It is a small beginning for a big ideal. The Pullman school is a big beginning for an even more worthy ideal—making the need of "reclaiming" unnecessary.

Mr. Pullman's will contained a bequest of $1,250,000, to be used as a trust fund for the establishment of the school, his life's dream. Trustees under the will invested the money wisely, for it since has grown until at present it aggregates more than $3,000,000.

Under the terms of the bequest the school is open free to "the children of persons living in or employed at Pullman." Thus its benefits are not restricted to children of employes of the Pullman Company.

The courses to be taught will include cabinet work, pattern-making, blacksmithing, foundry work, machine shop work, electric construction and steam and electric operating, engineering, English, mathematics, drawing and household arts and sciences.

SCHOOL FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN

Kansas City Star

"Dummy! Dummy! Gee, but you're a dummy!"

There are from 1,500 to 2,000 "dummies" in the public schools of Kansas City, it is estimated. They are the boys and girls who can't have anything "drummed into their heads" and so are the laughing stock of their classmates. Between five and six hundred of them are feeble minded. A large per cent of the "dummies," however, are not all around "dummies" and might be saved from becoming feeble minded and a menace to society.

"What are you going to do with them?"

That is the question Dr. E. L. Mathias, chief probation officer, is asking Kansas City.

"Kansas City has got to wake up to the situation," said Doctor Mathias yesterday afternoon, in discussing the report of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago. A resume of the report was printed in The Star of June 10. In that article the statement was made by one authority that the menace of the feeble minded was even more grave than a foreign war or a native pestilence.

"Kansas City is sixteen years behind the times in taking up this problem," continued Doctor Mathias. "Boston was the first city to provide special training for its backward and feeble minded children. Other cities have followed suit and Kansas City must do the same. If numerous surveys in other cities have revealed a ratio of one feeble minded person to every 250 it is reasonable to suppose that a like condition exists in Kansas City.

"Most of the backward children in the schools are retarded by some physical defect or taint of feeble mindedness. A very small number of the mental defectives ought to be in institutions. But the largest per cent of the retarded children could be saved by being given special training in separate classes.

"The entire problem of the feeble minded is even more serious. Little can be done with the adults, except to place them in institutions. Yet much can be done with the present generation by directing the minds of the mental defectives into useful channels so that they will not become a burden on the community and a menace to society."

The board of education is considering the problem and probably will start next fall in a small way with a separate class room and expert teachers.

READING IN SCHOOLS

Christian Science Monitor

Reading is to be given especial attention in the public schools of Boston again this winter in the hope that next June will see the finest lot of readers the schools of the city have ever produced.

Five points are to be especially observed: 1. Correct pronunciation of words at an acceptable rate of speed; 2. Expression of the meaning of what is read; 3. Distinct reading; 4. Pleasing use of the voice; 5. Ability to get the meaning of what is read silently.

Silent reading ability is to be made a point of special attention, as it calls for the application of the child's mind to definite reasoning, which will in turn develop his mental powers.

In a circular now being sent out to masters of elementary districts by the assistant superintendent in charge, Mrs. Ellor Carlisle Ripley, and approved by Superintendent Dyer, they are requested to repeat this year the general plan pursued last year for increasing the interest in oral reading. They are then asked to devise ways and means of increasing the child's power to get ideas from paragraphs read silently. The result is expected to be two fold—to make more intelligent and pleasing oral reading, and to develop in children a fondness for reading when it is done without the companionship of others.

As last year there are to be reading contests. On two occasions in the course of this school year in all grades above the third the children will hear, in their school

hall or some other selected place, readers from their respective rooms. These readers are to be selected by means that will tend to improve the reading of all the pupils.

It is desired that the first series of readings will be concluded by Dec. 23 of this year, and that the second series be held during the week beginning March 27 next.

No centralized arrangement will be made this year for sending trained readers to the schools, but as all colleges of reading have expressed themselves as very ready to co-operate with the schools, it is believed the masters can secure readers at desired times.

Inter-district readings will begin April 25 and continue to June 1. Each school is requested to send one reader and one alternate reader to the inter-district reading assigned to his school. At these readings each child will be allowed three minutes for reading a familiar section supplied by his school. Sight reading will also be furnished and brief tests of silent reading will be made.

READING TESTS IN SCHOOLS

Chicago Herald

In the little red schoolhouse, if Johnnie was slow in reading he was put in a corner, where he held a ponderous volume, if he escaped corporal punishment.

Now if Johnnie is a pupil in the elementary department of the school of education at the University of Chicago he is sent to the reading clinic of Dr. C. Truman Gray.

Dr. Gray, former reading expert at the University of Texas, has been selected by Director Charles H. Judd to conduct an investigation here financed by the general education board of New York. Dr. Abraham Flexner, head of the Rockefeller educational body, is watching the investigation with interest.

At Dr. Gray's clinic Johnnie will spend half an hour a day for five days. After Johnnie's teacher has given Dr. Gray all the information she can about his vision, hearing, breathing and attention Johnnie will be given some reading tests.

When Johnnie has read several prose selections, each of increased difficulty; several bits of poetry of a similar gradation, and a bit of oratory he will be given a set of printed questions, to which he will write the answers, and then a number of printed stories, which he will read and reproduce.

A careful record of Johnnie's time and his number of errors on each of these experiments will be kept.

Then Johnnie will be ready for the machines. He will be taken into a darkened room and a printed selection will be projected on a screen. As Johnnie reads the selection a blank phonograph record will record his performance, an elaborate camera will take pictures of his eye movements, and an instrument fastened over his chest will record his breathing.

A camera shutter device on the projecting machine will make it possible for the light to be shut off the screen at any point, and the number of words he can recall beyond the word he was pronouncing when the selection disappeared will show the area of his attention.

From the careful examination of these records Dr. Gray hopes to arrive at the causes of poor reading and to find remedies.

Dr. E. M. Freeman of the faculty of the school of education is conducting a parallel investigation into the teaching of writing in the school.

MEDICAL INSPECTION

New York Globe

The medical inspection of the public school children is unsatisfactory, according to the local school board of District 29, Brooklyn. This district lies within Flushing avenue, Marcy avenue, Myrtle avenue, Tompkins avenue, Lexington avenue, Sumner avenue, Fulton street, Albany avenue, Eastern Parkway, Washington avenue, Fulton street, and Waverly avenue. The members of the board have been "keeping tabs" on the doctors sent to the schools by the Board of Health. They have found little uniformity in the work, some visits

lasting only a few minutes, and others a whole afternoon, while anywhere from nine to thirty pupils have been examined.

As a result of the investigation, the local board has submitted a report to the Board of Education suggesting that a more definite method of examination be required of the visiting physicians. The board states that it "found that there is no uniformity in their methods, except that they call daily at the schools assigned to them. The calls vary from five minutes to one and a half hours, and the number of children examined from one or two or none, to twenty or thirty per day. Some of the physicians visit the classrooms, and others see only the children who are reported by the teachers as needing attention."

This is the second criticism of the medical inspection received by the Board of Education this summer, the first coming from the Principals' Association of the City of New York, which forwarded resolutions to the effect "that the medical supervision of our schools is incomplete and generally unsatisfactory."

While there is no marked indication of such an outcome at the present time, it would not be at all surprising if an attempt were made by certain of the members of the Board of Education to induce the board to take steps to take over the control of the medical inspection by establishing a department of school hygiene. This has been advocated by City Superintendent Maxwell and by Dr. Luther H. Gulick, director of physical training. While not as yet approved by the Board of Education, the proposition is under consideration by the Charter Revision Commission.

The recent criticisms of medical school inspection bear out those published by Dr. Maxwell in his latest annual report, in which he declared that "existing physical examinations made by the Department of Health are generally inadequate, and even when they are adequate are not followed by the desired results." In support of this statement Dr. Maxwell quoted from principals' reports to show that in only 248 schools—less than half the total number—were any examinations made for physical defects—as distinguished from examinations to detect contagious disease. In these 248 schools not more than one-third of the pupils were examined. It is only a few months since any examinations for physical defects were made outside of the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and then only because of the criticisms emanating from the New York committee of physical welfare of school children.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Milwaukee Sentinel

"In the thirty-seven years' history of the Milwaukee public library we have never been able to trace a single case of contagious disease to a library book that had been passed from a home in which the disease existed to one hitherto free."

This was the reply of J. V. Cargill, assistant librarian of the Milwaukee public library, to Dr. John Dill Robertson, health commissioner of Chicago, who has expressed the belief that library books are a medium for spreading such diseases as grippe, sore throat, measles, whooping cough, small pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, tuberculosis and erysipelas. Dr. Robertson has sent a letter to Librarian Henry E. Legler of the Chicago public library asking co-operation in an effort to stamp out any danger of spreading diseases in this way.

According to Mr. Cargill every possible effort is made by the Milwaukee library to prevent the spread of disease. In this the officials co-operate with the Milwaukee health department. Daily lists of the homes in which contagious disease is found are furnished to the library, and books that are returned from such homes are fumigated in a large vault at the main library. When a health inspector visits a home in which there is contagious disease, one of his first questions is whether or not there are library books. If such books are found the cards identifying them are removed by the inspector and mailed to the library, according to Mr. Cargill. When the patient recovers and the health department fumigates the house, the library

books are also fumigated as an added precaution.

The average book passing from home to home is never fumigated or otherwise disinfected, Mr. Cargill admitted, but he expressed doubt that any diseases were spread by such books.

Among the ways in which Dr. Robertson of Chicago says disease may be spread are the following: Dampening the fingers to turn pages, placing books open side downward upon a bed, coughing or sneezing upon the pages or giving books to convalescent patients.

MUSEUM

New York Times

Rain gods, storm charms, rattles to make the thunder come, strange amulets which invite the lightning, more than five hundred devices in all which the Zuni Indians believe open up the sluice-ways of the skies, were unpacked early yesterday morning at the American Museum of Natural History.

They had just come from New Mexico, where they had been collected for the museum by Dr. A. L. Kroeber of the University of California, who at great trouble and expense had induced the bad weather gods to come east. About the time the lid came off the first packing case the wind carried sheets of water against the attic where the collection is now on view and the tempest howled and shrieked until the little rain gods themselves shook under the hurly burly out-of-doors. The water god, Long Horn, rolled over to where the flower god was lying, and shook himself for very joy, for he felt that the man tribe of this great city would certainly be very thankful for all the downpour.

It is so dry in the venerable town of the cliff dwellers, Zuni, that most of the time the streets are filled with dust, and top stories of the old cliff dwellings powder up and blow away in all directions. The Indians have lived there for 365 years without being in any way affected by the manners and customs of the white men, according to Dr. Kroeber, who has just come from a residence of several months among them. Even though the United States Government has made a big reservoir and dug irrigation ditches for the Zunis, they still keep up their primitive worship, which revolves around the prayer, "Gods, give us rain." As the tribe lives almost entirely upon the maize it raises, the ceremonies of rain-making bear an important part in its life. Most of the conversation of the Zunis consists of "Do you think there will be a shower?" and "Neighbor, how is your corn growing?"

In many centuries there has been built up a ritual for the worship of the sky gods which is very intricate and mysterious and includes many secret observances. The study which Professor Kroeber has made is a very important one, for he will be able to describe observances about which little has been known. Many of the sacred symbols in his possession were acquired after much trouble and not a little risk, for the Zunis have an unwritten law that no white man is to have any of the objects used in their ceremonies, and that any one parting with them is entitled to have his throat cut.

The rain gods are dressed in fantastic garb, and the clash of their primitive hues can be heard at a great distance. One of the symbols of the lightning is a blue pantagraphlike arrangement of lattice work which suddenly opens out to represent the quick discharge of the bolts of the gods. There are charms made like the forked flashes placed over the doors to invite the showers. In the great dances the participants wear wooden headgear carved to represent cloud forms and the moon and stars. Every creature which loves the wet is worked into the symbolism of Zuni worship. There are tadpoles, frogs, turtles, ducks, and geese, all of which are represented by the masks worn when the invocations to the gods of the rain are given.

There are rattles made of shells, which, attached to the knees, make a prodigious noise. Peculiar spindle-like devices attached to long thongs may be swung about

the head until they give a sound which to the Zuni imagination suggests the roll of thunder. One of the most valuable articles of the new collection is a bowl, probably of the period before Columbus came to this continent, which is notched all around with a step-like device, typifying the clouds and adorned with raised figures of fish and polliwogs and ducks. It is filled with water when the rain dances are given, and a mass of suds is made in it by adding soap weed. The priest stirs up the mixture with his hands, and the lather brimming over the sides of the bowl gives the effect of fleecy clouds.

The collection, which is one of the most important ever brought out of the Southwest, is to be arranged by Dr. Kroeber, who has obtained a leave of absence from the University of California for that purpose. He was kept in the Museum all day by the snow, sleet, and rain.

MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS

Boston Transcript

Traffic conditions are regarded as so dangerous at the corner of Tremont and School streets, on account of the laying of the high-pressure pipes, that the mayor has ordered the contractor to work night and day, with forces as large as practicable, until the work is finished.

The mayor was informed of the situation when he arrived at City Hall this morning and immediately made a personal inspection. He found large piles of dirt at each corner of School street and wagons used by the contractor so placed in receiving their loads that at times it was practically impossible for vehicular traffic to move at all. School street is one of the one-way thoroughfares and the volume of traffic that moves into it at the corner of Tremont, from both Tremont and Beacon streets, is very large at certain times of the day. Under the best conditions dangers are daily presented with swiftly moving automobiles coming down Beacon Hill, either to make the turn or to move straight ahead. It will probably be necessary to close School street some time this week, and, in fact, many persons declared today that such an order might prevent a serious accident, with conditions continuing as they are at present.

The laying of the high-pressure pipes along Tremont street has been anything but agreeable to the contractor. The various underground wires and conduits of the public service corporations are ordinarily well placed in the files, but the ground beneath the asphalt of this thoroughfare contained numerous obstacles which were not anticipated by the city engineers who planned for the new system.

At the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets the contractor found that, in order to carry the pipes in accordance with the blue prints, a huge two-foot main conduit of the gas company would have to be shifted. This caused much delay and it will be weeks before the changes will be made to satisfy the city authorities. Today a large space on the surface was boarded. Then followed the every-day difficulties encountered by the laborers in digging up the ties of the old street railway, which were not removed when the line was banished from the street.

Today the laborers met with a still greater surprise when they encountered solid rock, brick and concrete obstructions far beneath the surface, and also deeply imbedded piles which had remained in the earth for scores of years and which do not appear on any blue print of the street that the City Hall records contain. It was learned, however, that the tunnels of brick and concrete were parts of an old steam-heating system installed many years ago by a company that planned to heat buildings at much less cost to the occupants than could possibly be done by individual plants. These operations were of short duration, and when they were given up, the city authorities failed to oblige the removal of the tunnels, which are eight feet beneath the surface and of no hindrance to the other underground works.

The laborers are also digging up today the remnants of the physical property of the old Massachusetts Telephone Company, which existed nearly twenty years ago.

MUNICIPAL WORK

Springfield Republican

Co-operation between the city and the public service corporations to a greater extent than before in order to prevent the tearing up of newly laid pavement is expected to result from the Dickinson-street case, in which a pavement that has been down only two years is being broken open so that the United electric light company can put in its conduits. Samuel L. Wheeler, inspector of underground wires and conduits, who prescribes what wires shall be put underground each year, will try to place before the public service associates the plans for his work a year or more in advance. Thus the companies will have a chance to get their wires underground before the streets are paved.

Mr Wheeler is obliged by law to order a mile of wire put underground each year in order that eventually all wires within a two-mile radius of the City hall shall be underground. In his 15 years of work this is the first time that such a situation as that on Dickinson street has arisen. Superintendent Fred H. Clark of the department of streets and engineering said yesterday that no one is really to blame, since the street had to be paved when it was, and it was impossible at the time to order the wires underground before the paving was put down. The electric light company has expressed its willingness to co-operate in every way that it can. The supervisors have ordered the paving of Pine street and between Cedar and Walnut streets the company's wires are still above ground. Although Mr Wheeler has not ordered these wires to be put underground, the company has said it will try to get them under even though its appropriation for this work has been made for the year.

The supervisors and the street railway officials will confer this afternoon to plan for the relaying of tracks so that the work will precede street paving. The company intends to relay its tracks on Main street between the arch and the car barns and on Chestnut street between Allendale street and Jefferson avenue. Paving is to be done on these streets but it will follow the crack work. The company does not want to relay its tracks on State street near the New England railroad, however, although the city wants to pave there, and a similar situation may arise on other streets where the company thinks its tracks good for a year or two longer. It is to consider these situations that the conference will be held.

NEW MUNICIPAL EQUIPMENT

Boston Transcript

Bursting water mains are not so great a menace in Boston since the water department installed a motor truck with a power appliance for quickly closing the heavy gates. Work which formerly required four men, laboring continuously for forty-five minutes, can be done in ten minutes by using the power of the truck. This mechanical device, an invention of George H. Finneran, superintendent of the distribution branch of the water department, not only conserves the water supply and reduces the damage due to breaks, but permits of rapid regulation of water volume at fires, facilitates the testing of gates and relieves the anxiety always attending derangement or damage to the water system.

In one of Boston's most important thoroughfares, lined with costly buildings, there is a water main which, if completely broken apart, would allow the escape of 50,000 gallons of water each minute. Controlling this line are gate valves thirty-six inches in diameter which, in closing, require 307 turns of a gate wrench and, formerly, the services of four men for about forty-five minutes. A few minutes' delay sometimes meant the loss of life and thousands of dollars. These gates, the largest in the city, can now be closed in ten minutes by one man and the motor truck, which was built for the purpose by the White Company of Cleveland.

The truck is required to respond to fire alarms and other emergencies where water must be controlled to prevent loss or damage. The calls are frequently overlapping, and crews are on duty day and night. The

runs vary from one block to the farthest end of the water system. Under the old scheme, when several gates had to be closed, the few men available at night were almost exhausted before shutting the last gate. By its ability to work continuously the truck has relieved the fear of being unable to cope with any emergency.

The gate-closing device consists of a universal wrench socket with a worm gear, enclosed in an aluminum housing and mounted on the running board of the truck, so that it can be easily brought into position immediately over a water-gate manhole. When the truck is in position a wrench is slipped through the socket. This wrench fits the nut on the gate-gear below. The universal wrench socket, together with a universal joint on the end of the wrench, affords sufficient flexibility in case the truck is not on level ground, or in case the wrench socket is not directly over the gate nut. It is an easy matter, however, for the driver to bring his truck into the exact position.

The worm gear is driven off the regular transmission of the truck. The device is operated by a lever placed upon the side of the truck and easily accessible to the driver. In closing gates the forward speeds of the transmission are used. In opening the reverse is used. All gears are made of chrome or nickel steel. All bearings are ball bearings. The aluminum housing is firmly bolted to the frame of the chassis and well braced to resist torque. The wrench is a hollow square steel tube terminating in a specially hardened steel socket with universal joint between socket and tube.

The gates are equipped with indicators showing the position of the valve and informing the operator when the valve is seated or entirely opened. Where indicators have not been attached to the gates a counter is used. This counter is placed on the end of the wrench recording the number of its revolutions. This helps the operator to determine when the valve is entirely up or down. As a means of safety in the event of the valve seating with force or before the operator expected, a pin of known strength, placed in the universal joint of the wrench, breaks off and breaks the line of force between the engine and the gate, thus preventing damage to either the gate or the gate-operating device.

SAFETY CAMPAIGN

New York Herald

With the belief that Long Island will be the touring ground for more motor cars this summer than ever before, largely on account of the European war, James A. McCrea, general manager of the Long Island Railroad, has announced the beginning of a campaign of sign display asking the public to co-operate with the railroad in saving human life.

Enormous signs, 2½x10 feet, electrically illuminated at night, will be stretched across the highways, in many cases attached to the structure of the modern overhead crossings, making a plea to the motorists as they speed under them to be careful in approaching and passing over the grade crossings that still remain on the main highways of the island. The railroad has eliminated more than three hundred grade crossings at an expense of 15 million dollars, and yet fatal accidents occur in some places where there is a wide open view of the railroad in both directions. There are still 631 grade crossings between New York City and Montauk Point. Of these more than three hundred are guarded by gatemen, two at some points, at a cost to the railroad of $25,000 a month.

Careful motorists do not combat in the least the statement, frequently made by the railroad officers, that many of the fatal grade crossing accidents on Long Island were the result, pure and simple, of the motorists' recklessness. Many of them drive too carelessly over the crossings, the officers maintain, assuming all the time that the locomotive driver is looking out for them. Mutual watchfulness is observed in the city, and it is contended that the same should be true in the country.

Ten great signs already have been erected at prominent points, where they cannot

fail to attract the attention of motorists. They are in black and white letters that may be read several blocks away. They caution:

THIS SIGN MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE TODAY.

All the precautions in the world will not save the lives of those who drive automobiles recklessly over railroad crossings.

When approaching a crossing please stop, look and listen.

We are doing our part. Won't you do yours?

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.

Mr. McCrea says the grade crossing problem has been a stupendous one, particularly since the advent of the motor car. He is open to suggestions that will eliminate the danger at any point and immediately accepted two that were made to him by persons interested only in the safety of the public in general. One was in reference to a dangerous crossing, now guarded by men and lights, but where the conformation of the ground so places the lights that they are practically valueless as a warning. The other was in reference to the color of the gates used by the Long Island Railroad and all others in this country. The universal custom in this country is to paint the gates white.

In Europe, particularly in Germany and Austria, all the railroad gates, toll gates and custom house gates are painted black and white. They can be seen for long distances and are almost as easily observed in the night as in the day.

Not only is the railroad putting up signs calling the attention of motorists to the danger of driving recklessly over grade crossings; it will conduct an advertising campaign with a series of "life saving bulletins." These will appear regularly and will plead for greater care on the part of motorists. One of its "life saving bulletins" will read in part:

Watch for the flagman's lantern.
Listen for the warning bell.
Slow down.
Look up and down the rails.

We are doing all that time and money permits in abolishing grade crossings. Will you help us end accidents by doing your share?

BUSINESS MERGER

Milwaukee Sentinel

Through a deal involving about $400,000, the Milwaukee-Western Fuel company has bought out entirely the docks, property and business of the Northwestern Fuel company's Milwaukee branch.

The big merger has been pending for a year. Agreement was finally reached on Wednesday, although details were not arranged until Saturday. The Milwaukee-Western will take full possession on Monday.

It is in no sense a consolidation. As far as Milwaukee business is concerned the Northwestern Fuel company has ceased to exist. As one of its Milwaukee officials remarked after the deal was closed, "They have swallowed us whole, head and tail."

The Northwestern company was one of the oldest coal firms in Milwaukee, having had offices here for thirty-two years. In sales it did a yearly business in the city of about $2,000,000.

The deal brings a great amount of valuable property into the hands of the Milwaukee-Western Fuel company. Its bought out rival had on hand about 75,000 tons of coal. It possessed two large coal docks. One, at the foot of Washington street, with two slips on the Kinnickinnic river, is 1,000x500 feet in size. This dock is on the Chicago and North-Western road. The other is at the foot of Seventeenth street and has 1,000 feet frontage on the Menomonee river. It is on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

The capacity of the two docks combined is estimated at 150,000 tons of anthracite and 200,000 tons of bituminous coal. Their loading capacity aggregates 150 cars a day.

The Milwaukee offices of the Northwestern Fuel company were at 152 Second street. For a time they will be used by the Milwaukee-Western company as a branch

office. The Northwestern will also use them until its affairs are settled. Whether the offices will be continued as a branch of the Milwaukee-Western Fuel company's big offices at 14 Wisconsin street has not yet been determined.

Under the terms of the deal the purchaser will assume responsibility for all unfilled contracts of the Northwestern company. The Milwaukee-Western expects to be able to give positions to nearly all the Milwaukee employes of the Northwestern.

The deal makes the Milwaukee-Western Fuel company sole agents in this city for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road's Scranton anthracite and standard hard coal, for which the Northwestern Fuel company was also agent.

Officers of the Milwaukee-Western say that the change will increase their company's business by from 300,000 to 400,000 tons yearly.

The headquarters of the Northwestern Fuel company are in St. Paul, and it has big docks in Duluth and Superior. Its chief business lies in that section of the country. This will remain unimpaired, for the present deal affects only the Milwaukee branch.

The officers of the Milwaukee-Western Fuel company are: President, Edward A. Uhrig; vice president, Alexander Uhrig; secretary and treasurer, Charles W. Moody.

NEW FEATURE IN MANUFACTURING

Chicago Tribune

This is the story of a world war, a despairing manufacturer, and a cow's ear.

The despairing manufacturer shall be nameless here. In Chicago and all over the country his name is well known as one of the greatest makers of water color paint in America.

The part taken by the world war is told in the trade columns, where its effects on industry in the United States have been vividly shown. The cow's ear belonged to a cow that may have been called "Boss" or "Bess," but that isn't so important.

The agency that overcame the world war, that soothed the manufacturer, that found the cow's ear and introduced the two shall receive its deserved mention—it was the Chicago Association of Commerce.

It was more than a month ago that the water color paint manufacturer came to the civic industrial division of the Commerce association and told of his business woes.

"We are about to shut down on account of the war," he said. "We can send out no more paint to our trade. For years we have supplied them with an imported water color paint brush with each box.

"The brushes are made in Germany. It is a secret process. They use either camel's hair or rabbit's hair of a fine quality. They are excellent brushes. Our trade is demanding them. We have none left. We can get no more on account of the war. We shall have to close down."

Anderson Pace, industrial commissioner for the association, told the manufacturer to hold on a little longer. He started inquiries in all lines known to the association. The country was ransacked for imported water color brushes, and all to no avail.

Then the investigators, right here in Chicago, and without wasting a postage stamp, got in communication with a stockyards savant who was the originator of the boast that "none of the pig escaped but the squeal."

"The most tender, delicate, yet strong and soft hair in the world is to be found only in a cow's ear," said the stockyards genius. "Camel's hair and imported rabbit's hair can't touch it for quality. It makes the best water color brushes that can be made."

At the stockyards today men with shears are snipping the tender hairs from Bossy's ears as the bodies of the slain animals are conveyed from the killing pens. In New York a broker has made arrangements with a brush manufacturer, who is putting out an article that artists say fits itself much more readily to the application of water color than the old brushes imported from Germany.

In Chicago the nameless great manufacturer of water color paint despairs no more. His plant is running, his force is

busy, his employés are happy, and the orders are coming just the same as before the war.

REAL ESTATE

Chicago Tribune

Another of the old exclusive homes in the one time fashionable block on Prairie avenue between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, is to be given over to business uses, the Arthur Meeker residence at 1815, which has been purchased by D. C. Heath & Co., school book publishers. The conveyance was made by Mrs. Grace M. Meeker, and a consideration of $35,000 is named in the deed, which was filed for record yesterday.

The house, which is a large, attractive three story stone structure, was erected by Joseph Sears about thirty years ago, and about ten years ago was purchased by Mr. Meeker and extensively remodeled by him. It contains twenty-one rooms. It occupies a lot 75x140 feet extending back to a twenty foot alley, and there is a large garage in the rear.

The Heath company, which is the third largest school book publishing house in the country, and is now located in the Studebaker building on South Wabash avenue, will locate their business at their Prairie avenue purchase about March 1, using the house for their general offices, and the garage, which will be enlarged, for their stock room. The sale was negotiated by Eugene A. Bournique & Co.

REAL ESTATE

Philadelphia Ledger

The six and a half acre plot of ground at 5th and Cayuga streets, which has been used as a picnic park for a number of years, under the name of Central Park, has been sold by S. C. Abernethy for Joseph S. Slomkowski to a builder, who will begin the work of developing the ground in the spring by the erection of about 30 houses on the 5th street front and 65 houses on Reese street. The price paid for the ground was close to $60,000. Practically all of the tract has been sold with the exception of a small section south of Cayuga street. The seller reserves for his own use a plot of ground 120 feet by 130 feet at the corner of 5th and Cayuga streets, on which he will build a new hotel. The ground sold has a frontage of more than 700 feet on the west side of 5th street to Annsbury street, with a frontage of 307 feet on Cayuga street to the North Penn Railroad, and a frontage of 400 feet on the north boundary. The sale is the largest transaction in ground made in this section of the city for several years. Central Park has for years been a favorite picnic ground during the summer, particularly with labor organizations.

PROPOSED NEW HOTEL

Boston Transcript

Another large hotel, to cost about $1,250,000, is to be erected in the retail section of the city, at the corner of Washington and Avery streets. The Commonwealth Associates, Inc., who acquired title to the land last month, have let the contract for the construction of an eleven-story building to the Haynes Construction Company. Clarence H. Blackall is the architect and Hurd & Gore are the consulting architects. Morse Brothers have taken a lease of the hotel for a period of twenty years.

With the exception of the Washington street frontage and about 100 feet fronting on Avery street, which will be used for stores, the entire building will be devoted to the purposes of a first-class commercial hotel. On the first floor will be the office, reading-room, large public dining-room and buffet. In the basement, under the corner of Haymarket place and Avery street, there will be a rathskeller, entered both from the hotel and from the street, with the kitchens, serving-rooms, etc., in the rear, under the hotel lobby. A sub-basement will contain storerooms, machinery, heating plant, etc.

The second floor will be largely taken up by another public dining-room, banquet-room, etc., the remainder of the building being given over to guest rooms, with the exception of the eleventh story, which will contain specially fitted sample-rooms for commercial travellers. The rooms will be unusually spacious, with convenient alcoves for beds. Large windows will light the room proper and the alcove. The finish will be of carefully selected Missouri red gum, stained a rich mahogany.

The building will be fireproof in every particular, and will be constructed in accordance with the most approved methods, practically no wood being used except for the doors and windows. All floors will be of concrete, with tile and marble-finished flooring in the public rooms and corridors, tiling in all the bathrooms and carpets elsewhere. The building will be heated and ventilated in an approved manner and furnished with all the electrical appliances. The elevators and stairs will be centrally located, so as to give immediate access to all parts of the house.

The exterior will be of limestone and brick in the style of the French Renaissance, which effect will be carried through the decorations and finish of the principal rooms. A broad marquise finished in bronze will mark the entrance of the hotel proper and extend along the whole frontage. A service entrance will be at the rear on Haymarket place.

Leases for the stores have already been arranged on long terms with David H. Posner and Coes & Young, both of whom have stores in other parts of the city. The Commonwealth Associates, Inc., owners of the property, were organized through the office of Codman & Street, Easton Building, with George U. Crocker, president; Max Shoolman, vice president, and Gerald G. E. Street, treasurer.

MUNICIPAL BOND SALE

Springfield Republican

City Treasurer E. T. Tifft yesterday surprised himself and financial experts as well by selling a bond issue of $1,000,000 at remarkably good terms, in spite of the tying up of money by war conditions. The issue was sold to N. W. Harris & Co of Boston, who will pay the city a premium of $5670, bringing the interest rate down to 4.30 per cent. This rate is less than one-half of 1 per cent higher than the rate for last year's issue, and congratulations are coming to the city and to the city treasurer on this success from many financial men who have been looking with interest on this issue as the first test of the bond market since the war began.

The bid of the winning company was 100.567, while the second bid was made by the Third national bank of this city offering 100.44. E. H. Rollins Sons, A. B. Leach & Co, Perry, Coffin & Burr, and Blake Bros & Co, all of Boston, made a joint bid for the issue which was third, the bid being 100.176. Of the $1,000,000 there was $200,000 on the municipal building loan paying 4 per cent, and the remaining $800,000 is in 4½ per cent bonds. The issue was made up of the following loans: Municipal building loan, 20 years, 4 per cent, $200,000; high school of commerce, 20 years, 4½ per cent, $150,000; Fulton-street loan, 20 years, 4½ per cent, $400,000; Myrtle-street school addition, 20 years, 4½ per cent, $136,000; land for school, Franklin and Greenwood streets, 20 years, 4½ per cent, $64,000; Brightwood school addition, 20 years, 4½ per cent, $25,000; Walnut-street engine house addition, 20 years, 4½ per cent, $25,000; total, $1,000,000.

The rate at which these bonds were sold shows that the state of the money market is not as far from normal as was feared by many people, and at the same time an opportunity is given to local people to invest in the city bonds at a price which will bring them a better return than can be obtained on the issues in usual times. These bonds are tax exempt, the exemption extending to the federal income tax. Interest on municipal bonds is collectible without certificates of ownership and individuals are not required to report the income to the federal government. The successful bidders, N. W. Harris & Co, are represented

in this city by Percy O. Dorr, who has offices in the Massachusetts Mutual building.

The Boston News Bureau, commenting on the sale, says: "The sale of $1,000,000 bonds to N. W. Harris & Co by the city of Springfield to-day is striking evidence of a revival of confidence in the bond market. The bankers are offering the bonds on the following bases: For the 4½'s, 1915 maturity, 4¼ per cent basis; 1916–1919, 4.20 per cent basis; 1920–1934, 4.15 per cent basis. For the 4's, 1915 maturity, 4¼ per cent basis; 1916–1919, 4.20 per cent basis; 1920–1954, at 99. To gain some idea of the attractive level at which these bonds are being sold, compared with prices for previous issues, it need only be remembered that in 1913 the city obtained a 3.88 per cent basis for an issue of bonds, a 3.81 per cent basis in 1912 and a 3.51 per cent basis in 1911. The current sale is the most important bit of public financing which has been accomplished in the local market since the war began. It is more than ordinarily significant that one of the biggest New England banking houses should take hold of this Springfield issue at a time when the bond market is suffering more or less from excessive timidity. It serves the double purpose of providing for the financial needs of one of New England's largest cities and of creating a little interest in the bond market on a basis which is fair both to the city and to the investor. There is evidence of returning courage and confidence."

RAILROAD DIVIDEND

Chicago Tribune

Directors of the Pennsylvania company declared yesterday a semi-annual dividend of 1 per cent as against the usual dividend of 4 per cent at this time of the year. Since 1910 the Pennsylvania company has paid 7 per cent yearly, divided into two semi-annual installments of 3 per cent in the first half and 4 per cent in the second half of the year.

The issued capital of the Pennsylvania company is $80,000,000. The annual disbursement has been, since 1910, $5,600,000 annually. This year, however, the company has declared only 4 per cent, or $3,200,000, so that the reduced amount of dividends is $2,400,000.

The Pennsylvania company operates all the lines of the Pennsylvania system west of Pittsburgh. All the stock of the Pennsylvania company is owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and to the latter corporation all the dividends have been paid.

The outstanding capital stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad company is $499,265,700. The annual dividends from the Pennsylvania company have been equal to something over 1 per cent on the capital stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and the cut made yesterday in dividends is equal to about ½ per cent on the railroad company's stock. The railroad company pays its shareholders 6 per cent per annum, this rate having obtained since 1908. The railroad company's earnings last year, that is, 1913, were 8.02 per cent on the share capital.

The 5 per cent raise in freight rates granted by the interstate commerce commission was denied to coal, coke and iron ore. The coal and coke business of the Pennsylvania system amounts to about one-third of the company's gross business and on that no advance will be received.

In connection with the reduction of the Pennsylvania company's dividend, the directors issued a statement saying that the cut was due "chiefly to a large decrease in traffic and a material reduction in the revenues of the lines west of Pittsburgh."

Meanwhile the directors of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, one of the controlled lines of the Pennsylvania company, met and decided not to consider the semi-annual dividend distribution until the next meeting of the board, on Dec. 30.

RETAIL PRICE OF BEEF

Boston Herald

That there is no truth in the report emanating from Chicago to the effect that the

record-breaking drought in Kansas will cause the retail prices of beef to go to unheard of prices in the winter, is the declaration of local provision dealers. It is their opinion that, as the dry spell is only in certain sections of Kansas, it cannot affect materially the prices in the East.

There has been no increase in prices lately, they further declare, and certain choice cuts are, in fact, a great deal lower than at this time last year. The choicest cuts in sirloin steak are more than 10 cents lower than they were in 1912 and other cuts are in the same proportion.

"There is no danger of the prices of beef being raised in the winter in the East," declared a local representative of a large packing house. "There need be no fear that the steady rush of cattle to the big live stock markets of the middle West will materially raise the prices here. In fact, the prices are lower on some cuts than last year and I see no reason why they should not continue to stand at the same price. One must remember that the drought is confined only to certain sections of the state of Kansas and that other sections of the country are not affected. If there is a raise in prices it will be confined only to those immediate regions where the drought is."

That the packers are making fortunes during the dry spell is also denied by the local dealers. While live stock prices are to a certain extent lower now, the wholesale prices on the average have also decreased and the housewife is getting the benefit of it, is their assertion. They further declare that the packers make a small profit at best and also that the retailers' profit is not great, as they have unusually heavy expenses.

LOCAL MARKET PRICES

Boston Transcript

Peaches, peaches, and then more peaches, meet the eye of the visitor to the market section in these closing days of summer. Little baskets, big baskets, crates and carriers full of the luscious fruit are displayed everywhere. Wholesale prices are reasonable, as usual when the crop is large, but prices at retail rarely fall below a certain level. This is one of the hard things for the layman to understand, why a big crop does not bring low prices. Wholesalers say that the retailers are to blame, and the latter say that they cannot afford to handle the fruit except with a generous margin of profit. The consumer thinks that the retailer ought to be content with something less than 100 per cent profit.

Current supplies of peaches are coming from widely separated points. Few California peaches are now offered, and most of the Georgia crop has also been marketed, but West Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey and Connecticut are shipping freely to this market. In late years much of the New Jersey crop has been shipped into the convenient markets of New York and Philadelphia. In this market New Jersey peaches have to compete sharply with Connecticut grown fruit, and, as freights from Connecticut are less than from New Jersey, the former have a manifest advantage. Freights and packing cost the New Jersey farmer about 50 cents for an ordinary peach basket, and more for a six basket carrier, which is now the favorite way of shipping fine table fruit. As a full basket of Connecticut peaches can be had at retail at 75 cents to $1, there is not much margin for the more distant shipper. New Jersey fruit does not stand up for shipping so well as other varieties.

When one goes into the market for peaches, one finds a wide variety of qualities and packages. As a rule, early peaches are clingstones and late peaches are freestones. The latter have manifest advantages, but when they are desired care should be taken to see that the buyer gets what is wanted. One needs to remember that freestones from Georgia and the South may be selling side by side with clingstones from farther North. Sweetness and flavor should also be insisted upon, while it is always a mistake to buy half-rotten fruit because it is cheap. By the dozen, good peaches can be bought for 10 to 25 cents. The small baskets that come in the carriers

bring 40 to 50 cents, while old-fashioned peach baskets sell at 75 cents to $1.25. West Virginia is shipping peaches in bushel baskets, a shape first made familiar by Michigan shippers. That state has not yet begun shipments, but they will come later. These large baskets cost $1.25 to $1.75 wholesale, and about $1.50 to $2.25 at retail.

While peaches have the right of way at this season, other fall fruits are being freely offered, especially crabapples and plums. "Crabs" were selling in North Market street Wednesday at 50 cents a bushel, but housekeepers are paying at the rate of $1.60 a bushel by the peck. Another case of "quick sales and small profits"? Native preserving plums are selling at 25 to 40 cents a basket. Damsons and damson plums are in the market, and sell at 30 to 40 cents. This is a great year for New England apple and plum orchards, and, in fact, fruit of all kinds will be plentiful and cheap. Exports of apples from this country are likely to be materially lessened by the war, and the surplus fruit must be absorbed by home markets. Apple men are talking $1 a barrel as probably the wholesale price in this market later. Just now small lots of apples are selling at 40 to 50 cents a peck for cooking and 50 to 60 cents for table fruit.

Blueberries from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are still in the market and sell at 18 to 20 cents, watermelons bring 50 to 60 cents each and canteloupes 8 to 10 cents each. California plums sell at 40 to 60 cents a basket, Bartlett pears at 20 to 30 cents a dozen, California grapes at 40 to 50 cents a basket for Malagas and seedless and 50 to 60 cents for Tokays. Native grapes sell at 15 to 20 cents for Delawares and black varieties.

Summer vegetables are in seasonable supply, and low prices are quoted for most varieties. Green corn is selling at 20 to 25 cents a dozen ears, early celery at 15 cents, green peas at 65 to 75 cents a peck, string beans at 5 to 8 cents a quart, shell beans at 8 cents for Limas and horticultural, cauliflower at 10 to 20 cents each, cucumbers at 5 cents each, egg plant at 15 to 20 cents, tomatoes at 8 to 10 cents a pound, mushrooms at $1 to $1.25 a pound, white potatoes at 25 to 30 cents a peck, sweet potatoes at 5 cents a pound, onions at 8 cents a quart for native, 8 cents a pound for Spanish and 18 cents a quart for small white pickling, squash at 4 cents a pound for marrow, 5 cents each for summer and 20 to 25 cents each for vegetable marrow, cabbage at 8 to 15 cents each, beets at 8 cents a quart, carrots at 3 cents a pound, turnips at 5 cents and parsnips at 8 cents. Salad vegetables are unchanged, lettuce still selling at 5 cents and other vegetables at 5 to 8 cents.

Prices of lamb have declined, and a cash customer can now get a good hind leg or hind-quarter at 22 cents, though a charge customer who is particular about quality will have to pay 25 cents. Forequarters are selling at 14 cents, sides at 20 to 21 cents, loins at 25 cents and chops at 38 to 40 cents. Mutton is unchanged at 18 cents for loins, 11 to 12 cents for forequarters, 25 to 28 cents for chops and 18 cents for "hung" legs. Veal cuts are selling at 40 cents for fillet, 45 cents for steak, 30 cents for chops and 22 cents for loins.

Beef prices are easier at wholesale, but retail prices are still firmly held at 33 to 38 cents for sirloin steak, 40 to 50 cents for rump steak and 25 to 35 cents for round steak. Roasting pieces sell at 35 cents for the back of the rump, 25 cents for the face, 25 to 30 cents for the first cut of the rib and 20 to 25 cents for the second cut. Corned pieces are selling at 25 cents for brisket, 18 cents for rib, 18 cents for the sticking piece and 10 cents for flank.

Pork provisions are selling at 25 cents for pork loins, 22 to 25 cents for whole hams, 30 to 35 cents for sliced ham, 25 cents for bacon, 17 cents for smoked, corned, pickled and fresh shoulders, 15 cents for salt pork, 22 to 25 cents for sausages, 16 cents for Frankfurters, 15 to 18 cents for lard, 10 to 12 cents for pigs' feet, 12 to 20 cents for tripe, 25 to 30 cents for tongue, 45 cents for dried beef, 15 to 16 cents for beef liver, 30 cents to $1 each for sweetbreads, and 50 to 90 cents each for calves' liver.

At the poultry stalls trade is quiet, as usual at this season. Fall trade has not

yet begun in earnest. Native roasting chickens are selling at 35 cents, Western chickens at 28 cents, Philadelphia capons at 38 cents, Western capons at 30 to 32 cents, native broilers at 30 cents, Western broilers at 28 cents, hothouse broilers at $1.25 a pair, frozen turkeys at 30 to 32 cents, native fowl at 25 cents, Western fowl at 23 to 25 cents, spring ducklings at 25 cents, spring geese at 28 cents, broiler turkeys at $3 to $3.50 a pair, squab at 35 to 50 cents each, and pigeons at $3 a dozen.

Butter and eggs have not been advanced further, but prices are very firm. Northern creamery butter in tubs sells at 38 cents, and in boxes at 40 cents, with individual prints at 40 cents, unsalted prints at 50 cents, Western creamery in tubs at 35 cents and Vermont dairy at 33 cents in tubs and 33 to 35 cents in boxes. High prices have promoted the use of both butter and eggs from cold storage. Total stocks in local cold storage warehouses at last report were 300,191 packages, against 299,020 packages a week ago and 321,303 packages a year ago.

Eggs are firm and unchanged, best hennery stock being quoted at 45 cents, Eastern at 40 cents, Western at 33 cents and storage at 32 cents. Total stocks of eggs in local cold storage warehouses at last report were 399,589 cases, against 402,004 cases a week ago and 490,945 cases at the same time last year.

Large mackerel are scarce and high, but medium mackerel are to be had at 25 cents each and small mackerel at 18 cents. Spanish mackerel sell at 25 cents, Eastern salmon at 30 to 35 cents, Western salmon at 20 to 25 cents, smelts at 30 to 35 cents, bluefish at 15 cents, weakfish at 15 cents, striped bass at 35 cents, black bass at 18 cents, butterfish at 12½ cents, scup at 15 cents, tautog at 12 cents, swordfish at 25 cents, halibut at 25 to 30 cents, cod and haddock at 8 cents, brook trout at 75 cents, flounders at 10 to 12 cents, eels at 18 cents, sea perch at 20 cents a dozen.

Oysters are in season again, but it needs cool weather as well as an "r" in the month to bring about a demand. Providence River sell at 45 cents and Cotuits at 75 cents. New York scallops are in the market and sell at $1 a quart, though the close time is not yet off in this State. Lobsters are selling at 33 cents for live chicken, 35 cents for large live and 40 cents for large boiled, soft-shell crabs at $1 a dozen, little necks at 30 cents a dozen or $1.75 a peck, clams at 30 cents a quart shucked or 50 cents in the shell by the peck, and quahogs at 60 cents a quart shucked. Finnan haddie sells at 12 cents.

HOTEL STORY

New York Herald

When a clerk at the desk of Bretton Hall picked up the desk telephone in response to a ring about nine o'clock last Friday evening he caught the words of the operator to a man in one of the rooms.

"Indeed, I don't know what you want, sir," she was saying; "but here's the clerk. You can explain to him."

"If they's such a thing as a bootjack in this metropolitan hostlery," a co'n and cotton voice enunciated in exasperated accents, "I wish yo' all would send it up to mah room fo' about two minutes."

"Certainly, sir," said the clerk. "Front! Send the bootblack up to 846."

The bootblack came down on a run, talking Greek to himself. The desk telephone rang again before the clerk could ask questions.

"I don't want any bootblack. I don't want 'em painted. I want to pull 'em off. Send me a jack. Don't yo' all understand English?"

"Tell the engineer to rush a man with a kit of tools up to that room," the clerk hurriedly ordered. "Right away, sir," he spoke into the telephone.

"If it wasn't for losin' me job, I'd a kilt that felly," the engine room assistant reported when he quickly returned from the eighth floor. "Th' way he talked I'd not stand"—

The elevator door flew open with a crash and a tall, elderly man with light hair worn long strode to the desk, his jaws set, but his lips twitching with each step.

"By gad, suh!" he shouted, pounding the desk and leaning across it to glare at the astonished clerk. "I ain't goin' to allow no paper collared, Yankee clerk to make spo't of me. If I wa'n't absolutely certain that yo' are jes' one provincial New Yo'ker of the ignoramus variety I would give yo' all the canin' of you' mis'able life, old as I am.

"Neveh mind explanations. Yo' jes' send that long, lanky No'th Ca'lina lookin' boy yondeh up to mah room with me and we'll see if I got to go to bed with mah boots on or go back to Geo'ga to get 'em off."

The lanky boy reported that the boots were "sure some tight," but his co-operation in their removal had netted him "fo' bits."

SUBWAY STORY

New York Times

"Wake up! Your station next," shouted the Subway guard, as he shook a sleeping passenger. The passenger managed to let a "thank you" escape him, and propped his eyes open until the train came to a stop at the station.

"How did you know he got off at that station?" the guard was asked as the train moved on.

"How did I know? Why, he is on here every night, and he goes to sleep as soon as he gets on the train. I have awakened him so regularly that he thinks now it is one of my duties. He would never forgive me if I overlooked him.

"See that man sleeping over there in that middle seat, and that one over yonder near the other door? They work downtown somewhere and come up every night on this train. I always have to wake them up. The first man there gets off at 145th Street and the one by the door at 168th. We know practically all the regular passengers on the late night trains. Some work, while others are just rounders who are out every night, returning always on the same train with as much regularity as those who work.

"I have never missed but one, and he seemed terribly cut up about it. He talked like I was paid to 'mind' him. I look out for him now. I have scraped up a good many acquaintances in this way. Sometimes the sleepers are newspaper chaps, and they give us an early morning paper; others give us a smile and say 'howdy?' when we meet."

A MIRAGE

New York Sun

Cap'n Duke, who hangs about the beach at Far Rockaway and tells stories of the sea to little children, saw a mirage yesterday afternoon just as the sun was setting. He was talking to a group of little ones at the time and he called their attention to it.

"See that four funnelled steamship hanging up there in the sky upside down?" he said. "And then off there on the starboard bow of the steamer don't you see a five masted schooner with all sails set and her booms to port?"

"Oh, yes, Cap'n Duke," cried the children. "And there is still more."

"What do you see, Johnny?" asked the captain.

"Why, there is a battleship and a ferryboat, and over on the right I see the Statue of Liberty."

Cap'n Duke took off his specks, rubbed them with his red handkerchief and looked hard.

"To be sure, to be sure," he said. "And astern of the battleship there is a torpedo boat, and after that comes a school of whales and a yacht race. Never see the likes of that even in the Desert of Sahara."

In half an hour it was all over and the children went home for dinner. It was noised about Far Rockaway last night that really there was a beautiful mirage to be seen at sunset, and there was not a soul in the place who refused to believe it. Cap'n Duke and the children had seen it and that was enough.

STORY OF SAILOR

San Francisco Examiner

If you had done nothing worse than going to sleep in an out-of-the-way place on a bay steamer and awakening to find your-

self in State's prison with a fifteen-year sentence hanging over your head, how would you feel?

John Larsen had such an experience last Friday. He was, and may yet be, a deckhand on the schooner Mary. He imbibed a quantity of refreshment on the water front and then hid away in the steamer Caroline for a quiet nap. He didn't know that the Caroline was about to go over to San Quentin with a load of supplies for the prison. The first thing he did know was that a husky guard with a big gun was prodding him into wakefulness and saying hard things. Captain Smith of the Caroline was standing near.

"Yes, it's that fifteen-year man, all right," the guard said, as he gave Larsen a stiff jolt under the ribs.

The sleepy sailor was yanked out into daylight and taken ashore, where he saw only prison walls and men in stripes all about him. He was marched to the office of the captain of the guard, the man beside him meanwhile commenting on the fine disguise Larsen wore. The poor sailor was dumb from fright, and could not make an intelligible protest. But when the officials looked him over, they laughed and told the guard to throw him out. He was not the man.

"Ay scart lak djefoul ven woke oop in yale," said Larsen yesterday after he had got back from San Quentin by ferry. "Ay ban sleep on bale yute in Caroline ven gun stick me in ribs an' ay see mens vid stripes all aroond, an' man vid gun say ay ban fifteen-year faller. You bat heart went in boots and ay ban sick. Ven man stick gun in ribs an' say 'Git!' You bat ay coom quick avay. No more sleep in Caroline on bale yute, you bat!"

A STOWAWAY

Boston Journal

Abraham Grabau wanted to get into the United States mighty badly.

He was poor and had never had a chance. But he had read a lot about America and thought how fine it would be to come here and retrieve himself and really do something worth while before it was too late.

So at Port Said he hid away on board the steamship St. Patrick, which was bound for Boston from Yokohama.

Of course he knew it wasn't right to become a stowaway, but he couldn't see what real harm there was in it. Besides, he hadn't any money and it seemed to be the only thing that was left. And he never dreamed that the great free country beyond the seas often keeps worthy men outside its borders just because they haven't the price of a ticket.

But he learned many things that worried him from the St. Patrick's crew during the passage, after he had made himself known, when he couldn't starve any longer, and had been put to work.

He was told that an alien stowaway has a mighty poor show of "getting by" with Uncle Sam—that, in fact, he hadn't a chance on earth of being landed here. It nearly broke his heart, for there seemed to be no way out. But he finally found one—and why not? It was as good a way as any other. And, besides, he might win.

While the St. Patrick lay at anchor off quarantine Thursday night, Abraham slipped off his shoes and stole on deck noiselessly. He placed his shoes on deck alongside the railing and pulled down a life-buoy.

He gave a last look toward the lights that were twinkling on shore and dropped into the water.

Next morning the shoes were found near where the life-buoy should have been.

Of course the ship was searched, but Abraham was missing. Immigration officials at Long Wharf and the harbor police were notified of the escape. But there was no trace of the stowaway.

Yesterday the Hebrew's daring act was talked of admiringly in many quarters, and the hope was expressed that he had won. There is a slight chance that he was picked up and carried to safety. But those best informed declare that the little Hebrew has beyond a doubt reached the Port of Missing Men, where entry is never refused, even to the friendless and the hopeless and the forlorn.

SEARCH FOR LOST TREASURES

New York Sun

In the gray hours before the dawn this morning, when all Ulmer Park sleeps and nothing is heard along the reaches of Marine Basin but the crowing of the restless cocks, will slip from her moorings a low, rakish craft. With hawseholes muffled and silence cloths on port and starboard anchor, hatches muzzled and even the kick of her propeller smothered by a blanket, this phantom will speed past the clam factories and chowder distilleries out to the bounding main.

Hush! 'Tis the Mayflower, onetime defender of the America's cup, bearing her daring crew of gentleman adventurers down to the isles of spice and the bloodied seas where Morgan trod piratical quarterdecks and Teach snicked off the heads of treasure bearers. Skipper Scull is at the helm, Buck Harrison in the galley; four more, good men and true, stand in the port chains and shade their eyes as they scan the waters of Gravesend Bay for the police boat.

Romance lies behind the horizon and the glint of the rising sun has the glint of Sir Henry's gold. For, mark ye well, Skipper Scull has wrapped in tarpaulin, next to his open front undershirt, a chart. Red and blue is the chart; it marks a reef in the Caribbean; it limns in the sea the boundaries of a precious spot; it tells where lies the English corvette, Good Faith, out of Santo Domingo City in 1684 with five millions in plate and minted doubloons in her strong boxes.

But who are these men, tried and found trusty, who sail with Skipper Scull on the converted yacht Mayflower out of Marine Basin this morning? Skipper Scull, Harvard, '98, a venturesome soul who lived in Tokio many, many months, and who, wishing to be a war correspondent, finally was allowed to get as near as forty-five miles from the scene of a battle. Then there are Gordon Brown, Yale, '01, who was captain of the football team that laid Harvard so low in 1900, Stephen Noyes, Harvard, '03, H. L. Corbett, Harvard, '03, Buck Harrison, Harvard, '04, fullback, whose name was a terror to all opponents, and Roger Darby, Harvard, '05, a tower of strength on the Crimson line in his time.

Consider this, that Matsukata, whose father is a Baron in Japan and holds fief over hundreds of samurai, was offered a place in the intrepid crew—as cook. Matsukata yearned for adventure, but he could not so demean himself, and that is why Buck Harrison of the line holds his place in the galley when the Mayflower slips out of the Basin this morning.

With the Mayflower steaming out of Gravesend Bay, nose to the south, there must come a hiatus in this tale, and the curtain of the past must be lifted, revealing dark and bloody scenes.

CURTAIN

It is a fair day in June, Anno Domini 1684, and the tropical palms that fringe the beach about Santo Domingo Bay are nodding in the breeze. [Santo Domingo Bay is used as a disguise of the real port, which it wouldn't do to reveal.] All is astir about the wharf, for the good English corvette, Good Faith, is sailing this day for Plymouth, laden fair to the gunwales with plate of price, spoils of cathedrals in Mexico and hard minted gold in doubloons—and oh, yes, pieces of eight!—that is, the ransom of cities in Salvador and the Guineas. Spanish gold it is, torn from the grasp of bleeding men.

A cheer, a roundelay as the anchor comes up, and with sails bellying and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew whipping from the gaff, the Good Faith ploughs her way past the reef and out to sea.

But wait! From around the bluff beyond the sea gate, which is hidden from the Good Faith by the rocky headland, come stealing two long feluccas. The brass of cannon glints from bow and taffrail; sails strain with the wind; the gorgeous banner of Spain streams from the mainsail peak.

The watchers on the headlands of Santo Domingo City drop on their knees in prayer at the sight, for are not those two feluccas

the sea vultures of Don Sebastian Fernando Hacienda y Juan Fernandez, plunderer of towns and pillager of altars?

At gaze stand the citizens of Santo Domingo City as they watch the feluccas steal into the track of the Good Faith. Tortured with anxiety are these good folk when they behold the Good Faith swing about the headland and come into view of the dastard Spaniards. Now the Good Faith is aware of her peril. See her crowd the canvas on! See her leap to the tug of the wind and race for her life down, down the watery way to the horizon! The feluccas follow fast; they gain yard by yard; still they gain and yet still.

The horizon rises and swallows up the Good Faith and the Don's feluccas, mere dots on the horizon.

Alack, never again did man set eyes on the Good Faith. Plymouth awaited her in vain; Santo Domingo City sent out sloops and men-o'-war to search for her. Never again did Don Sebastian ravage the coasts of Salvador and plunder the galleons of the Main. Men forgot that there had ever been a Good Faith or a Don Sebastian.

* * * * *

[Stars here indicate hiatus of 220 years.]

A fisher of sponges, an American fisher of sponges, in sooth, is sailing his craft about the Caribbean in search of his prey. It is some years later. It is only a few years ago in fact. A storm comes roaring out of the Gulf, and the fisher of sponges with his native fishermen is driven in his cockleshell far, far out of his course. In the dead of night and the murk of the storm the boat is piled up on a reef and they rub elbows with death until the ruddy streaks of dawn come.

Then this fisher of sponges, this American fisher of sponges—he was also a diver and he helped raise the Merrimac in Santiago harbor once—looked over the side of his boat and he saw down about fifteen feet in the blue water the prow of a ship. Straightway he dived. He came up with pieces of eight sticking through the cracks of both fists, or maybe it was doubloons.

Forthwith all of his native fishermen dived, and they came up with silver and golden coin representing maybe $1,221.34 American, who knows?

They dived again and brought up the ship's bell. About the rust eaten rim was graven this motto:

"Good Faith yclept Dom. 1680 Plymouth. Ringeth this Belle God's hours and telleyeth man's life Space."

Straightway did this American fisher of sponges get him his sextant and his latitude. He had to guess at the longitude. Then with the ship's bell and the pieces of eight he sailed to Jamaica.

There he found one who was interested in his tale. Together they went to a lawyer, and he recommended them to another lawyer, whose name is Reginald R. Leaycraft and whose office is at 129 Pearl street, this city. Many old records in Santo Domingo City and in England were gone over, so say this fisher of sponges and his lawyer, and at last the shipping register of the original Good Faith was discovered. Then they knew of her fatal journey out of Santo Domingo City on that June afternoon so long ago, and knew, so say both, of the treasure that was in her bottom.

Skipper Scull, and he alone, knows how it was that the sponge diver happened to meet such an adventurous spirit as himself here in New York. Yet, hark ye, within a month after the sponge fisher and Skipper Scull had met fortuitously, all of those other brave gentlemen and true from Harvard and Yale had met to form a solemn bond and compact.

This was the bond and compact: That the organization should be made under the auspices of the Southern Research Company, a duly registered organization; that the sponge fisher and his lawyer should have share and share alike with the others; that the sponge fisher should be one of the party of discovery, in that he knew best how to interpret the chart that he had made that blue morning after the storm; and that, chief of all, Matsukata, the man whose father is a baron in Japan, should be cook.

All of these conditions, save the last, so recalcitrant did Matsukata prove, were fulfilled to the letter. Then went the repre-

sentatives of the company to Mrs. Eva M. Barker, the owner of the old cup defender, Mayflower. Five years ago the old defender had been converted into a sloop with auxiliary power. The Mayflower was brought around to the Marine Basin and all sorts of strange stores in boxes and crates were lowered into her hold. Diving suits flopped upon her decks and grappling hooks shoved their prongs through burlap sacking.

Skipper Scull was there on the deck of the Mayflower each day to shoo away the curious and to scowl at the prying. Not a word would the war correspondent skipper say to the most veiled interrogations. Until the Mayflower slipped past the chowder distilleries in this morning's early light the mystery of her mission and her bourne remained inviolate.

But Skipper Scull, Buck Harrison and the rest have overreached themselves in their secretiveness. For know that over a long glass clinking with ice one sleepy night up at the Harvard Club on Forty-fourth street one of the sextette of adventurers revealed the scheme of the expedition. That is why not even Skipper Scull knows what fell plot is now a-brewing to rob him of his putative treasure.

This is the plot: Up in Boston lives Alexander Forbes, the grandson of John Murray Forbes. He is the possessor of the yacht Merlin. To his ears came the tale of the treasure hunt. Not long did the grass grow under the Forbes foot. He called together the following men, known to be desperate pirates: Jim Field, Harvard, '03; Donald Gregg, Harvard, '02; Ralph Page, Harvard, '03; Buz Baird, Harvard, '04, and W. Davis Conrad, also of Harvard. To them he broached his counter plot, and all gleefully agreed, if they did not sign a pact with their life blood.

So it will be—and one of these Boston pirates said yesterday that it cannot but be—that after the Mayflower has gone to her all but secret destination in the Caribbean and is sailing homeward, either laden with gold or with experience, the yacht Merlin will one day stalk out of the horizon and confront her. The Jolly Roger will fly from the peak of the Merlin and a six pounder will cough out demand for the Mayflower's surrender. The Mayflower will have to heave to and be robbed or go to the bottom with all of her gallant gentlemen adventurers weltering in their own blood.

It will be about three weeks hence, so swore this Boston pirate by book and ring yesterday, that the Merlin will sail on her fell mission. After that the Spanish Main will roar again and bloody death will be abroad over the mellifluous waters of the Gulf stream.

RELIEF SHIP

New York Evening Post

Capt. Pickels—"Pickels of the schooner Cluett," as they called him on the Labrador coast—standing on the deck of that stanch little vessel, which will soon be bucking ice in Baffin Bay, is not the figure of an Arctic explorer. To the mildly interested visitor to the East River dock, where his ship was moored, there was nothing about the square-set skipper in shirt sleeves and straw hat, watching supplies come aboard, to suggest that he is the man selected to command the relief expedition which will search for Donald B. MacMillan, starting to-day. MacMillan set out from New York just two years ago to find mythical Crocker Land, and now the American Museum of Natural History, one of the chief backers of his expedition, is sending Pickels to find MacMillan.

Both the captain in summer city garb and his little schooner, dwarfed by the overhanging pier, and not so different to the unpracticed eye from hundreds of sailing craft loading here, refused at first to fit into the picture which he painted in simple language of the months ahead. Within a few weeks the Cluett will be feeling out open reaches in the ice which is rarely absent after Nachvak Bay, on the north Labrador coast, is passed, laying a course almost due north up Davis Strait. Thence to Melville Bay, near Etah, the MacMillan expedition's base, it will be nip and tuck between the Cluett and rapidly

descending winter. She will be late, and, skirting the ever-present "middle ice" of Baffin Bay, on a course not far off shore, she will be lucky to reach her objective before the waters close entirely.

And luckier still if she finds MacMillan and his party waiting. For then there is the chance that, with more good fortune and able seamanship, Capt. Pickels may be able to bring all hands out through the thin crust which by September will cover all those waters. In that event he will have made a season's record to be very proud of. What is far more likely—and that is the reason for the two years' supply of foodstuffs on board the Cluett—the schooner will nose her way into Melville Bay with hardly enough time in which to select a winter berth in the ice. If MacMillan has to be waited for or search made for him, the long winter will make either task easy. The diminutive, unpretentious wooden sailing ship which now reeks of oil and ship stores under the warm sun, will then find herself encompassed with leagues of ice. Eskimo ice huts will spring up around her like mushrooms, and in the long Arctic night it would be difficult to identify the little Cluett with the picture at the foot of East 21st Street.

But closer acquaintance with Pickels and the Cluett helps one's imagination to bridge the gap. Ever since she was built at Tottenville, some four years ago, for the Grenfell Mission service on the Labrador coast, Pickels has commanded her. She was designed for work in northern waters. As the bronze plate in the captain's cabin sets forth, she was presented to Dr. Wilfred Grenfell in July, 1911, by George B. Cluett, of Troy, N. Y. That she went to sea with purposes other than those of the ordinary trading schooner, the plate makes plain in these few words: "The Sea is His and He made It." The inscription in the brass band which binds the wheel, "Jesus saith I will make you fishers of men," serves to distinguish her from the run of fishing craft which infest the Labrador waters. But for these symbols of a higher vocation she is just like them, save that she is much more stanch.

From stem to stern the Cluett measures 142 feet, and her beam is 26 feet. Every foot of timber in her is white oak. And back of the thin steel plate on her bows, where the impact of ice is concentrated, she can boast about two feet of solid timber. The outer shell forward is composed of white oak timbers eight inches thick. Behind them is nearly a foot of timbering, and then an inner shell of six-inch white oak all stiffened with drift bolts. The Cluett can be counted on to stand up to the force of her eighty horse-power kerosene engines, against all but solid ice. And she has proved it more than once.

That brought the captain to the recital of an achievement which probably had much to do with the selection by the Museum authorities of him and his ship for the work in hand. Making ordinarily about three trips a year as supply ship to the chain of missions established by the Grenfell Association, it was no new thing for the Cluett to show her seaworthiness in ice and dirty weather. But last summer she did something out of the common. Chartered for a few months by the Carnegie Institution for magnetic investigations in Hudson's Bay, she and Capt. Pickels displayed remarkable facility for edging into ice-strewn waters and slipping out with promptness.

In a month's time she made the circuit of Hudson's Bay, undeterred by almost constant snow-storms and gales, frequently traversing untried waterways. She escaped without misadventure, where a less careful pilot might have lost his ship. Once the two principal members of the party, the observers, were swamped in a small boat. Losing instruments and all their equipment they went five days without food or fire, and owed their lives to Capt. Pickels's prompt appearance with relief. Getting into Hudson's Bay in mid-summer of last year was not easy on account of the ice. After cleanly threading Hudson Strait, the Cluett encountered a Canadian icebreaker, smashed by the very element she was designed to combat, and breaking up. As this point was a long way south of his present destination, Capt. Pickels is mindful of what may

be in store for him this summer. But he regards the MacMillan relief expedition with as much serenity as if it were one of his regular northern visits, and with as little timidity as might be expected from a mariner who has navigated every ocean and circumvented ice in Bering Sea as successfully as in Grenfell's Tickle.

Although the proved nimbleness of the Cluett leads her charterers to hope that she may slip into Melville Bay and out with the rescued MacMillan party in time to get back to New York in November, the way food supplies have been poured into her show that no chances are to be taken, in a locality where, as the captain remarked, "ye can't fetch stuff from a grocery 'round the corner.'" He shed light upon what for a dozen men might be considered a two years' food supply. Some two thousand pounds of beef, nearly half of it canned and the rest pickled in brine, and an almost equal quantity of mutton and pork, formed the backbone of the stores. Beans and potatoes and barrel on barrel of pilot bread set off this impressive meat supply, which winter hunting is to vary with fresh steaks and roasts.

Several hundred pounds of coffee and a hundred of tea, onions and many gallons of lime juice to ward off scurvy, were important items; strangely enough, not a particle of chocolate or cocoa. A comment upon the rather small supply of milk—condensed, of course—as compared with, for one thing, three hundred pounds of rolled oats, drew from the hardy captain the explanation that crews in the North preferred molasses with their oatmeal, and of molasses he had nearly a hundred gallons.

Perhaps these assurances of creature comfort have had their attractions. At any rate, Capt. Pickels has been pestered with would-be passengers who want to make the trip with him or put in a winter of hunting on Melville Bay. And they were not all men. One young person from Vassar sent a request. But Capt. Pickels will have none of them. So that, when he starts on the last leg of his journey north, with decks piled high with barrels of kerosene—the Cluett is to be stocked with nearly five thousand gallons of kerosene and 900 gallons of gasolene for her engines—the only person aboard beside his crew of eight hardy Nova Scotians, will be the representative of the Natural History Museum. Capt. Pickels's Newfoundland dog "Chum" completes the list.

SQUIRREL

New York World

Somebody let a squirrel loose in City Hall Park yesterday, or more likely Saturday night, and as a result that part of the green grass plot just north of the Nathan Hale statue was the only busy section in the business district from 2 until 3 o'clock on the Sabbath. If there was one cat there were thirty. Of all sizes and conditions they ranged, hailing from Cherry Hill and other points. Toms, tabbies and kittens were all there, and in circles they sat about a big tree on which a gilt sign read "Ulmus Americanus."

Above, perched in the branches, was Mr. Squirrel. Intently he looked down at the cats and the crowd of park loungers and others leaning on the fence and flicked his gray tail saucily at the feline delegation. One venturesome Tom scooted up the tree, but when he began to crawl out on the branch on which "Brer" Squirrel sat the latter lightly jumped to an adjoining tree, not labelled, and chattered back at Tomcatus Cherryhillibus.

The other cats with uplifted eyes watched the flight of the squirrel and camped under the second tree, while the crowd of human onlookers increased. The siege was getting interesting.

"I wonder will the cats get him, Jimmie," said one young woman, but the squirrel only kept on scolding to himself.

Not long after a young man in a gray suit stepped over the fence and stood beneath the tree. He carried a small bag over one shoulder. The moment the squirrel saw him he ran down the tree and perched on the man's other shoulder. When the man opened the bag he popped in, and they started off for a Jersey ferry.

The disgusted cats dispersed and the crowd melted away.

POLICEMEN'S PET

Philadelphia Telegraph

Just as the "joker" tapped 12 o'clock today in the Trenton avenue and Dauphin street police station, a file of unhelmeted patrolmen marched silently into the back yard and reverently placed the remains of "Benny" in his last long resting place.

For a moment they stood sad-eyed, while Bill Tufts, the old turnkey, softly dropped the earth upon the coffin, and then, when only a memory marked the spot near the patrol house where "Benny" slept, they went back to the roll-room and discussed in whispers the unexpected death.

"Benny" died at 11.20 o'clock, despite the efforts of House Sergeant Site, who immersed him in fresh water and tried in every way to restore the fast-ebbing life. But a broken heart could not thus be appeased, for "Benny's" heart had undoubtedly been broken when a younger rival for the affections of the bluecoats turned up in the station house not long ago.

Old age might also have contributed toward the death, for "Benny" was 7½ years old, and his species never exist longer than seven years, according to Street Sergeant Murdock, who is well posted on the subject. "Benny" holds the record for age around the station house. There have been others of his ilk there constantly for fifteen years, but "Benny" was the longest liver of the entire crowd.

"Benny" was a fan-tailed goldfish.

ZOO STORY

New York World

This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.
—Hippopotamus Pete.

"He's a pig-headed brute," say the keepers in the Bronx Zoo after they have been up all night watching Pete, who weighs 1,300 pounds—more than four Tafts.

"He's a wise old guy," say the keepers admiringly after they have slept and are wondering at Pete's sagacity.

Director Hornaday, of the Zoo, and the keepers fondly hope to remove Pete to-day from his old cage in the antelope house to his apartment in the new and splendid elephant house. But whether Pete goes or stays in the antelope house depends upon how hungry he was last night.

The World has told of the futile efforts to move this Gibraltar of hippopotamus flesh. As a last resort, Director Hornaday has been starving Pete for two days and nights. When Pete is hungry he is very hungry, indeed. He eats a wagon load of provender a day, shovelling in the food as stokers shovel coal into a steamship's furnace.

Taking advantage of this, Director Hornaday had placed in Pete's cage a "moving case," a very strong box big enough to hold Pete. At one end of the box is a drop door rigged to a fall and tackle. At the closed end of the big box the keepers placed a tempting meal of all the things Pete likes best.

It was all very simple. Two keepers watched Pete every hour of the twenty-four. Pete, hungry, was to walk into the box after the food, the keepers were to let the drop door fall and—there you are, or, rather, there Pete was.

The simple plan did not work out well. By day Pete seemed to have lost all appetite. But by Saturday night he had thought out a plan in his turn. While the sleepy keepers watched, Pete entered the box, but he carefully stretched back his hind legs so that they remained outside it. The keepers dropped the door; it fell on Pete's hind quarters.

Pete backed out, scooping the food along with his fore legs. Once outside he had a hearty meal, which he seemed to enjoy exceedingly.

They built a much longer moving case yesterday and put food at its closed end. A hippopotamus is not built like a dachshund. To get that food Pete must include his whole bulk in the box.

CAT

Chicago Inter Ocean

Tom Stroller is dead.

Tom Stroller was only a cat, and he was old and ugly and never even had been allowed within the sacred precincts of a cat show, so, perhaps, it doesn't matter much.

And yet there were a hundred girls, students at the Art Institute, who looked wistfully at the desk of the Klio Club when they went to their lunch. And there were 100 others who didn't smile as they sat about the tables. One or two attempted a eulogy, but the efforts were not inspiring, for the best that could be said of old Tom Stroller was that "he was such a friendly cat."

Time was when Tom was young and useful. Those were the days—twelve years ago—when there was a stern work to be done at the Klio Club, then at South Michigan Avenue and East Monroe Street. Those were the days when Tom stepped proudly through serried ranks of rodent dead, the days when he was tolerated because he was useful, and was forgiven his ugliness because he was so friendly. Those were the days when Tom achieved his first love—the love of Mrs. Bush, mother of the club.

Side by side Tom and Mrs. Bush grew old together. When the girls at the institute moved their club to 26 South Wabash Avenue, Tom, now toothless, and Mrs. Bush, now almost at the end of the road, were established together at the cashier's desk.

New students came to look amused and remained to love them both. Old students came back to Chicago to rush up to the Klio Club and cry: "Why, if there aren't Tom and Mother Bush. God bless you both!"

But one day last year Mrs. Bush was stricken with an illness that soon may prove fatal. She was taken to the Mary Thompson Hospital and a new cashier came to the club's desk. She was kind to Tom and stroked his grizzled fur, but things were different now, and Tom began to grow old very fast. He died yesterday morning.

DOG

Chicago Herald

Colonel is only a dog, but he is believed to be dying because he did his duty.

Colonel is a dignified St. Bernard, with a fine head and kindly eye. He belongs to Sven Carlson, a saloon-keeper at 3300 North Racine avenue. When Colonel could lie on the floor, keeping one eye on the door and the other on his master, the dog was happy.

Carlson was proud of Colonel, too. He boasted of the dog's cleverness—how he would fetch and carry from the grocer's, and even carry notes to tradesmen in the neighborhood. Colonel never failed to go to the right store.

It was for Carlson that the dog sacrificed himself.

A few minutes before closing time Saturday night Carlson went behind the bar and Colonel followed him.

Two men entered the saloon and walked over to the bar. They did not see the dog.

"Hands up," ordered one man.

"It's late, gentlemen; if you wish to drink you have no time for such joking," replied Carlson.

Both men drew revolvers.

"It's a long way from a joke," said the man. "Hands up or we'll shoot."

"Go for 'em, Colonel," ordered Carlson.

The dog sped around the end of the bar as though he had been shot from a catapult, his hair bristling, uttering deep growls; and the bandits backed away.

Then one of the men fired a shot, and the dog toppled over and lay still.

Carlson gave a roar of rage when he saw Colonel fall, and, grasping a bung starter, climbed over the bar.

The holdups fled.

Carlson chased them a block before he gave up the pursuit.

Colonel was taken to Thomas Kendrew's veterinary hospital at 3039 Sheffield avenue, bandaged and put into a private kennel with clean, sweet straw to lie upon.

"He surely will die," said Dr. Kendrew. "I think there is no hope for him. The bul-

let went into his hip and through some of his vital organs.

"If every man could die as gallantly as Colonel this would be a better world."

TRICK MULE

Kansas City Star

If you've been to the horse show this week you've seen Henry and Zip. Henry—his last name is Harbaugh—is 18 years old and lives near Bedford, Mo., when he's at home. Zip is 8 years old, and if you don't believe he's the most wonderful trick mule in the world, you'd better not mention it to Henry.

Zip knows how to sit up on his haunches like a rabbit and walk around on his hind legs with Henry on his back, and walk across the tanbark arena on his knees, and —oh, innumerable things. Also he can buck in the most humorous way—you're quite sure nobody but Henry could stick on.

There's an interesting story connected with Henry and Zip. Zip is an educated mule, and he is helping make Henry an educated boy. For, the money that Henry receives for his talents and Zip's goes for Henry's education. The boy is half way through the high school at Avalon, Mo., and when he finishes, he hopes to go to the University of Missouri. And the talented Zip is a great help to a fellow who's trying to get an education. For Henry is drawing down $50 and expenses for his week's work at the Kansas City Horse Show, and he has hopes of repeating the performance at St. Louis next week.

Col. W. V. Galbraith, general manager of the horse show, got a letter from the trick mule's owner last week. The letter told about all the wonderful things Zip could do—and he can, too—and said if the colonel could find a place for him, please to let Henry know at once, as it's one hundred miles from Bedford to Kansas City, and it would take some little time to ride. The boy, having no money to spend on railroad fare, proposed to ride his mule to Kansas City. The colonel was so pleased by the boy's enterprise that he sent him word to come and enclosed money to bring Zip by railroad. Of course, strictly speaking, a mule doesn't belong in a horse show, but Colonel Galbraith figured that a trick mule named Zip was too good a bet to overlook.

The boy started training his mule five years ago, when he was 13 years old and Zip was 3. Henry lived on a farm and he had no brothers and sisters. So he made a pet of Zip, and taught him all sorts of tricks. Then he began showing him at county fairs and saving the money that he got to spend for education. One of these days he hopes to be as well educated for a boy as Zip is for a mule. And if they gave degrees to mules, Zip would certainly be a Ph.D.

Zip is also quite a teacher. He has taught this country boy a philosophy of life.

"You have to be patient—patient and kind," Henry said yesterday. "The first thing I ever taught Zip took me two hours and a half. I wanted to see if I could make him lie down. I grabbed his opposite foreleg and held it up. I just had to tire him out, but at last he keeled over. Next day he did it in two minutes. He had learned what I wanted. It was easy after that."

Henry had never seen a trick mule, but he began thinking of other tricks. With infinite patience he showed Zip what was wanted.

"Then he did it because he loved me," said the boy simply.

Henry never uses a whip to teach Zip tricks. He feeds him sugar, and is just kind to him and works with him and is patient. Now he learns faster than ever. You can teach an old mule new tricks, according to Henry.

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